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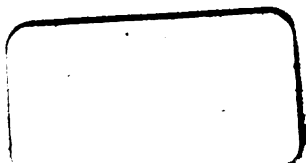
RELIQUES  
OF  
ANCIENT  
ENGLISH  
POETRY.



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1007 /

H. T. GALLUP,



H. T. Gallup.  
Boston.  
Mass.





RELIQUES  
OF  
ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.



RELIQUES  
OF  
ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY:

CONSISTING OF  
OLD HEROIC BALLADS, SONGS,  
AND OTHER PIECES,  
OF OUR  
EARLIER POETS,  
TOGETHER WITH SOME FEW OF LATER DATE,  
AND A COPIOUS GLOSSARY.

---

BY THOMAS PERCY, D.D.

BISHOP OF DROMORF.

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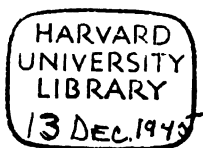
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TO  
ELIZABETH,  
LATE DUCHESS AND COUNTESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND,  
IN HER OWN RIGHT  
BARONESS PERCY,  
ETC. ETC. ETC.,  
WHO, BEING SOLE HEIRESS TO MANY GREAT FAMILIES  
OF OUR ANCIENT NOBILITY,  
EMPLOYED THE PRINCELY FORTUNE,  
AND SUSTAINED  
THE ILLUSTRIOUS HONOURS, WHICH SHE DERIVED FROM THEM,  
THROUGH HER WHOLE LIFE,  
WITH THE GREATEST DIGNITY, GENEROSITY, AND SPIRIT;  
AND WHO FOR HER MANY PUBLIC  
AND PRIVATE VIRTUES  
WILL EVER BE REMEMBERED  
AS ONE OF THE FIRST CHARACTERS OF HER TIME,  
THIS LITTLE WORK  
WAS ORIGINALLY DEDICATED:  
AND AS IT SOMETIMES AFFORDED HER AMUSEMENT,  
AND WAS HIGHLY DISTINGUISHED  
BY HER INDULGENT APPROBATION,  
IT IS NOW,  
WITH THE UTMOST REGARD, RESPECT, AND GRATITUDE,  
CONSECRATED  
TO HER BELOVED AND HONOURED  
MEMORY.

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John Livingston Lowe*

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# ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

## FOURTH EDITION.

TWENTY years have near elapsed since the last edition of this work appeared. But, although it was sufficiently a favourite with the public, and had long been out of print, the original Editor had no desire to revive it. More important pursuits had, as might be expected, engaged his attention; and the present edition would have remained unpublished, had he not yielded to the importunity of his friends, and accepted the humble offer of an Editor in a nephew, to whom, it is feared, he will be found too partial.

These volumes are now restored to the public with such corrections and improvements as have occurred since the former impression; and the text in particular hath been emended in many passages by recurring to the old copies. The instances being frequently trivial, are not always noted in the margin; but the alteration hath never been made without good reason: and especially in such pieces as were extracted from the folio manuscript so often mentioned in the following pages, where any variation occurs from the former impression, it will be understood to have been given on the authority of that MS.

The appeal publicly made to Dr. Johnson in the first page of the following preface, so long since as in the year 1765, and never once contradicted by him during so large a portion of his life, ought to have precluded every doubt concerning the existence of the MS. in question. But such, it seems, having been suggested, it may now be mentioned, that while this edition passed through his press, the MS. itself was left for near a year with Mr. Nichols, in whose house, or in that of its possessor, it was examined with more or less attention by many gentlemen of eminence in literature. At the first publication of these volumes, it had been in the hands of all, or most of, his friends; but, as it could hardly be expected that he should continue to think of nothing else but these amusements of his youth, it was afterwards laid aside at his residence in the country. Of the many gentlemen above mentioned, who offered to give their testimony to the public, it will be sufficient to name the Hon. Daines Barrington, the Rev. Clayton Mordaunt Cracherode, and those eminent Critics on Shakespeare, the Rev. Dr. Farmer, George Steevens, Esq., Edmund Malone,

Esq. and Isaac Reed, Esq., to whom I beg leave to appeal for the truth of the following representation.

The MS. is a long narrow folio volume, containing 195 Sonnets, Ballads, Historical Songs, and Metrical Romances, either in the whole or in part, for many of them are extremely mutilated and imperfect. The first and last leaves are wanting; and of 54 pages near the beginning half of every leaf hath been torn away, and several others are injured towards the end; besides that through a great part of the volume the top or bottom line, and sometimes both have been cut off in the binding.

In this state is the MS. itself: and even where the leaves have suffered no injury, the transcripts, which seem to have been all made by one person, (they are at least all in the same kind of hand,) are sometimes extremely incorrect and faulty, being in such instances probably made from defective copies, or the imperfect recitation of illiterate singers; so that a considerable portion of the sung or narrative is sometimes omitted; and miserable trash or nonsense not unfrequently introduced into pieces of considerable merit. And often the copyist grew so weary of his labour as to write on without the least attention to the sense or meaning; so that the word which should form the rhyme is found misplaced in the middle of the line; and we have such blunders as these, *went and will for wanton will*\*; even *pan and wals for wan and palet*, &c. &c.

Hence the Public may judge how much they are indebted to the composer of this collection; who, at an early period of life, with such materials and such subjects, formed a work which hath been admitted into the most elegant libraries; and with which the judicious antiquary hath just reason to be satisfied, while refined entertainment hath been provided for every reader of taste and genius.

THOMAS PERCY,

FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

\* Page 136. Ver. 117.—This must have been copied from a reciter.

† Page 136. Ver. 164, viz.

"*His visage wared pan and wale.*"

## PREFACE.

THE reader is here presented with select remains of our ancient English Bards and Minstrels, an order of men, who were once greatly respected by our ancestors, and contributed to soften the roughness of a martial and unlettered people by their songs and by their music.

The greater part of them are extracted from an ancient folio manuscript, in the Editor's possession, which contains near two hundred Poems, Songs, and Metrical Romances. This MS. was written about the middle of the last century; but contains compositions of all times and dates, from the ages prior to Chaucer, to the conclusion of the reign of Charles I.\*

This manuscript was shown to several learned and ingenious friends, who thought the contents too curious to be consigned to oblivion, and importuned the possessor to select some of them, and give them to the press. As most of them are of great simplicity, and seem to have been merely written for the people, he was long in doubt, whether, in the present state of improved literature, they could be deemed worthy the attention of the public. At length the importunity of his friends prevailed, and he could refuse nothing to such judges as the Author of the Rambler and the late Mr. Shenstone.

Accordingly such specimens of ancient poetry have been selected, as either show the gradation of our language, exhibit the progress of popular opinions, display the peculiar manners and customs of former ages, or throw light on our earlier classical poets.

They are here distributed into volumes, each of which contains an independent series of poems, arranged chiefly according to the order of time, and showing the gradual improvements of the English language and poetry from the earliest ages down to the present. Each volume, or series, is divided into three books, to afford so many pauses, or resting-places to the reader, and to assist him in distinguishing between the productions of the earlier, the middle, and the latter times.

In a polished age, like the present, I am sensible that many of these reliques of antiquity will require great allowances to be made for them. Yet have they, for the most part, a pleasing simplicity, and many artless graces, which in the opinion of no mean

critics\* have been thought to compensate for the want of higher beauties, and, if they do not dazzle the imagination, are frequently found to interest the heart.

To atone for the rudeness of the more obsolete poems, each volume concludes with a few modern attempts in the same kind of writing: and, to take off from the tediousness of the longer narratives, they are every where intermingled with little elegant pieces of the lyric kind. Select ballads in the old Scottish dialect, most of them of the first rate merit, are also interspersed among those of our ancient English Minstrels; and the artless productions of these old rhapsodists are occasionally confronted with specimens of the composition of contemporary poets of a higher class; of those who had all the advantages of learning in the times in which they lived, and who wrote for fame and for posterity. Yet perhaps the palm will be frequently due to the old strolling Minstrels, who composed their rhymes to be sung to their harps, and who looked no further than for present applause, and present subsistence.

The reader will find this class of men occasionally described in the following volumes, and some particulars relating to their history in an Essay subjoined to this preface.

It will be proper here to give a short account of the other collections that were consulted, and to make my acknowledgements to those gentlemen who were so kind as to impart extracts from them; for, while this selection was making, a great number of ingenious friends took a share in the work, and explored many large repositories in its favour.

The first of these that deserved notice was the Pepysian library at Magdalen College, Cambridge. Its founder, Sam. Pepys†, Esq., Secretary of the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. had made a large collection of ancient English ballads, near two thousand in number, which he has left pasted in five volumes in folio; besides Garlands and other smaller miscellanies. This collection, he tells us, was "begun by Mr. Selden; im-

\* Mr. Addison, Mr. Dryden, and the witty Lord Dorset, &c. See the Spectator, No. 70. To these might be added many eminent judges now alive.—The learned Selden appears also to have been fond of collecting these old things. See below.

† A Life of our curious collector, Mr. Pepys, may be seen in "The Continuation of Mr. Collier's Supplement to his Great Dictionary, 1713, at the end of vol. iii. folio. Art. PEP."

\* Chaucer quotes the old Romance of "Libins Disconius," and some others, which are found in this MS. It also contains several Songs relating to the Civil War in the last century but not one that alludes to the Restoration.

proved by the addition of many pieces elder thereto in time; and the whole continued down to the year 1700; when the form peculiar till then thereto, viz. of the black letter with pictures, seems (for cheapness sake) wholly laid aside for that of the white letter without pictures."

In the Ashmole Library at Oxford is a small collection of Ballads made by Anthony Wood in the year 1676, containing somewhat more than two hundred. Many ancient popular poems are also preserved in the Bodleyan Library.

The archives of the Antiquarian Society at London contain a multitude of curious political poems in large folio volumes, digested under the several reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, Elisabeth, James I., &c.

In the British Museum is preserved a large treasure of ancient English poems in MS. besides one folio volume of printed ballads.

From all these some of the best pieces were selected; and from many private collections, as well printed as manuscript, particularly from one large folio volume which was lent by a lady.

AMID such a fund of materials, the Editor is afraid he has been sometimes led to make too great a parade of his authorities. The desire of being accurate has perhaps seduced him into too minute and trifling an exactness; and in pursuit of information he may have been drawn into many a petty and frivolous research. It was however necessary to give some account of the old copies; though often, for the sake of brevity, one or two of these only are mentioned, where yet assistance was received from several. Where any thing was altered that deserved particular notice, the passage is generally distinguished by two inverted 'commas.' And the Editor has endeavoured to be as faithful as the imperfect state of his materials would admit. For these old popular rhymes being many of them copied only from illiterate transcripts, or the imperfect recitation of itinerant ballad-singers, have, as might be expected, been handed down to us with less care than any other writings in the world. And the old copies, whether MS. or printed, were often so defective or corrupted, that a scrupulous adherence to their wretched readings would only have exhibited unintelligible nonsense, or such poor meagre stuff as neither came from the Bard nor was worthy the press; when, by a few slight corrections or additions, a most beautiful or interesting sense hath started forth, and this so naturally and easily, that the Editor could seldom prevail on himself to indulge the vanity of making a formal claim to the improvement; but must plead guilty to the charge of concealing his own share in the amendments under some such general title as a "Modern Copy," or the like. Yet it has been his design to give sufficient intimation where any considerable liberties\* were taken with the old copies, and to have retained either in the text or margin any word or phrase which was antique, obsolete, unusual, or peculiar, so that these might be safely quoted as of genuine and undoubted antiquity. His object was to please both the judicious antiquary and the reader of taste; and he hath endeavoured to gratify both without offending either.

\* Such liberties have been taken with all those places which have three asterisks subjoined, thus \*.\*.\*

THE plan of the work was settled in concert with the late elegant Mr. Shenstone, who was to have borne a joint share in it had not death unhappily prevented him.\* Most of the modern pieces were of his selection and arrangement, and the Editor hopes to be pardoned if he has retained some things out of partiality to the judgement of his friend. The old folio MS. above mentioned was a present from Humphrey Pitt, Esq. of Prior's-Lee, in Shropshire†, to whom this public acknowledgement is due for that, and many other obliging favours. To Sir David Dalrymple, Bart. of Hales, near Edinburgh, the editor is indebted for most of the beautiful Scottish poems with which this little miscellany is enriched, and for many curious and elegant remarks with which they are illustrated. Some obliging communications of the same kind were received from John Mac Gowan, Esq. of Edinburgh; and many curious explanations of Scottish words in the glossaries from John Davidson, Esq. of Edinburgh, and from the Rev. Mr. Hutchinson, of Kimbolton. Mr. Warton, who has twice done so much honour to the Poetry Professor's chair at Oxford, and Mr. Heat of Worcester College, contributed some curious pieces from the Oxford libraries. Two ingenious and learned friends at Cambridge deserve the Editor's warmest acknowledgements: to Mr. Blakeway, late fellow of Magdalen College, he owes all the assistance received from the Pepysian library: and Mr. Farmer, fellow of Emanuel, often exerted, in favour of this little work, that extensive knowledge of ancient English literature for which he is so distinguished‡. Many extracts from ancient MSS. in the

\* That the Editor hath not here underrated the assistance he received from his friend, will appear from Mr. Shenstone's own letter to the Rev. Mr. Graves, dated March 1, 1761. See his Works, vol. iii. letter ciii. It is doubtless a great loss to this work, that Mr. Shenstone never saw more than about a third of one of these volumes, as prepared for the press.

† Who informed the Editor that this MS. had been purchased in a library of old books, which was thought to have belonged to Thomas Blount, author of the "Jocular Tenures, 1679," 4to. and of many other publications enumerated in Wood's *Athenæ*, ii. 73: the earliest of which is "The Art of Making Devices, 1646," 4to. wherein he is described to be "of the Inner Temple." If the collection was made by this lawyer, (who also published the "Law Dictionary, 1671," folio,) it should seem, from the errors and defects with which the MS. abounds, that he had employed his clerk in writing the transcripts, who was often weary of his task.

‡ To the same learned and ingenious friend, since Master of Emanuel College, the Editor is obliged for many corrections and improvements in his second and subsequent editions; as also to the Rev. Mr. Bowle, of Idmiston, near Salisbury, Editor of the curious edition of Don Quixote, with Annotations, in Spanish, in six vols. 4to.; to the Rev. Mr. Cole, formerly of Blecheley, near Fenny Stratford, Bucks.; to the Rev. Mr. Lambe, of Noreham, in Northumberland, author of a learned "History of Chess," 1764, 8vo. and Editor of a curious "Poem on the Battle of Flodden Field," with learned Notes, 1774, 8vo.; and to G. Paton, Esq. of Edinburgh. He is particularly indebted to two friends, to whom the public, as well as himself, are under the greatest obligations; to the Honourable Daines Barrington, for his very learned and curious "Observations on the Statutes," 4to.; and to Thomas Tyrwhitt, Esq., whose most correct and elegant edition of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," 6 vols. 8vo. is a standard book, and shows how an ancient English classic should be published. The Editor was also favoured with many valuable remarks and corrections from the Rev. Geo. Ashby, late fellow of St. John's College, in Cambridge, which are not particularly pointed out because they occur so often. He was no less obliged to Thomas Butler, Esq. E.A.S. agent to the Duke of Northumberland, and Clerk of the Peace for the county of Middlesex; whose extensive knowledge of ancient writings, records, and history, has been of great use to the

British Museum, and other repositories, were owing to the kind services of Thomas Astle, Esq. to whom the public is indebted for the curious Preface and Index annexed to the Harleian Catalogue\*. The worthy Librarian of the Society of Antiquaries, Mr. Norris, deserves acknowledgement for the obliging manner in which he gave the Editor access to the volumes under his care. In Mr. Garrick's curious collection of old plays are many scarce pieces of ancient poetry, with the free use of which he indulged the Editor in the politest manner. To the Rev. Dr. Birch he is indebted for the use of several ancient and valuable tracts. To the friendship of Dr. Samuel Johnson he owes many valuable hints for the conduct of the work. And, if the Glossaries are more exact and curious than might be expected in so slight a publication, it is to be ascribed to the supervisal of a friend, who stands at this time the first in the world for Northern literature, and whose learning is better known and respected in foreign nations than in his own country. It is perhaps

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Editor in his attempts to illustrate the literature or manners of our ancestors. Some valuable remarks were procured by Samuel Pegge, Esq. author of that curious work the "*Curialia*," 4to.; but this impression was too far advanced to profit by them all; which hath also been the case with a series of learned and ingenious annotations inserted in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1793, April, June, July, and October, 1794, and which, it is hoped, will be continued.

\* Since Keeper of the Records in the Tower.

needless to name the Rev. Mr. Lye, Editor of *Janus's Etymologicum*, and of the *Gothic Gospels*.

THE names of so many men of learning and character the Editor hopes will serve as an amulet, to guard him from every unfavourable censure for having bestowed any attention on a parcel of OLD BALLADS. It was at the request of many of these gentlemen, and of others eminent for their genius and taste, that this little work was undertaken. To prepare it for the press has been the amusement of now and then a vacant hour amid the leisure and retirement of rural life, and hath only served as a relaxation from graver studies. It has been taken up at different times, and often thrown aside for many months, during an interval of four or five years. This has occasioned some inconsistencies and repetitions, which the candid reader will pardon. As great care has been taken to admit nothing immoral and indecent, the Editor hopes he need not be ashamed of having bestowed some of his idle hours on the ancient literature of our own country, or in rescuing from oblivion some pieces (though but the amusements of our ancestors) which tend to place in a striking light their taste, genius, sentiments, or manners.

Except in one paragraph, and in the Notes subjoined, this Preface is given with little variation from the first edition in MDCCCLV.

AN  
ESSAY  
ON THE  
ANCIENT MINSTRELS IN ENGLAND.

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I. THE MINSTRELS (A) were an order of men in the middle ages, who subsisted by the arts of poetry and music, and sang to the harp verses composed by themselves, or others\*. They also appear to have accompanied their songs with mimicry and action; and to have practised such various means of diverting as were much admired in those rude times, and supplied the want of more refined entertainment (B). These arts rendered them extremely popular and acceptable in this and all the neighbouring countries; where no high scene of festivity was esteemed complete, that was not set off with the exercise of their talents; and where, so long as the spirit of chivalry subsisted, they were protected and caressed, because their songs tended to do honour to the ruling passion of the times, and to encourage and foment a martial spirit.

The Minstrels seem to have been the genuine successors of the ancient Bards (C), who under different names were admired and revered, from the earliest ages, among the people of Gaul, Britain, Ireland, and the North; and indeed, by almost all the first inhabitants of Europe, whether of Celtic or Gothic race; but by none more than by our own Teutonic ancestors; particularly by all the Danish tribes. § Among these, they were distinguished by the name of Scalds, a word which denotes "smoothers and

polishers of language\*." The origin of their art was attributed to Odin or Woden, the father of their gods; and the professors of it were held in the highest estimation. Their skill was considered as something divine; their persons were deemed sacred; their attendance was solicited by kings; and they were every where loaded with honours and rewards. In short, Poets and their art were held among them in that rude admiration which is ever shown by an ignorant people to such as excel them in intellectual accomplishments.

As these honours were paid to Poetry and Song, from the earliest times, in those countries which our Anglo-Saxon ancestors inhabited before their removal into Britain, we may reasonably conclude, that they would not lay aside all their regard for men of this sort immediately on quitting their German forests. At least so long as they retained their ancient manners and opinions, they would still hold them in high estimation. But as the Saxons, soon after their establishment in this island, were converted to Christianity; in proportion as literature prevailed among them, this rude admiration would begin to abate; and Poetry would be no longer a peculiar profession. Thus the Poet and the Minstrel early with us became two persons (D). Poetry was cultivated by men of letters indiscriminately; and many of the most popular rhimes were composed amidst the leisure and retirement of monasteries. But the Minstrels continued a distinct order of men for many ages after the Norman conquest; and got their livelihood by singing verses to the harp at the houses of the great (E). There they were still hospitably and respectfully received, and retained many of the honours shown to their predecessors, the Bards and Scalds (F). And though, as their art declined, many of them only recited the compositions of others, some of them still composed songs themselves, and all of them could probably invent a few stanzas on occasion. I have no doubt but most of the old heroic Ballads in this collection

(A) The larger Notes and Illustrations referred to by the capital letters (A) (B) &c. are thrown together to the end of this Essay

\* Wedded to no hypothesis, the Author hath readily corrected any mistakes which have been proved to be in this Essay; and, considering the novelty of the subject, and the time, and place, when and where he first took it up, many such had been excusable. That the term Minstrel was not confined, as some contend, to a mere Musician, in this country, any more than on the Continent, will be considered more fully in the last note (G g) at the end of this Essay.

† Vid. Pelloutier Hist. des Celtes, tom. 1, l. 2, c. 6, 10.

‡ Tacit. du Wor. Germ. cap. 2.

§ Vid. Bartholin. de Cassis contemptæ a Danis Mortis, lib. 1, cap. 10.—Vormij Litteraturæ Runicæ, ad finem.—See also "Northern Antiquities, or, a Description of the Manners, Customs, &c. of the ancient Danes and other Northern Nations: from the French of M. Mallet." London, printed for T. Carnan, 1776, 2 vol. 8vo.

\* Torfæi Præfat. ad Orcad. Hist.—Pref. to "Five Pieces of Runic Poetry," &c.

were composed by this order of men. For although some of the larger metrical romances might come from the pen of the monks or others, yet the smaller narratives were probably composed by the minstrels who sang them. From the amazing variations which occur in different copies of the old pieces, it is evident they made no scruple to alter each others productions; and the reciter added or omitted whole stanzas, according to his own fancy or convenience.

In the early ages, as was hinted above, the profession of oral itinerant Poet was held in the utmost reverence among all the Danish tribes; and, therefore, we might have concluded, that it was not unknown or unrespected among their Saxon brethren in Britain, even if history had been altogether silent on this subject. The original country of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors is well known to have lain chiefly in the Cimbric Chersonese, in the tracts of land since distinguished by the name of Jutland, Angelen, and Holstein\*. The Jutes and Angles in particular, who composed two-thirds of the conquerors of Britain, were a Danish people, and their country at this day belongs to the crown of Denmark†; so that when the Danes again infested England, three or four hundred years after, they made war on the descendants of their own ancestors‡. From this near affinity, we might expect to discover a strong resemblance between both nations in their customs, manners, and even language; and, in fact, we find them to differ no more than would naturally happen between a parent country and its own colonies, that had been severed in a rude uncivilized state, and had dropt all intercourse for three or four centuries: especially if we reflect that the colony here settled had adopted a new religion, extremely opposite in all respects to the ancient Paganism of the mother country; and that even at first, along with the original Angli, had been incorporated a large mixture of Saxons from the neighbouring parts of Germany; and afterwards, among the Danish invaders, had come vast multitudes of adventurers from the more northern parts of Scandinavia. But all these were only different tribes of the same common Teutonic stock, and spoke only different dialects of the same Gothic language.§

From this sameness of original and similarity of manners, we might justly have wondered, if a character, so dignified and distinguished among the ancient Danes, as the Scald or Bard, had been totally unknown or unregarded in this sister nation. And, indeed, this argument is so strong, and, at the same time, the early annals of the Anglo-Saxons are so scanty and defective(G), that no objections from their silence could be sufficient to overthrow it. For if these popular Bards were confessedly revered and admired in those very countries which the Anglo-Saxons inhabited before their removal into Britain, and if they were afterwards common

and numerous among the other descendants of the same Teutonic ancestors, can we do otherwise than conclude, that men of this order accompanied such tribes as migrated hither; that they afterwards subsisted here, though, perhaps, with less splendour than in the North; and that there never was wanting a succession of them to hand down the art, though some particular conjunctures may have rendered it more respectable at one time than another? And this was evidently the case. For though much greater honours seem to have been heaped upon the northern Scalds, in whom the characters of historian, genealogist, poet, and musician, were all united, than appear to have been paid to the Minstrels and Harpers(H) of the Anglo-Saxons, whose talents were chiefly calculated to entertain and divert; while the Scalds professed to inform and instruct, and were at once the moralists and theologues of their Pagan countrymen; yet the Anglo-Saxon Minstrels continued to possess no small portion of public favour; and the arts they professed were so extremely acceptable to our ancestors, that the word *Glee*, which peculiarly denoted their art, continues still in our own language to be of all others the most expressive of that popular mirth and jollity, that strong sensation of delight, which is felt by unpolished and simple minds(I).

II. Having premised these general considerations, I shall now proceed to collect from history such particular incidents as occur on this subject; and, whether the facts themselves are true or not, they are related by authors who lived too near the Saxon times, and had before them too many recent monuments of the Anglo-Saxon nation, not to know what was conformable to the genius and manners of that people; and therefore we may presume, that their relations prove at least the existence of the customs and habits they attribute to our forefathers before the conquest, whatever becomes of the particular incidents and events themselves. If this be admitted, we shall not want sufficient proofs to show that Minstrelsy and Song were not extinct among the Anglo-Saxons; and that the professor of them here, if not quite so respectable a personage as the Danish Scald, was yet highly favoured and protected, and continued still to enjoy considerable privileges.

Even so early as the first invasion of Britain by the Saxons, an incident is recorded to have happened, which, if true, shows that the Minstrel or Bard was not unknown among this people; and that their princes themselves could, upon occasion, assume that character. Colgrin, son of that Ella who was elected king or leader of the Saxons in the room of Hengist\*, was shut up in York, and closely besieged by Arthur and his Britons. Baldulph, brother of Colgrin, wanted to gain access to him, and to apprise him of a reinforcement which was coming from Germany. He had no other way to accomplish his design, but to assume the character of a Minstrel. He therefore shaved his head and beard, and dressing himself in the habit of that profession, took his harp in his hand. In this disguise, he walked up and down the trenches without suspicion, playing all the while upon his instrument as a Harper. By little and little he advanced near to the walls of the city, and, making himself known to the sentinels, was in the night drawn up by a rope.

\* Vid. Chronic. Saxon. à Gibson, p. 12, 13, 4to.—Bed. Hist. Eccles. à Smith, lib. 1, c. 15.—“Ealdsexe (Regio antiq. Saxonum) in service Cimbrice Chersopesi, Holsatlam proprie dictam Dithmarsiam, Stormariam, et Wagriam, complectens.” Annot. in Bed. à Smith, p. 62. Et vid. Camden Britan.

† “Anglia Vetus, hodie etiam Anglen, sita est inter Saxones et Glotes (Jutos), habens oppidum capitale... Sleswick.” Ethelwerd. lib. 1.

‡ See Northern Antiquities, &c. vol. 1. pag. 7, 8, 186, 260, 261.

§ Ibid. Preface, p. 26.

\* See Rapin's Hist. by Tindal, fol. 1732, vol. 1. p. 26, who places the incident here related under the year 405.

Although the above fact comes only from the suspicious pen of Geoffry of Monmouth (K), the judicious reader will not too hastily reject it; because, if such a fact really happened, it could only be known to us through the medium of the British writers: for the first Saxons, a martial but unlettered people, had no historians of their own; and Geoffry, with all his fables, is allowed to have recorded many true events, that have escaped other annalists.

We do not however want instances of a less fabulous era, and more indubitable authority: for later history affords us two remarkable facts (L), which I think clearly show that the same arts of poetry and song, which were so much admired among the Danes, were by no means unknown or neglected in this sister nation: and that the privileges and honours which were so lavishly bestowed upon the Northern Scalds, were not wholly withheld from the Anglo-Saxon Minstrels.

Our great King Alfred, who is expressly said to have excelled in music\*, being desirous to learn the true situation of the Danish army, which had invaded his realm, assumed the dress and character of a Minstrel (M): when, taking his harp, and one of the most trusty of his friends disguised as a servant†, (for in the early times it was not unusual for a minstrel to have a servant to carry his harp,) he went with the utmost security into the Danish camp; and, though he could not but be known to be a Saxon by his dialect, the character he had assumed procured him a hospitable reception. He was admitted to entertain the king at table, and staid among them long enough to contrive that assault which afterwards destroyed them. This was in the year 878.

About sixty years after†, a Danish king made use of the same disguise to explore the camp of our king Athelstan. With his harp in his hand, and dressed like a Minstrel (N), Aulaff, king of the Danes, went among the Saxon tents; and, taking his stand near the king's pavilion, began to play, and was immediately admitted. There he entertained Athelstan and his lords with his singing and his music, and was at length dismissed with an honourable reward, though his songs must have discovered him to have been a Dane (O). Athelstan was saved from the consequences of this stratagem by a soldier, who had observed Aulaff bury the money which had been given him, either from some scruple of honour, or motive of superstition. This occasioned a discovery.

Now if the Saxons had not been accustomed to have Minstrels of their own, Alfred's assuming so new and unusual a character would have excited suspicions among the Danes. On the other hand, if it had not been customary with the Saxons to show favour and respect to the Danish Scalds, Aulaff would not have ventured himself among them, especially on the eve of a battle (P). From the uniform procedure then of both these kings, we may fairly conclude that the same mode of entertainment prevailed among both people, and that the Minstrel was a privileged character with each.

But, if these facts had never existed, it can be proved from undoubted records, that the Minstrel was a regular and stated officer in the court of our Anglo-Saxon kings: for in Doomesday book, *Joculator Regis*, the King's Minstrel, is expressly mentioned in Gloucestershire; in which county it should seem that he had lands assigned him for his maintenance (Q).

III. We have now brought the inquiry down to the Norman Conquest; and as the Normans had been a late colony from Norway and Denmark, where the Scalds had arrived to the highest pitch of credit before Rollo's expedition into France, we cannot doubt but this adventurer, like the other northern princes, had many of these men in his train, who settled with him in his new duchy of Normandy, and left behind them successors in their art: so that, when his descendant, William the Bastard, invaded this kingdom in the following century\*, that mode of entertainment could not but be still familiar with the Normans. And that this is not mere conjecture will appear from a remarkable fact, which shows that the arts of poetry and song were still as reputable among the Normans in France, as they had been among their ancestors in the North; and that the profession of Minstrel, like that of Scald, was still aspired to by the most gallant soldiers. In William's army was a valiant warrior, named Taillefer, who was distinguished no less for the Minstrel-arts (R) than for his courage and intrepidity. This man asked leave of his commander to begin the onset, and obtained it. He accordingly advanced before the army, and with a loud voice animated his countrymen with songs in praise of Charlemagne and Roland, and other heroes of France; then rushing among the thickest of the English, and valiantly fighting, lost his life.

Indeed the Normans were so early distinguished for their Minstrel-talents; that an eminent French writer (8) makes no scruple to refer to them the origin of all modern poetry, and shows that they were celebrated for their songs near a century before the Troubadours of Provence, who are supposed to have led the way to the Poets of Italy, France, and Spain†.

We see then that the Norman conquest was rather likely to favour the establishment of the Minstrel profession in this kingdom, than to suppress it; and although the favour of the Norman conquerors would be probably confined to such of their own countrymen as excelled in the Minstrel arts; and in the first ages after the conquest no other songs would be listened to by the great nobility, but such as were composed in their own Norman French: yet as the great mass of the original inhabitants were not extirpated, these could only understand their own native Gleemen or Minstrels; who must still be allowed to exist, unless it can be proved that they were all proscribed and massacred, as it is said, the Welsh Bards were afterwards by the severe policy of king Edward I. But this we know was not the case; and even the cruel attempts of that monarch, as we shall see below, proved ineffectual (S 2).

\* By Bale and Spelman. See note (M). † Ibid.

† Anno 938. Vid. Rapin, &c.

‡ So I think the name should be printed, rather than Aulaff the more usual form, (the same traces of the letters express both names in MS.,) Aulaff being evidently the genuine northern name Olaf, or Olave, Lat. Olans. In the old romance of "Horn-Child" (see vol. iii. p. xxxiii), the name of the king his father is Allof, which is evidently Olaf, with the vowels only transposed.

\* Rollo was invested in his new duchy of Normandy, A.D. 912. William invaded England, A.D. 1066.

† Vid. "Hist. des Troubadours, 3 tom." passim; et vid. "Fableaux ou Contes du XII. et du XIII. Siècle, traduits, &c. avec des Notes historiques et critiques, &c. par M. Le Grand. Paris, 1781." 5 tom. 12mo.



The honours shown to the Norman or French Minstrels, by our princes and great barons, would naturally have been imitated by their English vassals and tenants, even if no favour or distinction had ever been shown here to the same order of men in the Anglo-Saxon and Danish reigns. So that we cannot doubt but the English harper and songster would, at least in a subordinate degree, enjoy the same kind of honours, and be received with similar respect among the inferior English gentry and populace. I must be allowed therefore to consider them as belonging to the same community, as subordinate members at least of the same college; and therefore, in gleanings the scanty materials for this slight history, I shall collect whatever incidents I can find relating to Minstrels and their art, and arrange them, as they occur in our own annals, without distinction; as it will not always be easy to ascertain, from the slight mention of them by our regular historians, whether the artists were Norman or English. For it need not be remarked that subjects of this trivial nature are but incidentally mentioned by our ancient annalists, and were fastidiously rejected by other grave and serious writers; so that, unless they were accidentally connected with such events as became recorded in history, they would pass unnoticed through the lapse of ages, and be as unknown to posterity as other topics relating to the private life and amusements of the greatest nations.

On this account it can hardly be expected that we should be able to produce regular and unbroken annals of the Minstrel Art and its professors, or have sufficient information whether every Minstrel or Harper composed himself, or only repeated, the songs he chanted. Some probably did the one, and some the other: and it would have been wonderful indeed if men whose peculiar profession it was, and who devoted their time and talents to entertain their hearers with poetical compositions, were peculiarly deprived of all poetical genius themselves, and had been under a physical incapacity of composing those common popular rhymes which were the usual subjects of their recitation. Whoever examines any considerable quantity of these, finds them in style and colouring as different from the elaborate production of the sedentary composer at his desk or in his cell, as the rambling Harper or Minstrel was remote in his modes of life and habits of thinking from the retired scholar or the solitary monk (T).

It is well known that on the Continent, whence our Norman nobles came, the Bard who composed, the Harper who played and sang, and even the Dancer and the Mimic, were all considered as of one community, and were even all included under the common name of Minstrels\*. I must therefore be allowed the same application of the term here, without being expected to prove that every singer composed, or every composer chanted, his own song; much less that every one excelled in all the arts which were occasionally exercised by some or other of this fraternity.

IV. After the Norman Conquest, the first occurrence which I have met with relating to this order of men is the founding of a priory and hospital by one of them: scil. the Priory and Hospital of St. Bartholomew, in Smithfield, London, by Royer or

Raherus the King's Minstrel, in the third year of King Henry I., A. D. 1102. He was the first prior of his own establishment, and presided over it to the time of his death (T 2).

In the reign of King Henry II. we have upon record the name of Galfrid or Jeffrey, a harper, who in 1180 received a corrody or annuity from the abbey of Hyde near Winchester; and, as in the early times every harper was expected to sing, we cannot doubt but this reward was given to him for his music and his songs; which, if they were for the solace of the monks there, we may conclude would be in the English language (U).

Under his romantic son, King Richard I., the Minstrel profession seems to have acquired additional splendour. Richard, who was the great hero of chivalry, was also the distinguished patron of Poets and Minstrels. He was himself of their number, and some of his poems are still extant\*. They were no less patronized by his favourites and chief officers. His chancellor, William Bishop of Ely, is expressly mentioned to have invited Singers and Minstrels from France, whom he loaded with reward; and they in return celebrated him as the most accomplished person in the world (U 2). This high distinction and regard, although confined perhaps in the first instance to Poets and Songsters of the French nation, must have had a tendency to do honour to poetry and song among all his subjects, and to encourage the cultivation of these arts among the natives; as the indulgent favour shown by the monarch, or his great courtiers to the Provençal Troubadours, or Norman Rymours, would naturally be imitated by their inferior vassals to the English Gleeman or Minstrel. At more than a century after the conquest, the national distinctions must have begun to decline, and both the Norman and English languages would be heard in the houses of the great (U 3); so that probably about this æra, or soon after, we are to date that remarkable intercommunity and exchange of each other's compositions, which we discover to have taken place at some early period between the French and English Minstrels; the same set of phrases, the same species of characters, incidents, and adventures, and often the same identical stories, being found in the old metrical romances of both nations (V).

The distinguished service which Richard received from one of his own minstrels in rescuing him from his cruel and tedious captivity, is a remarkable fact, which ought to be recorded for the honour of poets and their art. This fact I shall relate in the following words of an ancient writer†.

"The Englishmen were more than a whole year without hearing any tidings of their king, or in what place he was kept prisoner. He had trained up in

\* See a pathetic song of his in Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of Royal Authors, vol. i. p. 5. The reader will find a translation of it into modern French, in Hist. Littéraire des Troubadours, 1774, 3 tom. 12mo. See vol. i. p. 56, where some more of Richard's poetry is translated. In Dr. Burney's Hist. of Music, vol. ii. p. 238, is a poetical version of it in English.

† Mons. Favine's Theatre of Honour and Knighthood, translated from the French. Lond. 1623. fol. tom. ii. p. 40. An elegant relation of the same event (from the French of Presid. Fauchet's Recueil, &c.) may be seen in "Miscellanies in prose and verse, by Anna Williams, Lond. 1766," 4to. p. 46.—It will excite the reader's admiration to be informed, that most of the pieces of that collection were composed under the disadvantage of a total deprivation of sight.

\* See note (B) and (A a).

his court a Rimer or Minstrill\*, called Blondell de Neale: who (so saith the manuscript of old Poesiest, and an ancient manuscript French Chronicle) being so long without the sight of his lord, his life seemed wearisome to him, and he became confounded with melancholly. Knowne it was, that he came backe from the Holy Land; but none could tell in what countrey he arrived. Whereupon this Blondel, resolving to make search for him in many countries, but he would heare some newes of him; after expence of divers dayes in travaille, he came to a townet (by good hap) neere to the castell where his maister King Richard was kept. Of his host he demanded to whom the castell appertained, and the host told him, that it belonged to the Duke of Austria. Then he enquired whether there were any prisoners therein detained or no: for alwayes he made such secret questionings wheresoever he came. And the hosts gave answer, there was one onely prisoner, but he knew not what he was, and yet he had bin detained there more then the space of a yeare. When Blondel heard this, he wrought such meanes, that he became acquainted with them of the castell, as Minstrels doe easily win acquaintance any where: but see the king he could not, neither understand that it was he. One day he sat directly before a window of the castell where King Richard was kept prisoner, and began to sing a song in French, which King Richard and Blondel had some time composed together. When King Richard heard the song, he knew it was Blondel that sung it: and when Blondel paused at halfe of the song, the king 'began the other half and completed it.† Thus Blondel won knowledge of the king his maister, and returning home into England, made the barons of the countrey acquainted where the king was.‡ This happened about the year 1193.

The following old Provençal lines are given as the very original song¶; which I shall accompany with an imitation offered by Dr. Burney, ii. 237.

\* Favine's words are, "Jongleur appellé Blondiaux de Neale." Paris, 1620. 4to. p. 1196. But Fauchet, who has given the same story, thus expresses it, "Or ce roy ayant couru un Menestrel appellé Blondel." &c. liv. 2. p. 92. "Des anciens Poëtes François."—He is however said to have been another Blondel, not Blondel (or Blondiaux) de Neale, but this no way affects the circumstances of the story.

† This the Author calls in another place, "An ancient MS. of old Poesies, written about those very times."—From this MS. Favine gives a good account of the taking of Richard by the Duke of Austria, who sold him to the Emperor. As for the MS. chronicle, it is evidently the same that supplied Fauchet with this story. See his "Recueil de l'Origine de la Langue et Poësie Française. Ryme, et Romans." &c. Par. 1581.

‡ Tribales.—"Retrudi eum præcepit in Triballis: a quo carcere nullus ante dies exivit." Lat. Chron. of Otho of Austria: apud Favine.

§ "Comme Menestrels s'accointent legerement." Favine. Fauchet expresses it in the same manner.

¶ I give this passage corrected; as the English translator of Favine's book appeared here to have mistaken the original.—Scil. "Et quant Blondel eut dit la moitié de la Chanson, le roy Richard se prist a dire l'autre moitié et l'acheva." Favine, p. 1196. Fauchet has also expressed it in nearly the same words. Recueil, p. 93.

¶ In a little romance or novel, entitled, "La Tour Tenebreuse, et les Jours Lumineux, Contes Angloises, accompagnés d'historiettes, et tirés d'une ancienne chronique composée par Richard, surnomme Coeur de Lion, Roy d'Angleterre," &c. Paris 1705. 12mo.—In the preface to this romance the Editor has given another song of Blondel de Neale, as also a copy of the song written by King Richard, and published by Mr. Walpole, mentioned above, yet the two last are not in Provençal like the sonnet printed here; but in the old French, called *Language Roman*.

## BLONDEL.

Domna vostra beutas	Your beauty, lady fair,
Elas bellas faivos	None views without delight;
Els bels oïls amors	But still so cold an air
Els gens cors ben tallats	No passion can excite:
Don sieu empenants	Yet this I patient see
De vostra amo qui nul lia.	While all are shew'd like me.

## RICHARD.

Si bel trop affansia	No nymph my heart can wound
Ja de vos non portai	If favour she divide
Que major bonorai	And smiles on all around
Sol en votra deman	Unwilling to decide:
Que sautra des belsan	I'd rather hatred bear
Tot can de vos volria	Than love with others share.

The access which Blondel so readily obtained in the privileged character of a Minstrel, is not the only instance upon record of the same nature (V 2). In this very reign of King Richard I. the young heiress of D'Evereux, Earl of Salisbury, had been carried abroad and secreted by her French relations in Normandy. To discover the place of her concealment, a knight of the Talbot family spent two years in exploring that province, at first under the disguise of a pilgrim; till having found where she was confined, in order to gain admittance he assumed the dress and character of a harper, and being a jocose person exceedingly skilled in the "gests of the ancients\*"; so they called the romances and stories which were the delight of that age; he was gladly received into the family. Whence he took an opportunity to carry off the young lady, whom he presented to the king; and he bestowed her on his natural brother William Longespee, (son of fair Rosamond), who became in her right Earl of Salisbury (V 3).

The next memorable event which I find in history reflects credit on the English Minstrels: and this was their contributing to the rescue of one of the great Earls of Chester, when besieged by the Welsh. This happened in the reign of King John, and is related to this effect†.

"Hugh, the first Earl of Chester, in his charter of foundation of St. Werburg's Abbey in that city, had granted such a privilege to those who should come to Chester fair, that they should not be then apprehended for theft or any other misdemeanour, except the crime were committed during the fair. This special protection occasioning a multitude of loose people to resort to that fair, was afterwards of signal benefit to one of his successors. For Ranulph the last Earl of Chester, marching into Wales with a slender attendance, was constrained to retire to his castle of Rothelan, (or Rhuydland,) to which the Welsh forthwith laid siege. In this distress he sent for help to the Lord de Lacy, constable of Chester: 'Who, making use of the Minstrels of all sorts, then met at Chester fair: by the allurements of their musick, got together a vast number of such loose people as, by reason of the before specified privilege, were then in that city; whom he forthwith sent under the conduct of Dutton, (his steward,) a gallant youth, who was also his son-in-law. The Welsh, alarmed at the approach of this rabble, sup-

\* The words of the original, viz. "Citharisator homo jocosus in Gestis antiquorum valde peritus," I conceive to give the precise idea of the ancient Minstrel. See note (V 2). That Gesta was appropriated to romantic stories, see note (1) Part IV (1.)

† See Dugdale, Bar. i. 42, 101. who places it: after 13 John, A. D. 1212. See also Plot's Stafford-sh. Camden's Britann. (Cheshire.)

posing them to be a regular body of armed and disciplined veterans, instantly raised the siege and retired."

For this good service Ranulph is said to have granted to De Lacy, by charter, the patronage and authority over the Minstrels and the loose and inferior people: who, retaining to himself that of the lower artificers, conferred on Dutton the jurisdiction of the Minstrels and Harlots\*: and under the descendants of this family the Minstrels enjoyed certain privileges, and protection for many ages. For even so late as the reign of Elizabeth, when this profession had fallen into such discredit that it was considered in law as a nuisance, the Minstrels under the jurisdiction of the family of Dutton, are expressly excepted out of all acts of parliament made for their suppression; and have continued to be so excepted ever since (W).

The ceremonies attending the exercise of this jurisdiction are thus described by Dugdale†, as handed down to his time, viz. "That at midsummer fair there, all the Minstrels of that country resorting to Chester do attend the heir of Dutton, from his lodging to St. John's Church, (he being then accompanied by many gentlemen of the country,) one of the Minstrels walking before him in a surcoat of his arms depicted on taffata; the rest of his fellows proceeding (two and two) and playing on their several sorts of musical instruments. And after divine service ended, give the like attendance on him back to his lodging; where a court being kept by his [Mr. Dutton's] steward, and all the Minstrels formally called, certain orders and laws are usually made for the better government of that society, with penalties on those who transgress."

In the same reign of King John we have a remarkable instance of a Minstrel, who to his other talents superadded the character of soothsayer, and by his skill in drugs and medicated potions was able to rescue a knight from imprisonment. This occurs in Leland's Narrative of the Gestes of Guarine (or Warren) and his sons, which he "excerptid owte of an old English boke yn ryme‡," and is as follows:

Whittington Castle in Shropshire, which together with the coheirress of the original proprietor had been won in a solemn tournament by the ancestor of the Guarines§, had in the reign of King John been seized by the Prince of Wales, and was afterwards possessed by Morice, a retainer of that prince, to whom the king, out of hatred to the true heir Fulco Guarine, (with whom he had formerly had a quarrel at chess||,) not only confirmed the possession, but also made him governor of the marches, of which Fulco himself had the custody in the time of King Richard. The Guarines demanded justice of the king, but obtaining

no gracious answer, renounced their allegiance and fled into Bretagne. Returning into England after various conflicts, "Fulco resorted to one John of Rampayne, a Sothsayer and Jocular and Minstrelle, and made hym his spy to Morice at Whittington." The privileges of this character we have already seen, and John so well availed himself of them, that in consequence of the intelligence which he doubtless procured, "Fulco and his brethrene laide waite for Morice, as he went toward Salesbyri, and Fulco ther woundid hym: and Bracy," a knight who was their friend and assistant, "cut of Morice[s] hedde." This Sir Bracy being in a subsequent encounter sore wounded, was taken and brought to King John; from whose vengeance he was however rescued by this notable Minstrel; for "John Rampayne founde the meanes to cast them, that kepte Bracy, into a deadly slepe; and so he and Bracy cam to Fulco to Whittington," which on the death of Morice had been restored to him by the Prince of Wales. As no further mention occurs of the Minstrel, I might here conclude this narrative; but I shall just add that Fulco was obliged to flee into France, where, assuming the name of Sir Amice, he distinguished himself in justs and tournaments; and, after various romantic adventures by sea and land; having in the true style of chivalry rescued "certayne ladies owt of prison;" he finally obtained the king's pardon, and the quiet possession of Whittington Castle.

In the reign of King Henry III., we have mention of Master Ricard the King's Harper, to whom in his thirty-sixth year (1254) that monarch gave not only forty shillings and a pipe of wine, but also a pipe of wine to Beatrice his wife\*. The title of *Magister*, or Master given to this Minstrel deserves notice, and shows his respectable situation.

V. The Harper, or Minstrel, was so necessary an attendant on a royal personage, that Prince Edward (afterwards King Edward I.) in his crusade to the Holy Land, in 1271, was not without his Harper: who must have been officially very near his person; as we are told by a contemporary historian†, that, in the attempt to assassinate that heroic prince, when he had wrested the poisoned knife out of the Sarazen's hand, and killed him with his own weapon; the attendants, who had stood apart while he was whispering to their master, hearing the struggle, ran to his assistance, and one of them, to wit his Harper, seizing a tripod or trestle, struck the assassin on the head and beat out his brains‡. And though the prince blamed him for striking the man after he was dead, yet his near access shows the respectable situation of this officer; and his affectionate zeal should have induced Edward to entreat his brethren the Welsh Bards afterwards with more lenity.

\* See the ancient record in Blount's Law Dictionary. (Art. Minstrel.)

† Bar. i. p. 101.

‡ Leland's Collectanea, vol. i. pages 261, 265, 267.

§ This old feudal custom of marrying an heiress to the knight who should vanquish all his opponents in a solemn contest, &c. appears to be burlesqued in the Tournament of Totenham, as is well observed by the learned author.

of Remarks, &c. in Gent. Mag. for July, 1794, p. 612.

|| "John, son to King Henry, and Fulco felle at variance at Cheste [r. Chese]; and John brake Fulco [s] hed with the chest borde; and then Fulco gave him such a blow, that he had almost killid hym." (Lel. Coll. i. p. 264.) A curious picture of courtly manners in that age! Notwithstanding this fray, we read in the next paragraph, that "King Henry dubbid Fulco & 3 of his bretherne Knights at Winchester." Ibid.

\* Burney's Hist. ii. p. 355.—Rot. Pip. An. 36, H. III.

† "Et in uno dolio vini empto & dato Magistro Ricardo Citharistas Regis. xl. sol. per br. Reg. Et in uno dolio empto & dato Beatrixi uxori ejusdem Ricardi."

‡ Walter Hemmingford, (vixit temp. Edw. I.) in Chronic. cap. 36, Inter V. Hist. Aug. Scriptores, vol. ii. Oxon. 1087 fol. pag. 501.

§ "Accurrentes ad hæc Minis'tri ejus, qui a longe steterunt, invenerunt eum [scil. Nuntium] in terra mortuum, et apprehendit unus eorum tripodem, scilicet Cithareda sua, & percussit eum in capite, et effudit cerebrum ejus. Increpavitque eum Edwardus quod hominem mortuum percussisset." Ibid. These Ministri must have been upon a very confidential footing, as it appears above in the same chapter, that they had been made acquainted with the contents of the letters which the assassin had delivered to the prince from his master.

Whatever was the extent of this great monarch's severity towards the professors of music and of song in Wales; whether the executing by martial law such of them as fell into his hands was only during the heat of conflict, or was continued afterwards with more systematic rigour\*; yet in his own court the Minstrels appear to have been highly favoured: for when, in 1306, he conferred the order of knighthood on his son and many others of the young nobility, a multitude of Minstrels were introduced to invite and induce the new knights to make some military vow (X). And

Under the succeeding reign of King Edward II., such extensive privileges were claimed by these men, and by dissolute persons assuming their character, that it became a matter of public grievance, and was obliged to be reformed by an express regulation in A. D. 1315 (Y). Notwithstanding which, an incident is recorded in the ensuing year, which shows that Minstrels still retained the liberty of entering at will into the royal presence, and had something peculiarly splendid in their dress. It is thus related by Stow (Z).

"In the year 1316, Edward the Second did solemnize his feast of Pentecost at Westminster, in the great hall: where sitting royally at the table with his peers about him, there entered a woman adorned like a Minstrel, sitting on a great horse trapped, as Minstrels then used; who rode round about the tables, shewing pastime; and at length came up to the king's table, and laid before him a letter, and forthwith turning her horse saluted every one and departed."—The subject of this letter was a remonstrance to the king on the favours heaped by him on his minions, to the neglect of his knights and faithful servants.

The privileged character of a Minstrel was employed on this occasion, as sure of gaining an easy admittance; and a female the rather deputed to assume it, that, in case of detection, her sex might disarm the king's resentment. This is offered on a supposition that she was not a real Minstrel; for there should seem to have been women of this profession (A a), as well as of the other sex; and no accomplishment is so constantly attributed to females, by our ancient bards, as their singing to, and playing on, the harp (A a 2).

In the fourth year of King Richard II., John of Gaunt erected at Tutbury in Staffordshire, a court of Minstrels, similar to that annually kept at Chester and which, like a court-leet or court baron, had a legal jurisdiction, with full power to receive suit and service from the men of this profession within five neighbouring counties, to enact laws, and determine their controversies; and to apprehend and arrest such of them as should refuse to appear at the said court annually held on the 16th of August. For this they had a charter, by which they were empowered to appoint a King of the Minstrels with four officers to preside over them (B b). These were every year elected with great ceremony; the whole form of which, as observed in 1680, is described by Dr. Plot\*: in whose time however they

appear to have lost their singing talents, and to have confined all their skill to "wind and string music\*."

The Minstrels seem to have been in many respects upon the same footing as the heralds: and the King of the Minstrels, like the king at arms, was both here and on the Continent an usual officer in the courts of princes. Thus we have in the reign of King Edward I. mention of a King Robert and others. And in 16 Edward II. is a grant to William de Morlee "the King's Minstrel, styled *Roy de North*," of houses which had belonged to another king, John le Boteler (B b 2). Rymer hath also printed a licence granted by King Richard II. in 1387, to John Caumz, the King of his Minstrels, to pass the seas, recommending him to the protection and kind treatment of all his subjects and allies†.

In the subsequent reign of King Henry IV. we meet with no particulars relating to the Minstrels in England, but we find in the Statute Book a severe law passed against their brethren the Welsh Bards; whom our ancestors could not distinguish from their own *Rimours Ministrals*; for by these names they describe them (B b 3). This act plainly shews, that far from being extirpated by the rigorous policy of King Edward I., this order of men were still able to alarm the English government, which attributed to them "many diseases and mischiefs in Wales," and prohibited their meetings and contributions.

When his heroic son King Henry V. was preparing his great voyage for France, in 1415, an express order was given for his Minstrels, fifteen in number to attend him‡: and eighteen are afterwards mentioned, to each of whom he allowed xii d. a day, when that sum must have been of more than ten times the value it is at present§. Yet when he entered London in triumph after the battle of Agincourt, he, from a principle of humility, lighted the pageants and verses which were prepared to hail his return; and, as we are told by Holingshead¶, would not suffer "any ditties to be made and song by Minstrels, of his glorious victorie; for that he would whollie have the praise and thanks altogether given to God" (B b 4). But this did not proceed from any disregard for the professors of music or of song; for at the feast of Pentecost, which he celebrated in 1416, having the

which see Extracts in Sir J. Hawkins's *Hist. of Music*, vol. ii. p. 64; and Dr. Burney's *Hist.* vol. ii. p. 300 et seqq.

N. B. The barbarous diversion of bull-running was no part of the original institution, &c. as is fully proved by the Rev. Dr. Pegge, in *Archæologia*, vol. ii. no. xiii. page 86.

\* See the charge given by the Steward, at the time of the election, in Plot's *Hist.* *ubi supra*; and in Hawkins, p. 67. Burney, p. 363-4.

† So among the Heralds *Norrey* was anciently styled *Roy d'Armes de North* (Anstis, ii. 390.) And the Kings at Arms in general were originally called *Ropes Heraldorum*, (*Ibid.* p. 392.) as these were *Ropes Minstrellorum*.

‡ Rymer's *Fœdera*, tom. vii. p. 555. | *Ibid.* p. 260.

§ See his *Chronicle*, sub anno 1415, p. 1170. He also gives this other instance of the king's great modesty, "that he would not suffer his helmet to be carried with him, and shewed to the people, that they might behold the dinties and cuttes whiche appeared in the same, of such blowes and stripes as hee received the dayes of the battall." *Ibid.* Vid. T. de Elmham, c. 20, p. 72.

The prohibition against vain and secular songs would probably not include that inserted in Series the Second Book I. No. V., which would be considered as a hymn. The original notes engraven on a plate at the end of the vol. may be seen reduced and set to score in Mr. Stanford Smith's "Collection of English Songs for three and four Voices," and in Dr. Burney's *Hist. of Music*, ii. p. 384.

\* See Gray's Ode; and the *Hist. of the Gwedir Family* in "Miscellanies by the Hon. Daines Barrington," 1781, 4to. p. 380; who in the Laws, &c. of this monarch could find no instances of severity against the Welsh. See his observations on the Statutes, 4to. 4th. edit. p. 358.

† *Hist. of Staffordshire*, ch. 10, § 69-76, p. 433 et seqq. of

Emperor and the Duke of Holland for his guests, he ordered rich gowns for sixteen of his Minstrels, of which the particulars are preserved by Rymer\*. And having before his death orally granted an annuity of one hundred shillings to each of his Minstrels, the grant was confirmed in the first year of his son King Henry VI. A. D. 1423, and payment ordered out of the Exchequer†.

The unfortunate reign of King Henry VI., affords no occurrences respecting our subject; but in his 34th year, A.D. 1456, we have in Rymer‡ a commission for impressing boys or youths, to supply vacancies by death among the King's Minstrels: in which it is expressly directed that they shall be elegant in their limbs, as well as instructed in the Minstrel art, wherever they can be found, for the solace of his majesty.

In the following reign, King Edward IV., (in his 9th year, 1469,) upon a complaint that certain rude husbandmen and artificers of various trades had assumed the title and livery of the King's Minstrels and under that colour and pretence had collected money in diverse parts of the kingdom, and committed other disorders, the king grants to Walter Haliday, Marshal, and to seven others his own Minstrels whom he names, a charter§, by which he creates, or rather restores, a fraternity or perpetual gild (such as, he understands, the brothers and sisters of the fraternity of Minstrels had in times past) to be governed by a Marshall appointed for life, and by two Wardens to be chosen annually; who are empowered to admit brothers and sisters into the said gild, and are authorized to examine the pretensions of all such as affected to exercise the Minstrel profession; and to regulate, govern, and punish them throughout the realm (those of Chester excepted).—This seems to have some resemblance to the Earl Marshal's court among the heralds, and is another proof of the great affinity and resemblance which the Minstrels bore to the members of the College of Arms.

It is remarkable that Walter Haliday, whose name occurs as marshal in the foregoing charter, had been retained in the service of the two preceding monarchs King Henry V.‖ and VI.¶. Nor is this the first time he is mentioned as Marshal of the King's Minstrels, for in the third year of this reign, 1464, he had a grant from King Edward of 10 marks per annum during life, directed to him with that title\*\*.

But besides their Marshal we have also in this reign mention of a Sergeant of the Minstrels, who upon a particular occasion was able to do his royal master a singular service, wherein his confidential situation and ready access to the king at all hours is very apparent: for "as he [King Edward IV.] was in the north contray in the monneth of Septembre, as he lay in his bedde, one namid Alexander Carlile, that was Sariaunt of the Mynstrellis, cam to him in grete hast, and badde hym aryse for he hadde ene-

myes cummyng for to take him, the which were within vi. or vii. mylis, of the which tydinges the king gretely marveyliid, &c.††." This happened in the same year, 1469, wherein the king granted or confirmed the charter for the fraternity or gild above mentioned; yet this Alexander Carlile is not one of the eight Minstrels to whom that charter is directed‡.

The same charter was renewed by King Henry VIII. in 1520, to John Gilman, his then marshal, and to seven others his Minstrels‡: and on the death of Gilman, he granted in 1529 this office of Marshal of his Minstrels to Hugh Wodehouse§, whom I take to have borne the office of his serjeant over them||.

VI. In all the establishments of royal and noble households, we find an ample provision made for the Minstrels; and their situation to have been both honourable and lucrative. In proof of this it is sufficient to refer to the household book of the Earl of Northumberland, A.D. 1512 (Cc). And the rewards they received so frequently recur in ancient writers that it is unnecessary to crowd the page with them here (Cc‡).

The name of Minstrel seems however to have been gradually appropriated to the musician only, especially in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; yet we occasionally meet with applications of the term in its more enlarged meaning, as including the Singer, if not the composer, of heroic or popular rhymes¶.

In the time of King Henry VIII., we find it to have been a common entertainment to hear verses recited, or moral speeches learned for that purposes by a set of men who got their livelihood by repeating them, and who intruded without ceremony into all companies; not only in taverns, but in the houses of the nobility themselves. This we learn from Erasmus, whose argument led him only to describe a species of these men who did not sing their compositions; but the others that did, enjoyed, without doubt, the same privileges (D d).

For even long after, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it was usual "in places of assembly" for the company to be "desirous to heare of old adventures and valiaunces of noble knights in times past, as those of King Arthur, and his knights of the round table, Sir Beveys of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke and others like" in "short and long meetres, and by breaches or divisions, [sc. Fits\*\*] to be more commodiously sung to the harpe" as the reader may be informed by a courtly writer, in 1589††. Who himself had "written for pleasure a little briefe romance

\* Here unfortunately ends a curious fragment, (an. 9 E IV.) ad calcem Sprotti Chron. Ed. Hearne. Oxon. 1719, 8vo. Vid. T. Warton's Hist. ii. p. 134. Note (c).

† Rymer, xi. 642.

‡ Ibid. xiii. 705.

§ Rymer, tom. xiv. 2, 93.

|| So I am inclined to understand the term *Serviens master Hugo Wodehouse*, in the original grant. (See Rymer ubi supra.) It is needless to observe that *Serviens* expressed a serjeant as well as a servant. If this interpretation of *Serviens* be allowed, it will account for his placing Wodehouse at the head of his gild, although he had not been one of the eight minstrels who had had the general direction. The Serjeant of his Minstrels, we may presume, was next in dignity to the Marshal, although he had no share in the government of the gild.

¶ See below, and note (G g).

\*\* See vol. ii. page 174.

†† Puttenham in his "Arte of English Poesie," 1589, 4to p. 33.

\* Tom. ix. 336.

† Rymer, tom. x. 287. They are mentioned by name, being ten in number: one of them was named Thomas Chatterton.

‡ Tom. xi. 375.

§ See it in Rymer, tom. xi. 642, and in Sir J. Hawkins, vol. iv. p. 366. Note. The above Charter is recited in letters patent of King Charles I. 15 July, (11 Anno Regni,) for a Corporation of Musicians, &c. in Westminster, which may be seen *ibid.*

|| Rymer, ix. 255. ¶ *Ibid.* xi. 375 \*\* *Ibid.* xi. 512.

or historical ditty . . . of the Isle of Great Britaine" in order to contribute to such entertainment. And he subjoins this caution: "Such as have not premonition hereof," (viz. that his poem was written in short metre, &c. to be sung to the harp in such places of assembly,) "and consideration of the causes alledged, would peradventure reprove and disgrace every romance, or short historical ditty, for that they be not written in long meeters or verses Alexandrins," which constituted the prevailing versification among the poets of that age, and which no one now can endure to read.

And that the recital of such romances sung to the harp was at that time the delight of the common people, we are told by the same writer\*, who mentions that "common rimers," were fond of using rimes at short distances, "in small and popular musickes song by these Cantabanqui" [the said common rimers] "upon benches and barrels heads," &c. "or else by blind Harpers or such like Taverne Minstrels that give a fit of mirth for a groat; and their matter being for the most part stories of old time, as the tale of Sir Topas, the reportes of Bevis of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, Adam Bell, and Clymme of the Clough, and such other old romances, or historical rimes," &c. "also they be used in carols and rounds, and such light or lascivious poems, which are commonly more commodiously uttered by these buffons, or vices in playes, then by any other person. Such were the rimes of Skelton (usurping the name of a Poet Laureat) being in deede but a rude railing rimer, and all his doings ridiculous†."

But although we find here that the Minstrels had lost much of their dignity, and were sinking into contempt and neglect: yet that they still sustained a character far superior to any thing we can conceive at present of the singers of old ballads, I think, may be inferred from the following representation.

When Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Killingworth Castle by the Earl of Leicester in 1575, among the many devices and pageants which were contrived for her entertainment, one of the personages introduced was to have been that of an ancient Minstrel: whose appearance and dress are so minutely described by a writer there present, and gives us so distinct an idea of the character, that I shall quote the passage at large (E. c.).

"A person very meet seemed he for the purpose, of a xlv years old, apparelled partly as he would himself. His cap off: his head seemly rounded tonsterwise‡: fair kembed, that with a sponge daintily dipt in a little capon's greace was finely smoothed, to make it shine like a mallard's wing. His beard smugly shaven: and yet his shirt after the new trink, with ruffs fair starched, sleeved and glistening like a pair of new shoes, marshalled in good order with a setting stick, and strut, that every ruff stood up like a wafer. A side [i. e. long] gown of Kendal green, after the freshness of the year now,

gathered at the neck with a narrow gorget, fastened afore with a white clasp and a keeper close up to the chin; but easily, for heat to undo when he list. Seemly begirt in a red caddis girdle: from that a pair of capped Sheffield knives hanging a two sides. Out of his bosom drawn forth a lappet of his napkin\* edged with a blue lace, and marked with a true love, a heart, and a D for Damian, for he was but a bachelor yet.

"His gown had side [i. e. long] sleeves down to mid-leg, slit from the shoulder to the hand, and lined with white cotton. His doublet-sleeves of black worsted: upon them a pair of poyntes† of tawny chamlet laced along the wrist with blue threaden points, a wealt towards the hand of fustian-a-napes. A pair of red neather stocks. A pair of pumps on his feet, with a cross cut at the toes for corns: not new indeed, yet cleanly blackt with soot, and shining as a shoing horn.

"About his neck a red ribband suitable to his girdle. His harp in good grace dependent before him. His wrest‡ tyed to a green lace and hanging by. Under the gorget of his gown a fair flaggon chain (pewtery, for) silver, as a Squire Minstrel of Middlesex, that travelled the country this summer season, unto fairs and worshipful mens houses. From his chain hung a scutcheon, with metal and colour, resplendant upon his breast, of the ancient arms of Islington."

This Minstrel is described as belonging to that village. I suppose such as were retained by noble families wore the arms of their patrons hanging down by a silver chain as a kind of badge. From the expression of Squire Minstrel above, we may conclude there were other inferior orders, as Yeomen Minstrels, or the like.

This Minstrel, the author tells us a little below, "after three lowly courtesies, cleared his voice with a hem . . . and . . . wiped his lips with the hollow of his hand for 'filling' his napkin, tempered a string or two with his wrest, and after a little warbling on his harp for a prelude, came forth with a solemn song, warranted for story out of King Arthur's acts, &c." — This song the reader will find printed in this work.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century this class of men had lost all credit, and were sunk so low in the public opinion, that in the 39th year of Elizabeth¶, a statute was passed by which "Minstrels, wandering abroad," were included among "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," and were adjudged to be pu-

\* i. e. handkerchief. So in Shakspeare's Othello, passim.

† Perhaps, points.

‡ The key, or screw, with which he tuned his harp.

§ The reader will remember that this was not a real Minstrel, but only one personating that character; his ornaments therefore were only such as outwardly represented those of a real Minstrel.

|| As the House of Northumberland had anciently three Minstrels attending on them in their castles in Yorkshire, so they still retain three in their service in Northumberland, who wear the badge of the family, (a silver crescent on the right arm), and are thus distributed, viz. One for the barony of Prudhoe, and two for the barony of Rothbury. These attend the court leets and fairs held for the lord, and pay their annual salt and service at Alnwick Castle; their instrument being the ancient Northumberland bagpipe (very different in form and execution from that of the Scots; being smaller, and blown, not with the breath, but with a small pair of bellows).

This with many other venerable customs of the ancient Lord Percys, was revived by their illustrious representatives the late Duke and Duchess of Northumberland.

¶ Anno Dom. 1597. Vid. Pult. Stat. p. 1110, 36<sup>o</sup> Eliz.

\* Puttenham, &c. p. 69.

† Puttenham, &c. p. 69.

‡ See a very curious "Letter: wherein, part of the entertainment unto the Queens Maiesty, at Killingworth Castl, in Warwicke Sheer, in this soomers progress 1575, is signified," &c. bl. l. 4to. vid. p. 46 & seqq. (Printed in Nichols's Collection of Queen Elizabeth's Progresses. &c. in two vols. 4to.) We have not followed above the peculiar and affected orthography of this writer, who was named Rb. Laneham, or rather Langham; see p. 84.

§ I suppose "tonster-wise" after the manner of the Monks.

nished as such. This act seems to have put an end to the profession (E e 2).

VII. I cannot conclude this account of the ancient English Minstrels, without remarking that they are most of them represented to have been of the North of England. There is scarce an old historical song or ballad (F f) wherein a Minstrel or Harper appears, but he is characterized by way of eminence to have been "of the North Countrye:" and indeed the prevalence of the northern dialect in such compositions, shews that this representation is real\*. On the other hand the scene of the finest Scottish ballads is laid in the south of Scotland; which should seem to have been peculiarly the nursery of Scottish Minstrels. In the old song of Maggy Lawder, a piper is asked, by way of distinction, "come ze frae the Border?" The martial spirit constantly kept up and exercised near the frontier of the two kingdoms, as it furnished continual subjects for their songs, so it inspired the inhabitants of the adjacent counties on both sides with the powres of poetry. Besides, as our southern

metropolis must have been ever the scene of novelty and refinement, the northern countries, as being most distant, would preserve their ancient manners longest, and of course the old poetry, in which those manners are peculiarly described.

The reader will observe in the more ancient ballads of this collection, a cast of style and measure very different from that of contemporary poets of a higher class; many phrases and idioms, which the Minstrels seem to have appropriated to themselves, and a very remarkable licence of varying the accent of words at pleasure, in order to humour the flow of the verse, particularly in the rhimes; as

*Countrie harpèr battèl morning*  
*Ladie singèr danièl loving,*

instead of *countrie, lady, harper, singer, &c.*—This liberty is but sparingly assumed by the classical poets of the same age; or even by the latter composers of heroic ballads; I mean, by such as professedly wrote for the press. For it is to be observed, that so long as the Minstrels subsisted, they seem never to have designed their rhimes for literary publication, and probably never committed them to writing themselves: what copies are preserved of them were doubtless taken down from their mouths. But as the old Minstrels gradually wore out, a new race of ballad-writers succeeded, an inferior sort of minor poets, who wrote narrative songs merely for the press. Instances of both may be found in the reign of Elizabeth. The two latest pieces in the genuine strain of the old minstrelsy that I can discover, are No. III. and IV. of Book III. Series the First. Lower than these I cannot trace the old mode of writing.

The old Minstrel ballads are in the northern dialect, abound with antique words and phrases, are extremely incorrect, and run into the utmost license of metre; they have also a romantic wildness, and are in the true spirit of chivalry. The other sort are written in exacter measure, have a low or subordinate correctness, sometimes bordering on the insipid, yet often well adapted to the pathetic: these are generally in the southern dialect, exhibit a more modern phraseology, and are commonly descriptive of more modern manners.—To be sensible of the difference between them, let the reader compare in Series the First, No. III. of Book III, with No. XI. of Book II.

Towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign (as is mentioned above) the genuine old minstrelsy seems to have been extinct, and thenceforth the ballads that were produced were wholly of the latter kind, and these came forth in such abundance, that in the reign of James I, they began to be collected into little miscellanies, under the name of garlands, and at length to be written purposely for such collections (F f 2).

P.S. By way of Postscript, should follow here the discussion of the question whether the term *Minstrels* was applied in English to Singers, and Composers of Songs, &c., or confined to Musicians only. But it is reserved for the concluding note (G g).

\* Giraldus Cambrensis, writing in the reign of King Henry II, mentions a very extraordinary habit or propensity, which then prevailed in the North of England, beyond the Humber, for "symphonious harmony" or singing "in two parts, the one murmuring in the base, and the other warbling in the acute or treble." (I use Dr. Burney's Version, vol. ii. p. 108.) This he describes, as practised by their very children from the cradle; and he derives it from the Danes (So *Daci* signifies in our old writers) and Norwegians, who long overran and in effect new-peopled the Northern parts of England, where alone this manner of singing prevailed. (Vide *Cambrie Descriptio*, cap. 18. and in Burney ubi supra.)—Giraldus is probably right as to the origin or derivation of this practice, for the Danish and Icelandic *Scalds* had carried the arts of Poetry and Singing to great perfection at the time the Danish settlements were made in the North. And it will also help to account for the superior skill and fame of our northern Minstrels and Harpers afterwards: who had preserved and transmitted the arts of their Scaldic ancestors. See *Northern Antiquities*, vol. i. c. 13, p. 386, and *Five Pieces of Runic Poetry*, 1763, 8vo.—Compare the original passage in Giraldus, as given by Sir John Hawkins, i. 408, and by Dr. Burney, ii. 108, who are both at a loss to account for this peculiarity, and therefore doubt the fact. The credit of Giraldus, which hath been attacked by some partial and bigoted antiquaries, the reader will find defended in that learned and curious work, "*Antiquities of Ireland*, by Edward Ledwich, LL.D. &c. Dublin, 1790," 4to, p. 267 & seqq.

† This line being quoted from memory, and given as an old Scottish Poetry is now usually printed, would have been readily corrected by the copy published in "*Scottish Songs*, 1794," 2 vols, 12mo. i. p. 267, thus, (though apparently corrupted from the Scottish Idiom.)

"Live you upo' the Border?"  
had not all confidence been destroyed by its being altered in the "*Historical Essay*" prefixed to that publication (p. cx.) to "Ye live upo' the Border."  
the better to favour a position, that many of the pipers "might live upon the border, for the convenience of attending fairs, &c. in both kingdoms." But whoever is acquainted with that part of England, knows that on the English frontier, rude mountains and barren wastes reach almost across the island, scarcely inhabited by any but solitary shepherds; many of whom durst not venture into the opposite border on account of the ancient feuds and subsequent disputes concerning the Debatable Lands, which separated the boundaries of the two kingdoms, as well as the estates of the two great families of Percy and Douglas; till these disputes were settled, not many years since, by arbitration between the present Lord Douglas and the late Duke and Duchess of Northumberland.

# NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

REFERRED TO IN THE

## FOREGOING ESSAY.

(A) The MINSTRELS, &c. The word *Minstrel* does not appear to have been in use here before the Norman Conquest; whereas, it had long before that time been adopted in France\*.—*MENESTREL*, so early as the eighth century, was a title given to the *Maestro di Capella* of King Pepin, the father of Charlemagne; and afterwards to the Corypheus, or leader of any band of musicians. [Vid. Burney's Hist. of Music, ii. 268.] This term *menestrel*, *menestrier*, was thus expressed in Latin, *ministellus*, *ministrellus*, *ministrallus*, *menesterellus*, &c. [Vid. Gloss. Du Cange et Supplem.]

Menage derives the French words above mentioned from *ministerialis*, or *ministerarius*, barbarous Latin terms, used in the middle ages to express a workman or artificer, (still called in Languedoc *ministral*,) as if these men were styled ARTIFICERS or PERFORMERS by way of excellence. [Vid. Diction. Etym.] But the origin of the name is given, perhaps more truly, by Du Cange: "*MINISTELLI*, . . . quos vulgo *menestreus* vel *menestriers* appellamus, quod minoribus aulæ *ministris* accenserentur." [Gloss. iv. p. 769.] Accordingly, we are told, the word "*minister*" is sometimes used "*pro ministellus*." [Ibid.] and an instance is produced which I shall insert at large in the next paragraph.

Minstrels sometimes assisted at divine service, as appears from the record of the 9th of Edw. IV. quoted above in p. xix. by which Haliday and others are erected into a perpetual gild, &c. See the original in Rymer, xi. 642. By part of this record it is recited to be their duty, "to pray (*exorare*) which it is presumed they did by assisting in the chant, and musical accompaniment, &c.) in the king's chapel, and particularly for the departed souls of the king and queen when they shall die, &c."—The same also appears from the passage in the Supplem. to Du Cange, alluded to above. "*Minister*. . . *pro ministellus* jocolatorj.—Vetus Ceremoniale MS. B.M.

\* The Anglo-Saxon and primary English name for this character was *Gleeman* (see below, note (I) sect. 1.) so that, wherever the term *Minstrel* is in these pages applied to it before the Conquest, it must be understood to be only by anticipation. Another early name for this profession in English was *Jogeler*, or *Jocular*. Lat. *Jocolator*. [See p. 13. as also note (V 2) and note (Q).] To prevent confusion, we have chiefly used the more general word *Minstrel*: which (as the author of the Observ. on the Statutes hath suggested to the Editor) might have been originally derived from a diminutive of the Lat. *Minister*, scil. *Ministrellus*, *Ministrellus*.

† *Ministers* seems to be used for *Minstrels* in the Account of the Inthronization of Abp. Neville. (An. & Edw. IV.) "Then all the Chaplains must say grace, and the Ministers do sing." Vid. Lelandi Collectanea, by Hearne, vol. vi. p. 13.

deauratæ Tolos. "Item, etiam congregabuntur piscatores, qui debent interesse isto die in processione cum ministris seu jocolatoribus: quia ipsi piscatores tenentur habere isto die *joculatores*, seu *mimos* ob honorem Crucis—et vadunt primi ante processionem cum ministris seu jocolatoribus semper pulsantibus usque ad ecclesiam S. Stephani." [Gloss. 773].—This may, perhaps, account for the clerical appearance of the minstrels, who seem to have been distinguished by the tonsure, which was one of the inferior marks of the clerical character\*. Thus Jeffery of Monmouth, speaking of one who acted the part of a minstrel, says, "*Rasit capillos suos et barbam*" (see note K.) Again, a writer in the reign of Elizabeth, describing the habit of an ancient minstrel, speaks of his head as "*rounded Tonster-wise*," (which I venture to read tonsure-wise), "*his beard smugly shaven*." See above, p. xxi.

It must, however be observed, that notwithstanding such clerical appearance of the minstrels, and though they might be sometimes countenanced by such of the clergy as were of more relaxed morals, their sportive talents rendered them generally obnoxious to the more rigid ecclesiastics, and to such of the religious orders as were of more severe discipline; whose writings commonly abound with heavy complaints of the great encouragement shown to those men by the princes and nobles, and who can seldom afford them a better name than that of *scurræ*, *famelici*, *nebulones*, &c. of which innumerable instances may be seen in Du Cange. It was even an established order in some of the monasteries, that no minstrel should ever be suffered to enter the gates†.

We have however innumerable particulars of the good cheer and great rewards given to the Minstrels in many of the Convents, which are collected by T.

\* It has however been suggested to the Editor by the learned and ingenious author of "*Irish Antiquities*," &c. that the ancient *Mimi* among the Romans had their heads and beards shaven, as is shown by Salsmanus in *Notis ad Hist. August. Scriptores VI. Pars. 1620, fol. p. 385*. So that this peculiarity had a classical origin, though it afterwards might make the Minstrels sometimes pass for Ecclesiastics, as appears from the instance given below. Dr. Burney tells us that *Histriones*, and *Mimi*, abounded in France in the time of Charlemagne (li. 231,) so that their profession was handed down in regular succession from the time of the Romans, and therewith some leading distinctions of their habit or appearance; yet with a change in their arts of pleasing, which latterly were most confined to singing and music.

† Yet in St. Mary's church at Beverley, one of the columns hath this inscription: "*Thys Pillar made the Mystrylls*;" having its capital decorated with figures of five men in short coats; one of whom holds an instrument resembling a lute. See Sir J. Hawkins, Hist. ii. 203.



Worton, (i, 91, &c.) and others. But one instance, quoted from Wood's Hist. Antiq. Univ. Ox. i. 67. (sub an. 1224), deserves particular mention. Two itinerant priests, on a supposition of their being *Mimi* or *Minstrels*, gained admittance. But the cellarer, sacrist, and others of the brethren, who had hoped to have been entertained with their diverting arts, &c. when they found them to be only two indigent Ecclesiastics, who could only administer spiritual consolation, and were consequently disappointed of their mirth, beat them and turned them out of the monastery. (Ibid. p. 92.) This passage furnishes an additional proof that a Minstrel might by his dress or appearance be mistaken for an Ecclesiastic.

(B) "The Minstrels use mimicry and action, and other means of diverting, &c." It is observable, that our old monkish historians do not use the words *Cantator*, *Citharedus*, *Musici*, or the like, to express a Minstrel in Latin, so frequently as *Mimus*, *Histrion*, *Joculator*, or some other word that implies gesture. Hence it might be inferred, that the Minstrels set off their songs with all the arts of gesticulation, &c. or, according to the ingenious hypothesis of Dr. Brown, united the powers of melody, poem, and dance. [See his History of the Rise of Poetry, &c.]

But indeed all the old writers describe them as exercising various arts of this kind. Joinville, in his Life of St. Lewis, speaks of some Armenian Minstrels, who were very dextrous Tumblers and Posture-masters. "Avec le Prince vinrent trois Menestriers de la Grande Hyermenie (Armenia).... et avoient trois cors—Quand ils encommenceoient a corner, vous disiez que ce sont les voix de cygnes,.... et fesoient les plus douces melodies.—Ils fesoient trois merveilleux saus, car on leur metoit une touaille desous les piez, et tournoient tout debout.... Les deux tournoient les testes arieres," &c. [See the extract at large, in the Hon. D. Barrington's Observations on the Anc. Statutes, 4to, 2d. Edit. p. 273, omitted in the last impression.]

This may also account for that remarkable clause in the press warrant of Henry VI. "De Ministrallis propter solatium Regis providendis," by which it is required, that the boys, to be provided "in arte Ministrallatis instructos," should also be "membris naturalibus elegantes." See above pag. 19. (Observ. on the Anc. Stat. 4th Edit. p. 337).

Although by Minstrel was properly understood, in English, one who sung to the harp, or some other instrument of music, verses composed by himself or others; yet the term was also applied by our old writers to such as professed either music or singing separately, and perhaps to such as practised any of the sportive arts connected with these\* Music however being the leading idea, was at length peculiarly called Minstrelsy, and the name of Minstrel at last confined to the Musician only.

In the French language all these Arts were included under the general name of *Menestraudie*, *Menestraudie*, *Jonglerie*, &c. [Med. Lat. *Menestellorum Ars*, *Ars Joculatoria*, &c.]—"On peut comprendre sous le nom de Jonglerie tout ce qui appartient aux anciens chansonniers Provençaux, Normands, Picards, &c. Le corps de la Jonglerie étoit formé des *Trouveres*, ou *Troubadours*, qui composoient les chansons, et parmi lesquels il y avoit des *Improvisateurs*,

comme on en trouve en *Italie*; des *Chanteurs* ou *Chanterres* qui exécutoient ou chantoient ces compositions; des *Conteurs* qui faisoient en vers ou en prose les contes, les recits, les histoires; des *Jongleurs* ou *Menestrels* qui accompagnoient de leurs instruments.—L'art de ces Chanteurs ou Chansonniers, étoit nommé la Science Gaie, *Gay Saber*." (Pref. Anthologie Franç. 1765, 8vo, p. 17.)—See also the curious Fauchet, (*De l'Orig. de la Lang. Fr.* p. 72, &c.) "Bien tost apres la division de ce grand empire François en tant de petits royaumes, duchés, et comtez, au lieu des Poetes commencèrent a se faire cognoistre les *Trouveres*, et *Chanterres*, *Conticours*, et *Juglours*: qui sont *Trouveurs*, *Chantres*, *Conteurs*, *Jongleurs*, ou *Jugleurs*, c'est à dire, *Menestriers* chantans avec la viole."

We see then that *Jongleur*, *Jugleur*, (Lat. *Joculator* *Juglator*) was a peculiar name appropriated to the Minstrels. "Les *Jongleurs* ne faisoient que chanter les poesies sur leurs instrumens. On les appelloit aussi *Menestrels*:" says Fontenelle, in his Hist. du Theat. Franc. prefixed to his Life of Corneille.

(C) "Successors of the ancient Bards." That the Minstrels in many respects bore a strong resemblance both to the British Bards and to the Danish Scalds, appears from this, that the old Monkish writers express them all without distinction by the same names in Latin. Thus Geoffrey of Monmouth, himself a Welshman, speaking of an old pagan British king, who excelled in singing and music so far as to be esteemed by his countrymen the Patron Deity of the Bards, uses the phrase *Deus Joculatorum*; which is the peculiar name given to the English and French Minstrels\*. In like manner, William Malmsbury, speaking of a Danish king's assuming the profession of a Scald, expresses it by *Professus Mimum*; which was another name given to the Minstrels in Middle Latinity†. Indeed Du Cange, in his Glossary, quotes a writer, who positively asserts that the Minstrels of the middle ages were the same with the ancient Bards. I shall give a large extract from this learned glossographer, as he relates many curious particulars concerning the profession and arts of the Minstrels; whom, after the Monks, he stigmatizes by the name of *Scurræ*; though he acknowledges their songs often tended to inspire virtue.

"Ministelli, dicti præsertim *Scurræ*, *Mimi*, *Joculatores*..... Ejuamodi *Scurrarum* munus erat: principes non suis duntaxat ludicris oblectare, sed et eorum aures variis, avorum, adeoque ipsorum principum laudibus, non sine Assentatione, cum cantilenis et musicis instrumentis demulcere....

"Interdum etiam virorum insignium et heroum gesta, aut explicata et jocunda narratione commemorabant, aut suavi vocis inflexione, fidibusque decantabant, quo sic dominorum, cæterorumque qui his intererant ludicris, nobilium animos ad virtutem capessendam, et summorum virorum imitationem accenderent: quod fuit olim apud Callos Bardorum ministerium, ut auctor est Tacitus. Neque enim alios à *Ministellis*, veterum Gallorum *Bardos* fuisse pluribus probat Henricus Valesius ad 15 Ammiani..... Chronicon Bertrandi Guesclini.

"Qui veut avoir renom des bons et des vaillans Il doit aler souvent à la pluie et au champs Et estre en la bataille, ainay que fu Rollans, Les Quatre Fils Haimon, et Charlon li plus grans,

\* Vid. infra, Not. (A a.)

\* Vid. note (B) (K) (Q.)

† Vid. note (N.)

Li dus Lions de Bourges, et Guions de Connans,  
Perceval li Galois, Lancelot, et Tristans,  
Alixandres, Artus, Godfroi li Sechans,  
De quoy cils Menestriers font les nobles Romans."

"Nicolaus de Braia describens solenne convivium, quo post inaugurationem suam proceres exceperat Lud. VIII. rex Francorum, ait inter ipsius convivii apparatus, in medium prodisse Minum, qui regis laudes ad cytharum decantavit."—

Our author then gives the lines at length, which begin thus,

"Dumque fovent genium geniali munere Bacchi,  
Nectare commixto curas removeant Lyæo  
Principis a facie, citharæ celeberrimus arte  
Assurgit Mimis, ars musica quem decoravit.  
Hic ergo chorda resonante subintulit ista:  
Inclyte rex regum, probitatis stemmate vernans,  
Quem vigor et virtus extollit in æthera fame," &c.

The rest may be seen in Du Cange, who thus proceeds, "Mitto reliqua similia, ex quibus omnino patet ejusmodi Mimorum et Ministorum cantilenas ad virtutem principes excitasse.... Id præsertim in pugna præcinctu, dominis suis occinebant, ut martium ardorem in eorum animis concitarent: cujusmodi cantum *Cantilenam Rollandi* appellat Will. Malmesb. lib. 3.—Aimoinus, lib. 4. de Mirac. S. Bened. c. 37. "Tanta vero illis securitas.... ut Scurram se precedere facerent, qui musico instrumento res fortiter gestas et priorum bella præcineret, quatenus his acrius incitarentur, &c." As the writer was a monk, we shall not wonder at his calling the Minstrel, *Scurram*.

This word *Scurra*, or some one similar, is represented in the Glossaries as the proper meaning of *Leccator* (Fr. *Leccour*) the ancient term by which the *Minstrel* appears to be expressed in the Grant to Dutton, quoted above in page xxxvii. On this head I shall produce a very curious passage, which is twice quoted in Du Cange's Glossary, (sc. ad verb. *Menestellus* et ad verb. *Leccator*).—"Philippus Monachus in Philip. Aug. fingit Carolum M. Provincie comitatum Scurris et Mimis suis olim donasse, indeque postea tantum in hac regione postarum numerum excrevisse.

"Quar quant li buens Rois Karlemaigne  
Ot toute mise a son demaine  
Provence, qui mult iert plentive  
De vins, de bois, d'aigue, de rive,  
As Leccours as Menestreus  
Qui sont auques luxurieux  
Le donna toute et departi."

(D) "The Poet and the Minstrel early with us became two persons." The word *Scald* comprehended both characters among the Danes, nor do I know that they had any peculiar name for either of them separate. But it was not so with the Anglo-Saxons. They called a poet *Scœp*, and *Leodpyhta*: the last of these comes from *Leod*, a song; and the former answers to our old word *Maker* (Gr. *Ποιητής*) being derived from *Scippan* or *Scœpan*, *formare*, *facere*, *finger*, *crasse* (Ang. to shape). As for the Minstrel, they distinguished him by the peculiar appellation of *Erligman*, and perhaps by the more simple title of *Heappene*, Harper: [See below, Notes (H), (I)] This last title, at least, is often given to a Minstrel by our most ancient English rhymists. See in this work series i. p. 18, &c. series iii. p. &c.

(E) "Minstrels.... at the houses of the great, &c." Du Cange affirms, that in the middle ages the courts of princes swarmed so much with this kind of men, and such large sums were expended in maintaining and rewarding them, that they often drained the royal treasuries: especially, he adds, of such as were delighted with their flatteries ("præsertim qui ejusmodi Ministorum assentationibus delectabantur.") He then confirms his assertion by several passages out of monastic writers, who sharply inveigh against this extravagance. Of these I shall here select only one or two, which show what kind of rewards were bestowed on these old Songsters.

"Rigordus de Gestis Philippi Aug. an. 1185. "Cum in curiis regum seu aliorum principum, frequens turba Histronum convenire soleat, ut ab eis Aurum, Argentum, Equos, seu vestes", quos persæpe mutare consueverunt principes, ab eis extorqueant, verba jocularia variis adulationibus plena proferre nituntur. Et ut magis placeant, quicquid de ipsis principibus probabiliter fingi potest, videlicet omnes delicias et lepores, et visu dignas urbanitates et cæteras ineptias, trutinantibus buccis in medium eructare non erubescunt. Vidimus quondam quosdam principes, qui vestes diu excogitatas, et variis forum picturationibus artificiosè elaboratas, pro quibus forsân 20 vel 30 marcas argenti consumpebant, vix revolutis septem diebus, Histronibus, ministris diaboli, ad primam vocem dedisse, &c."

The curious reader may find a similar, though at the same time a more candid account, in that most excellent writer, Presid. Fauchet: (*Recueil de la Lang. Fr. p. 73.*) who says that, like the ancient Greek *Αοιδοι*, "Nos Trouverres, ainsi que ceux la, prenaient leur subject sur les faits des vaillans (qu'ils appelloient Geste, venant de *Gesta* Latin) alloyent.... par les cours rejouir les Princes.... Rempportans des grandes recompences des seigneurs, qui bien souvent leur donnoient jusques aux robes qu'ils avoient vestues: et lesquelles ces Juggleurs ne faillioient de porter aux autres cours, à fin d'inviter les seigneurs a pareille liberalité. Ce qui a duré si longuement, qu'il me souvient avoir veu Marten Baraton (ja viel Menestrier d'Orleans) lequel aux festes et nopees batoit un tabourin d'argent, semé des plaques aussi d'argent, gravees des armoiries de ceux a qui il avoit appris a danser."—Here we see that a Minstrel sometimes performed the function of a Dancing-master.

Fontenelle even gives us to understand, that these men were often rewarded with favours of a still higher kind. "Les princesses et les plus grandes dames y joignoient souvent leurs faveurs. Elles estoient fort foibles contre les beaux esprits." (*Hist. du Théat.*) We are not to wonder then that this profession should be followed by men of the first quality, particularly the younger sons and brothers of great houses. "Tel qui par les parages de sa famille n'avoit que la moitié ou le quart d'une vieux chateaux bien seigneurial, alloit quelque temps courir le monde en rimant, et revenoit acquerir le reste de"

\* The Minstrels in France were received with great magnificence in the fourteenth century. Froissart describing a Christmas entertainment given by the Comte de Foix, tells us, that "there were many Minstrels, as well of his own as of strangers, and each of them dyd their devyre in their faculties. The same day the Earle of Foix gave to Haurals and Minstrelles the som of fyve hundred frankes; and gave to the Duke of Tonrayns Minstrelles gownes of clothe of gold furred with ermyae valued at two hundred frankes." B. iii. c. 31. Eng. Trans. Lond. 1525. (Mr. C.)

Chateau." (Fontenelle Hist. du Théat.) We see then, that there was no improbable fiction in those ancient songs and romances, which are founded on the story of Minstrels being beloved by kings daughters, &c. and discovering themselves to be the sons of some foreign prince, &c.

(F) The honours and rewards lavished upon the Minstrels were not confined to the continent. Our own countryman Johannes Sarisburiensis (in the time of Henry II.) declaims no less than the Monks abroad, against the extravagant favour shewn to these men. "Non enim more nugatorum ejus seculi in Histriones et Mimos, et hujusmodi monstra hominum, ob famæ redemptionem et dilatationem nominis effunditis opes vestras," &c. [Epist. 247\*.]

The Monks seem to grudge every act of munificence that was not applied to the benefit of themselves, and their conventa. They therefore bestow great applauses upon the Emperor Henry, who at his marriage with Agnes of Poitou, in 1044, disappointed the poor minstrels, and sent them away empty. "Infinitam Histrionem et Joculatorum multitudinem sine cibo et muneribus vacuum et merentem abire permisit." (Chron. Virtziburg.) For which I doubt not but he was sufficiently stigmatized in the Songs and Ballads of those times. Vid. Du Cange, Gloss. tom. iv. p. 771, &c.

(G) "The annals of the Anglo-Saxons are scanty and defective." Of the few histories now remaining that were written before the Norman Conquest, almost all are such short and naked sketches and abridgements, giving only a concise and general relation of the more remarkable events, that scarce any of the minute circumstantial particulars are to be found in them: nor do they hardly ever descend to a description of the customs, manners, or domestic economy of their countrymen. The Saxon Chronicle, for instance, which is the best of them, and upon some accounts extremely valuable, is almost such an epitome as Lucius Florus and Eutropius have left us of the Roman history. As for Ethelward, his book is judged to be an imperfect translation of the Saxon Chronicle; and the *Pseudo-Asse*, or Chronicle of St. Neot, is a poor defective performance. How absurd would it be then to argue against the existence of customs or facts, from the silence of such scanty records as these! Whoever would carry his researches deep into that period of history, might safely plead the excuse of a learned writer, who had particularly studied the Ante-Norman historians. "Conjecturis (licet nusquam verisimili fundamento) aliquoties indulgamus... utpote ab Historicis jejune nimis et indiligenter res nostras tractantibus coacti... Nostri... nudâ factorum commemoratione plerumque contenti, reliqua omnia, sive ob ipsarum rerum, sive meliorum literarum, sive Historicorum officii ignorantiam, fere intacta prætereunt." Vide plura in Præfat. ad Ælfr. Vitam à Spelman. Ox. 1678. fol.

(H) "Minstrels and Harpers." That the Harp (*Cithara*) was the common musical instrument of the Anglo-Saxons, might be inferred from the very word itself, which is not derived from the British, or any other Celtic language, but of genuine Gothic original,

and current among every branch of that people: viz. Ang. Sax. Heapre, Heappra. Iceland. Harpa, Haurpa. Dan. and Belg. Harpe. Germ. Harpf, Harpfä. Gal. Harpe. Span. Harpa. Ital. Arpa, [Vid. Jun. Etym.—Monage Etym. &c.] As also from this, that the word Heapre is constantly used in the Anglo-Saxon versions, to express the Latin words *Cithara*, *Lyra*, and even *Cymbalum*: the word *Psalmus* itself being sometimes translated Heapre gang, Harp Song. [Gloss. Jun. R. apud Lye Anglo-Sax. Lexic.]

But the fact itself is positively proved by the express testimony of Bede, who tells us that it was usual at festival meetings for this instrument to be handed round, and each of the company to sing to it in his turn. See his Hist. Eccles. Anglor. Lib. 4. c. 24. where speaking of their sacred poet Cædmon, who lived in the times of the Heptarchy (ob. circ. 680) he says:—

"Nihil unquam frivoli et supervacui poematis facere potuit; sed ea tantummodo, quæ ad religionem pertinent, religiosam ejus linguam decebant. Siquidem in habitu seculari, usque ad tempore profectionis ætatis constitutus, nil Carminum aliquando didicerat. Unde nonnunquam in convivio, cum esset lætitiæ causa decretum ut omnes per ordinem cantare deberent, ille ubi appropinquare sibi citharam carnebat, surgebat à mediâ cenâ, et egressus, ad suam domum repedabat."

I shall now subjoin King Alfred's own Anglo-Saxon translation of this passage, with a literal inter-linear English version.

He...nefre nohtleargunga. ne ðelef leoðer  
He... never no leavings, nor idle songs  
pyncean ne mihte. ac efne ða an ða ðe co  
compose ne might; but lo! only those things which to  
æfettnefre belumpon. 7 hif ða æfettan tungan  
religion [piety] belong, and his then pious tongue  
geðapenobe ringan: Wær he re man in peopole  
became to sing: He was the [a] man in worldly  
have geðeob oð ða cide ðe he þær of  
[secular] state set to the time in which he was of  
gelyfeþne ylðo. 7 he nefne enig leop  
an advanced age; and he never any song  
geleornode. 7 he forþon oft in gebeornpe  
learned. And he therefore oft in an entertainment  
ðonne ðær þær bliffe intinga geðeobed  
when there was for merriment-sake adjudged [or de-  
þ hi ealle sceoldan ðurh enebynðnefre  
creed] that they all should through their turns by  
be heappan ringan. ðonne he geðeah ða heappan  
[to the] harp sing; when he saw the harp  
him nealæcean. ðonne aþar he for pcome fram  
him approach, then arose he for shame from  
ðam rymle. 7 ham eobe to hif hufe.  
the supper, and home yode [went] to his house.

Bede. Hist. Eccl. a Smith. Cantab. 1722. fol. p. 597.

In this version of Alfred's it is observable, (1) that he has expressed the Latin word *cantare*, by the Anglo-Saxon words "be heappan ringan," sing to the harp: as if they were synonymous, or as if his countrymen had no idea of singing unaccompanied with the Harp: (2) That when Bede simply says, *surgebat à mediâ cenâ*; he assigns a motive, "aþar for pcome," arose for shame: that is, either from an austerity of manners, or from his being deficient in an accomplishment, which so generally prevailed among his countrymen.

(1) "The word Glee, which peculiarly denoted their art, &c." This word Glee is derived from the

\* Et vid. Polieraticon, cap. 8, &c.

† Vid. Nicolson's Eng. Hist. Lib. &c.

Anglo-Saxon *Glǣg*, [*Glīg*] *Musica*, *Music*, *Minstrelsy* (Somn.). This is the common radix, whence arises such a variety of terms and phrases relating to the Minstrel Art, as affords the strongest internal proof, that this profession was extremely common and popular here before the Norman Conquest. Thus we have

## I.

(1) *Glǣp*, [*Glǣw*] *Mimus* a Minstrel.

*Glǣgman*, *glǣgmon*, *glǣman*, [*Gleeman*\*] *Histrion Mimus*, *Pantomimus*; all common names in Middle Latinity for a Minstrel: and Somner accordingly renders the original by a *Minstrel*; a *Player on a Timbrel or Taber*. He adds, a *Fidler*; but although the *Fythell* or *Fiddle* was an ancient instrument, by which the *Jogelar* or Minstrel sometimes accompanied his song, (see Warton, i. 17) it is probable that Somner annexes here only a modern sense to the word, not having at all investigated the subject.

*Glǣmen*, *glǣgmen*. [*Glee-men*.] *Histriones* Minstrels. Hence

*Glǣgmanna yppe*. *Orchestra* vel *Pulpitus* The place where the Minstrels exhibited their performances.

(2) But their most proper and expressive name was

*Glǣphleoppnenb*. *Musicus* a Minstrel; and

*Glǣphleoppnenblica*. *Musicus*, *Musical*.

These two words include the full idea of the Minstrel character, expressing at once their music and singing, being compounded of *Glǣp*, *Musicus*, *Mimus*, a *Musician*, *Minstrel*, and *Leod*, *Carmen*, a *Song*.

(3) From the above word *Glǣg*, the profession itself was called

*Glǣgcraft*. [*Glǣg* or *Glee-craft*.] *Musica*, *Histrionia*, *Mimica*, *Gesticulatio*: which Somner rightly gives in English, *Minstrelsy*, *Mimical Gesticulation*, *Mummery*. He also adds, *Stage-playing*; but here again I think he substitutes an idea too modern, induced by the word *Histrionia*, which in Middle Latinity only signifies the Minstrel Art.

However, it should seem that both mimical gesticulation and a kind of rude exhibition of characters were sometimes attempted by the old Minstrels: But

(4) As Musical Performances was the leading idea, so

*Glǣopian*, *Cantus musicos edere*; and

*Glǣgbeam*, *glǣgbeam*. [*Glǣg*- or *Glee-beam*.] *Tympanum*; a *Timbrel* or *Taber*. (So Somn.) Hence

*Glǣgpan*. *Tympanum pulsare*; and

\* *Gleeman* continued to be the name given to a Minstrel both in England and Scotland almost as long as this order of men continued.

In De Brunne's metrical version of Bishop Grossthead's *Manual de Peche*, A. D. 1303. (See Warton, i. 61), we have this,

"—Gode men, ye shall here

"When ye any *Gleeman* here."

Fabyan (in his *Chronicle*, 1533. f. 32.) translating the passage from Geoffrey of Monmouth, quoted below in page 23. Note (K) renders *Deus Joculariorum*, by *God of Gleemen*. (Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet. Diss. I.*) Fabyan died in 1592.

Dunbar, who lived in the same century, describing, in one of his poems, intitled, "The Dannece," what passed in the infernal regions "amongis the Feydis," says,

"Na Menstralls playit to thame, but dowl,

For *Gle-men* thaire wer haldin, out,

Be day and eke by night."

See Poems from Bannatyne's M.S. Edinb. 1770, 12mo. page 30. Maitland's M.S. at Cambridge reads here, *Glewe men*.

*Glǣp-meben*; *Glǣppienbe-maben*; [*Glee-maiden*] *Tympanistria*: which Somner renders a *She-Minstrel*; for it should seem that they had Females of this profession; one name for which was also *Glǣpbyðe-nefta*.

(5) Of congenial derivation to the foregoing, is

*Glǣpc*. [*Glywc*]. *Tibia*, a *Pipe* or *Flute*.

Both this and the common radix *Glǣg*, are with great appearance of truth derived by Junius from the Icelandic *Glǣgur*, *Flatus*: as supposing the first attempts at music among our Gothic ancestors were from wind-instruments. Vid. Jun. *Etym. Ang. V. Glee*.

## II.

But the Minstrels, as is hinted above, did not confine themselves to the mere exercise of their primary arts of Music and Song, but occasionally used many other modes of diverting. Hence, from the above root was derived, in a secondary sense,

(1) *Gleo*, and *pinfum glǣp*. *Facetia*.

*Gleopian*, *jocari*; to *jest*, or *be merry*; (Somn.) and

*Gleopianb*, *jocans*; *jesting*, *speaking merrily*; (Somn.)

*Glǣgman* also signified *Jocista*, a *Jester*.

*Glǣg-zamen*. [*Glee-games*.] *joci*. Which Somner renders *Merriments*, or *merry Jests*, or *trick*, or *Sports*; *Gamboles*.

(2) Hence, again, by a common metonymy of the cause for the effect.

*Glǣ*, *gaudium*, *alacritas*, *letitia*, *facetia*; *Joy*, *Mirth*, *Gladness*, *Cheerfulness*, *Glee*. [Somner.] Which last application of the word still continues, though rather in a low debasing sense.

## III.

But however agreeable and delightful the various arts of the Minstrels might be to the Anglo-Saxon laity, there is reason to believe that before the Norman Conquest at least, they were not much favoured by the clergy; particularly by those of monastic profession. For, not to mention that the sportive talents of these men would be considered by those austere ecclesiastics as tending to levity and licentiousness, the Pagan origin of their art would excite in the Monks an insuperable prejudice against it. The Anglo-Saxon Harpers and Gleemen were the immediate successors and imitators of the Scandinavian Scalds; who were the great promoters of Pagan superstition, and fomented that spirit of cruelty and outrage in their countrymen the Danes which fell with such peculiar severity on the religious and their convents.—Hence arose a third application of words derived from *Glǣg*, *Minstrelsy*, in a very unfavourable sense, and this chiefly prevails in books of religion and ecclesiastic discipline. Thus

(1) *Glǣg* is *Ludibrium*, laughing to scorn\* So in S. Basil. Regul. 11. Hi hæpdon him to *glǣge* halpenbe minegunga. *Ludibrio habebant salutarem ejus admonitionem*. (10)—This sense of the word was perhaps not ill-founded; for as the sport of rude uncultivated minds often arises from ridicule, it is not improbable but the old Minstrels often indulged a vein of this sort, and that of no very delicate kind. So again,

\* To *gleek*, is used in Shakespeare, for "to make sport, to jest," &c.

Lilg-man was also used to signify *Scurra*, a "Saucy Jester." (Somn.)

Lilg-georn. *Dicax, Scurriles jocos supra quàm par est amans.* Officium Episcopale, 3.

Lilpian. *Scurrilibus oblectamentis indulgere; Scurram agere.* Canon. Edgar, 58.

(2) Again, as the various attempts to please, practised, by an order of men who owed their support to the public favour, might be considered by those grave censors as mean and debasing: Hence came from the same root,

Lilpen. *Parasitus, Assentator*; "A Fawner, a Tagger, a Parasite, a Flatterer." (Somn.)

## IV.

To return to the Anglo-Saxon word *Lilgg*; notwithstanding the various secondary senses in which this word (as we have seen above) was so early applied; yet

The derivative *Glee* (though now chiefly used to express Merriment and Joy) long retained its first simple meaning, and is even applied by Chaucer to signify Music and Minstrelsy. (Vid. Jun. Etym.) E. g.

"For though that the best harper upon live  
Would on the beste sounid jolly harpe  
That evir was, with all his fingers five  
Touch aie o string, or aie o warble harpe,  
Were his nailes pointet nevir so sharpe  
It shoulde makin every wight to dull  
To heare is glee, and of his strokes ful."  
Troyl. lib. ii, 1030.

Junius interprets *Glees* by *Musica Instrumenta*, in the following passages of Chaucer's Third Boke of Fame.

".. Stoden . . the castell all aboutin  
Of all maner of Mynstrales  
And Jestours that tellen tales  
Both of wepyng and of game,  
And of all that longeth unto fame;  
There berde I play on a harpe  
That sowned both well and sharpe  
Hym Orpheus full craftily;  
And on this syde fast by  
Sate the harper Orion;  
And Eacides Chirion;  
And other harpers many one,  
And the Briton Glaskyryon.

After mentioning these, the great masters of the art, he proceeds;

"And small Harpers with her Glees  
Sat under them in divers sees.

Again, a little below, the poet having enumerated the performers on all the different sorts of instruments, adds,

\* The preceding list of Anglo-Saxon works, so full and copious beyond any thing that ever yet appeared in print on this subject, was extracted from Mr. Lye's curious Anglo-Saxon Lexicon, in MS. but the arrangement here is the Editor's own. It had however received the sanction of Mr. Lye's approbation, and would doubtless have been received into his printed copy had he lived to publish it himself.

It should also be observed, for the sake of future researchers, that without the assistance of the old English Interpretations given by Somner, in his Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, the Editor of this book never could have discovered that *Glee* signified "Minstrelsy," or *Gligman* a "Minstrel."

"There sawe I syt in other sees  
Playing upon other sundry Glees,  
Which that I cannot neven \*  
More than starres ben in heven, &c.

Upon the above lines I shall only make a few observations:

(1) That by *Jestours*, I suppose we are to understand *Gestours*; scil. the relaters of *Gests*, (Lat. *Gesta*) or stories of adventures both comic and tragical; whether true or feigned; I am inclined to add, whether in prose or verse. (Compare the record below, in marginal note subjoined to (V) 2. Of the stories in prose, I conceive we have specimens in that singular book the *Gesta Romanorum*, and this will account for its seemingly improper title. These were evidently what the French called *Conteurs*, or Story-tellers, and to them we are probably indebted for the first Prose Romances of chivalry: which may be considered as specimens of their manner.

(2) That the "Briton Glaskeryon," whoever he was, is apparently the same person with our famous Harper Glasgerion, of whom the reader will find a tragical ballad, at page 206.—In that song may be seen an instance of what was advanced above in note (E), of the dignity of the minstrel profession, or at least of the artifice with which the Minstrels endeavoured to set off its importance.

Thus "a king's son is represented as appearing in the character of a Harper or Minstrel in the court of another king. He wears a collar (or gold chain) as a person of illustrious rank; rides on horseback, and is admitted to the embraces of a king's daughter."

The Minstrels lost no opportunity of doing honour to their art.

(3) As for the word *Glees*, it is to this day used in a musical sense, and applied to a peculiar piece of composition. Who has not seen the advertisements proposing a reward to him who should produce the best Catch, Canon, or Glee?

(K) "Comes from the pen of Geoffrey of Monmouth." Geoffrey's own words are "*Cum ergo alterius modi aditum [Boldulphus] non haberet, rasit capillos suos et barbam†, cultumque Jocularis cum Cythara fecit. Deinde intra castra deambulans, modulis quos in Lyra componebat, sese Cytharistam exhibebat.*" Galf. Monum. Hist. 4to, 1508, lib. vii. c. 1.—That *Jocularis* signifies precisely a Minstrel appears not only from this passage, where it is used as a word of like import

\* Neven, i. e. name.

† Geoffrey of Monmouth is probably here describing the appearance of the *Joculator* or Minstrel, as it was in his own time. For they apparently derived this part of their dress, &c. from the *Mimi* of the ancient Romans, who had their heads and beards shaven: (see above, p. xxi. note †,) as they likewise did the mimicry, and other arts of diverting, which they superadded to the composing and singing to the harp heroic songs, &c. which they inherited from their own progenitors the bards and scalds of the ancient Celtic and Gothic nations. The Longobardi had, like other northern people, brought these with them into Italy. For in the year 774, when Charlemagne entered Italy and found his passage impeded, he was met by a Minstrel of Lombardy, whose song promised him success and victory. "*Contigit JOCULATORUM ex Longobardorum gente ad Carolum venire, et CANTIDNCULAM a se COMPOSITAM, rotando in conspectu suorum cantare.*" Tom. ii. p. 2. Chron. Monast. Noval. lib. iii. cap. x. p. 717. (T. Warton's Hist. vol. ii. Emend. of vol. i. p. 113.)

to *Citharists* or *Harper*, (which was the old English word for *Minstrel*), but also from another passage of the same author, where it is applied as equivalent to *Cantor*. See lib. i. cap. 22, where, speaking of an ancient (perhaps fabulous) British King, he says, "Hic omnes Cantores quos præcedens ætas habuerat et in modulis et in omnibus musicis instrumentis excedebat: ita ut Deus Jocolatorum videretur."—Whatever credit is due to Geoffrey as a relater of Facts, he is certainly as good authority as any for the signification of Words.

(L) "Two remarkable facts." Both of these facts are recorded by William of Malmesbury; and the first of them, relating to Alfred, by Ingulphus also. Now Ingulphus (afterwards abbot of Croyland) was near forty years of age at the time of the Conquest\*, and consequently was as proper a judge of the Saxon manners, as if he had actually written his history before that event; he is therefore to be considered as an Ante-Norman writer: so that whether the fact concerning Alfred be true or not, we are assured from his testimony, that the *Jocolator* or *Minstrel* was a common character among the Anglo-Saxons. The same also may be inferred from the relation of William of Malmesbury, who outlived Ingulphus but thirty-three years†. Both these writers had doubtless recourse to innumerable records and authentic memorials of the Anglo-Saxon times which never descended down to us; their testimony therefore is too positive and full to be overturned by the mere silence of the two or three slight Anglo-Saxon epitomes that are now remaining. Vid. note (G).

As for Asser Menevenais, who has given a somewhat more particular detail of Alfred's actions, and yet takes no notice of the following story, it will not be difficult to account for his silence, if we consider that he was a rigid Monk, and that the Minstrels, however acceptable to the laity, were never much respected by men of the more strict monastic profession, especially before the Norman Conquest, when they would be considered as brethren of the Pagan Salds‡. Asser therefore might not regard Alfred's skill in Minstrelsy in a very favourable light; and might be induced to drop the circumstance related below, as reflecting in his opinion no great honour on his patron.

The learned Editor of Alfred's Life, in Latin, after having examined the scene of action in person, and weighed all the circumstances of the event, determines, from the whole collective evidence, that Alfred could never have gained the victory he did if he had not with his own eyes previously seen the disposition of the enemy by such a stratagem as is here described. Vid. Annot. in *Ælfr. Mag. Vitam*, p. 33. Oxon. 1678, fol.

(M) "Alfred . . . assumed the dress and character of a "Minstrel." "Fingens se JOCULATORUM, assumpta cithara," &c. Ingulphi Hist. p. 869.—"Sub specie mimii . . . ut JOCULATORUM professor artis." Gul. Malmesb. l. ii. c. 4. p. 43. That both *Jocolator* and *Mimus* signify literally, a Minstrel, see proved

in notes (B) (K) (N) (Q) &c. See also Note (G g).

Malmesbury adds, "Unius tantum fidelissimi fruebatur conscienciâ." As this confidant does not appear to have assumed the disguise of a Minstrel himself, I conclude that he only appeared as the Minstrel's attendant. Now that the Minstrel had sometimes his servant or attendant to carry his harp, and even to sing to his music, we have many instances in the old Metrical Romances, and even some in this present collection: See *Series the First*, Song vi.; *Series the third*, Song vii. &c. Among the French and Provençal Bards, the *Trouverre*, or *Inventor*, was generally attended with his singer, who sometimes also played on the harp, or other musical instrument. "Quelque fois durant le repas d'un prince on voyoit arriver un Trouverre inconnu avec ses Menestrels ou Jongleurs, et il leur faisoit chanter sur leurs harpes ou vielles les vers qu'il avoit composés. Ceux qui faisoient les Sons aussi bien que les Mots étoient les plus estimés." Fontenelle Hist. du Theatr.

That Alfred excelled in Music is positively asserted by Bale, who doubtless had it from some ancient MS. many of which subsisted in his time that are now lost: as also by Sir J. Spelman, who, we may conclude, had good authority for this anecdote, as he is known to have compiled his life of Alfred from authentic materials collected by his learned father: this writer informs us that Alfred "provided himself of musicians, not common, or such as knew but the practice part, but men skilful in the art itself, whose skill and service he yet further improved with his own instruction." p. 199. This proves Alfred at least to have understood the theory of music; and how could this have been acquired without practising on some instrument? which we have seen above, note (H), was so extremely common with the Anglo-Saxons, even in much ruder times, that Alfred himself plainly tells us, it was shameful to be ignorant of it. And this commonness might be one reason, why Asser did not think it of consequence enough to be particularly mentioned in his short life of that great monarch. This rigid Monk may also have esteemed it a slight and frivolous accomplishment savouring only of worldly vanity. He has however particularly recorded Alfred's fondness for the oral Anglo-Saxon poems and songs ["Saxonica poemata die nocteque . . . audiens . . . memoriter retinebat." p. 16. "Carmina Saxonica memoriter discere," &c. p. 43, et ib.] Now the poems learnt by rote, among all ancient unpolished nations, are ever songs chanted by the reciter, and accompanied with instrumental melody\*.

(N) "With his harp in his hand, and dressed like a Minstrel." "Assumptâ manu citharâ . . . professus Mimum, qui hujusmodi arte stipem quotidianam mercaretur. . . Jussus abire pretium Cantus accepit." Malmesb. l. ii. c. 6. We see here that which was rewarded was (not any mimicry or tricks, but) his singing (*Cantus*); this proves, beyond dispute, what was the nature of the entertainment Aulaff afforded them. Perhaps it is needless by this time to prove to the reader, that *Mimus* in Middle Latinity signifies a Minstrel, and *Mimic*, Min-

\* Natus 1030, scripsit 1091, obiit 1109. Tanner.

† Obiit anno 1142. Tanner.

‡ (See above, p. xxviii.) Both Ingulph. and Will. of Malmesb. had been very conversant among the Normans, who appear not to have had such prejudices against the Minstrels as the Anglo-Saxons had.

\* Thus *Leod*, the Saxon word for a Poem, is properly a song, and its derivative *Lied* signifies a ballad to this day in the German tongue: and *Cantare*, we have seen above, is by Alfred himself rendered *Be hearpian fangan*.

strelsy, or the Minstrel-art. Should he doubt it, let him cast his eye over the two following extracts from Du Cange.

"Mimus: Musicus, qui instrumentis musicis canit. Leges Palatinae Jacobi II. Reg. Majorie. In domibus principum, ut tradit antiquitas, Mimi seu Joculatores licite possunt esse. Nam illorum officium tribuit lætitiā. . . . Quapropter volumus et ordinamus, quod in nostra curia Mimi debeant esse quinque, quorum duo sint tubicinatores, et tertius sit tabellerius: [i. e. a player on the tabor \*.] Lit. remiss. ann. 1374. Ad Mimos cornicantes, seu bucinantes accesserunt."

Mimia, Ludus Mimicus, Instrumentum. [potius, Ars Jocularia.] Ann. 1482. . . . "mimia et cantu victum acquirō."

Du Cange, Gloss. tom. iv. 1762. Supp. c. 1225.

(O) "To have been a Dane." The northern historians produce such instances of the great respect shown to the Danish Scalds in the courts of our Anglo-Saxon kings, on account of their musical and poetic talents, (notwithstanding they were of so hateful a nation) that if a similar order of men had not existed here before, we cannot doubt but the profession would have been taken up by such of the natives as had a genius for poetry and music.

"Extant Rhythmi hoc ipso [Islandico] idiōmate Anglie, Hybernique Regibus oblati et liberaliter compensati, &c. Itaque hinc colligi potest linguam Danicam in aulis vicinorum regum, principumque familiarem fuisse, non secus ac hodie in aulis principum peregrina idiōmata in deliciis haberi cernimus. Imprimis Vita Egilli Skallagrímii id invicto argumento adstruit. Quippe qui interrogatus ab Adalsteino, Anglie rege, quomodo manus Eirici Blodoxii, Northumbrie regis, postquam in ejus potestatem venerat, evasisset, cujus filium propinquosque occiderat. . . . rei statim ordinem metro, nunc satis obscuro, exposuit nequaquam ita narraturus non intelligenti." [Vid. plura apud Torfæii Præfat. ad Orcad. Hist. fol.]

This same Egill was no less distinguished for his valour and skill as a soldier, than for his poetic and singing talents as a Scald; and he was such a favourite with our king Athelstan, that he at one time presented him with "duobus annulis et scriniis, duobus bene magnis argento repletis. . . . Quinetiam hoc addidit, ut Egillus quidvis præterea a se petens obtineret; bona mobilia, sive immobilia, præbendam vel præfecturas. Egillus porro regiam munifi-

\* The Tabour or Tabourin was a common instrument with the French Minstrels, as it had also been with the Anglo-Saxon: (vid. p. lxix.) thus in an ancient French MS. in the Harl. collection (2253, 73.) a Minstrel is described as riding on horseback and bearing his Tabour.

"Entour son col porta son Tabour,  
Depeynt de Or, e riche Agour."

See also a passage in Menage's Diction. Etym. [v. Menestriers,] where *Tabours* is used as synonymous to *Menestriers*.

Another frequent instrument with them was the *Viele*. This, I am told, is the name of an instrument at this day, which differs from a guitar, in that the player turns round a handle at the top of the instrument, and with his other hand plays on some keys that touch the chords and produce the sound.

See Dr. Burney's account of the *Vielle*, vol. ii. p. 263, who thinks it the same with the *Rote*, or wheel. See page 270 in the note.

"Il ot un Jongleur a sens,  
Qui navolt pas sovent robe entiere;  
Sovent estoit sans sa Viele."

Fabliaux et Cont. II. 184, 5.

centiam gratus excipiens, Carmen Encomiasticum, à se lingua Norvegica (que tum his regnis communis) compositum, regi dicat; ac pro eo, duas marcas auri puri (pondus marcæ . . . 8 uncias æquabat) honorarii loco retulit." [Arngr. Jon. Rer. Islandic. lib. ii. p. 129.]

See more of Egill, in the "Five Pieces of Runic Poetry," p. 45, whose poem, there translated, is the most ancient piece all in rime, that is, I conceive, now to be found in any European language, except Latin. See Egill's Islandic original, printed at the end of the English Version in the said Five Pieces, &c.

(P) "If the Saxons had not been accustomed to have Minstrels of their own . . . and to show favour and respect to the Danish Scalds," if this had not been the case, we may be assured, at least, that the stories given in the text could never have been recorded by writers who lived so near the Anglo-Saxon times as Malmesbury and Ingulphus, who, though they might be deceived as to particular facts, could not be so as to the general manners and customs which prevailed so near their own times among their ancestors.

(Q) "In Doomesday Book," &c. [Extract. ex Libro Domesday: Et vid. Anstis Ord. Gart. ii. 304.]

*Glowcestresceire.*

Fol. 162. Col. 1. *Berdic Jocolator Regis habet iii villas. et ibi v. car. nil redd.*

That *Jocolator* is properly a Minstrel, might be inferred from the two foregoing passages of Geoffrey of Monmouth, (v. note K) where the word is used as equivalent to *Citharista* in one place, and to *Cantor* in the other: this union forms the precise idea of the character.

But more positive proofs have already offered, vid. supra, p. xxiv. xxix. xxx. note. See also Du Cange's Gloss. vol. iii. c. 1543. "Jogulator pro Jocolator.—Consilium Masil. an. 1381. Nullus Ministreys, Jogulator, audeat pinsare vel sonare instrumentum cujuscumque generis," &c. &c.

As the Minstrel was termed in French *Jongleur* and *Jugleur*; so he was called in Spanish *Juiglar* and *Juglar*. "Tenemos canciones y versos para recitar muy antiguos y memorias ciertas de los Juglares, que assistian en los banquetes, como los que pinta Homero." Prolog. a las Comed. de Cervantes, 1749, 4to.

"El anno 1328, en las siestas de la Coronacion del Rey, Don Alonso el IV. de Aragon, . . . el Juglar Ramaset cantò una Villanesca de la Composicion del . . . infante [Don Pedro: y otro Juglar, llamado Novellet, recitó y representò en voz y sin cantar mas de 600 versos, que hizo el Infante en el metro que llamaban Rima Vulgar." Ibid.

"Los Trobadores inventaron la Goya Ciencia . . . estos Trobadores eran casi todos de la primera Nobleza.—Es verdad, que ya entonces se havian entrometida entre las diversiones Cortesanas, los Contadores, los Cantores, los Juglares, los Truanes, y los Bufones." Ibid.

In England the King's Juglar continued to have an establishment in the royal household down to the reign of Henry VIII. [vid. Note (C c).] But in

\* "ROMANSET JUTGLAR canta alt veng...devant lo senyor Rey." Chron. d'Aragon, apud Du Cange, iv. 771.

what sense the title was there applied does not appear. In *Barklay's Egloges* written circ. 1514, Juglers and Pipers are mentioned together. *Egl. iv.* (vid. T. Warton's *Hist. ii.* 254.)

(R) "A valiant warrior, named Taillefer," &c.] See Du Cange, who produces this as an instance, "Quod Ministellorum munus interdum præstabant milites probatissimi. Le Roman De Vasee, MS.

"Quant il virent Normanz venir  
Mout veissies Engleis framir. . .  
Taillefer qui mout bien chantoit,  
Sur un cheval, qui tost alloit,  
Devant euls aloit chantant  
De Kallemaigne et de Roullant,  
Et d'Olivier de Vasaux,  
Qui moururent en Rainschevaux.

"Qui quidem Taillefer a Gulielmo obtinuit ut primus in hostes irrueret, inter quos fortiter dimicando occubuit." Gloss. tom. iv. 769, 770. 771.

"Les anciennes chroniques nous apprennent, qu'en premier rang de l'Armée Normande, un écuyer nommé Taillefer, monté sur un cheval armé, chanta la *Chanson de Roland*, qui fut si long tems dans les bouches des François, sans qu'il soit resté le moindre fragment, Le Taillefer après avoir entonné la chanson que les soldats répétoient, se jeta le premier parmi les Anglois, et fut tué." [Voltaire *Add. Hist. Univ.* p. 69.

The reader will see an attempt to restore the *Chanson de Roland*, with musical notes, in Dr. Burney's *Hist. ii.* p. 276.—See more concerning the Song of Roland, Series the Third, p. 189. Note (m.)

(S) "An eminent French writer," &c.] "M. l'Évêque de la Ravalière, qui avoit fait beaucoup de recherches sur nos anciennes Chansons, prétend que c'est à la Normandie que nous devons nos premiers Chansonniers, non à la Provence, et qu'il y avoit parmi nous des Chansons en langue vulgaire avant celles de Provençaux, mais postérieurement au Règne Philippe I, ou à l'an 1100." [v. Révolutions de la Langue Française, à la suite des Poesies du Roi de Navarre.] "Ce seroit une antériorité de plus d'une demi siècle à l'époque des premiers Troubadours, que leur historien Jean de Nostredame fixe à l'an 1162," &c. Pref. à l'Anthologie Franç. 8vo. 1765.

This subject hath since been taken up and prosecuted at length in the Prefaces, &c. to M. Le Grand's, "Fables ou Contes du xii<sup>e</sup> et du xiii<sup>e</sup> Siècle, Paris, 1788," 5 tom. 12mo. who seems pretty clearly to have established the priority and superior excellence of the old *Rimeurs* of the North of France over the *Troubadours* of Provence, &c.

(S 2) "Their own native Gleemen or Minstrels must be allowed to exist." Of this we have proof positive in the old metrical Romance of Horn-Child (*Series the Third*, No. 1, p. 192.) which although from the mention of Saracens, &c. it must have been written at least after the first crusade in 1096, yet, from its Anglo-Saxon language or idiom, can scarce be dated later than within a century after the Conquest. This, as appears from its very exordium, was intended to be sung to a popular audience, whether it was composed by, or for, a Gleeman, or Minstrel. But it carries all the internal marks of being the production of such a composer. It appears of ge-

nome English growth; for, after a careful examination, I cannot discover any allusion to French or Norman customs, manners, composition, or phraseology: no quotation "As the Romance sayth:" not a name or local reference, which was likely to occur to a French Rimeur. The proper names are all of Northern extraction: Child Horn is the son of *Allof* (i. e. Olaf or Olave) king of *Sudenne* (I suppose Sweden) by his Queen *Godylde* or *Godylt*. *Athulf* and *Fykenyld* are the names of subjects. *Eylmer* or *Aylmere* is king of *Westnesse*, (a part of Ireland), *Rymenyld* is his daughter; as *Ermynyld* is of another king *Thurstan*; whose sons are *Athyld* and *Beryld*. *Athelbrus* is steward of K. Aylmer, &c. &c. All these savour only of a Northern origin, and the whole piece is exactly such a performance as one would expect from a Gleeman or Minstrel of the North of England, who had derived his art and his ideas from his Scaldic predecessors there. So that this probably is the original from which was translated the old French fragment of *Dan Horn*, in the Harleian MS. 527, mentioned by Tyrwhitt, (*Chaucer iv.* 68.) and by T. Warton (*Hist. i.* 38), whose extract from Horn-Child is extremely incorrect.

Compare the style of Child-Horn with the Anglo-Saxon specimens in short verses and rime, which are assigned to the century succeeding the Conquest, in *Hickes's Thesaurus*, tom. i. cap. 24, p. 224 and 231.

(T) "The different production of the sedentary composer and the rambling Minstrel." Among the old metrical romances, a very few are addressed to readers, or mention reading: these appear to have been composed by writers at their desk, and exhibit marks of more elaborate structure and invention. Such is *Eglamour of Artois* (*Series the third*, No. 20, p. 194,) of which I find in a MS. copy in the Cotton Library, A 2, folio 3, the II Fittie thus concludes,  
... thus farr have I red.

Such is *Ipomydon* (*Series the third*, No. 23, p. 195,) of which one of the divisions (*Sign. E. ii. b.* in pr. copy) ends thus,

Let hym go, God him spede,  
Tyll eft-soone we of him reed [i. e. read.]

So in *Amyx and Amylion*\* (*Series the third*, No. 31, p. 195), in sta. 3d we have

In Geste as we rede,

and similar phrases occur in stanzas 34, 125, 140, 196, &c.

These are all studied compositions, in which the story is invented with more skill and ingenuity, and the style and colouring are of superior cast to such as can with sufficient probability be attributed to the minstrels themselves.

Of this class, I conceive the romance of *Horn Child* (mentioned in the last note (S 2) and in *Series*

\* It ought to have been observed in its proper place in *Series the third*, No. 31, p. 195, that *Amyx* and *Amylion* were no otherwise "Brothers" than as being fast friends: as was suggested by the learned Dr. Samuel Pegge, who was so obliging as to favour the Essayist formerly with accurate transcript of this poem accompanied with valuable illustrations, &c.; and that it was his opinion that both the fragment of the "Lady Beelens" mentioned in the same No. 31, and also the mutilated Tale, No. 37, (p. 37,) were only imperfect copies of the above romance of "Amy and Amylion," which contains the two lines quoted in No. 31.



the Third, No. 192, p. 2.) which, from the naked unadorned simplicity of the story, I would attribute to such an origin.

But more evidently is such the *Squire of Low Degree*, (Series the third, No. 24, p. 195.) in which is no reference to any French original, nothing like the phrase, which so frequently occurs in others, "As the romance sayth\*," or the like. And it is just such a rambling performance as one would expect from an itinerant Bard. And

Such also is *A lytell Geste of Robyn Hode*, &c. in 8 Fyttes, of which are extant two editions, 4to, in black-letter, described more fully in page 21 of this work. This is not only of undoubted English growth, but, from the constant satire aimed at abbots and their convents, &c. could not possibly have been composed by any monk in his cell.

Other instances might be produced; but especially of the former kind is *Syr Launfal*, Series the third, No. 2, p. 192, the 121st. of which has

In romances as we rede.

This is one of the best invented stories of that kind, and I believe the only one in which is inserted the name of the author.

(T 2) "Royer or Raherus the King's Minstrel."] He is recorded by Leland under both these names, in his *Collectanea*, scil. vol. 1, p. 61.

"*Hospitale S. Bartholomæi in West Smithfelde in London.*"

"Royer Mimis Regis fundator."

"*Hosp. Sti. Barthol. Londini.*"

"Raherus Mimis Regis H. 1, primus fundator, an. 1102, 3 H. 1, qui fundavit etiam Priorat. Sti. Barthol." Ibid. page 99.

That *Mimis* is properly a Minstrel in the sense affixed to the word in this essay, one extract from the accounts [Lat. *Computis*] of the Priory of Maxtock, near Coventry, in 1441, will sufficiently show.—Scil. "Dat. Sex. Mimis Dni. Clynton cantantibus, citharisantibus, ludentibus, &c. iiiiis. (T. Warton, ii. 106, note q.) The same year, the prior gave to a *doctor predicans*, for a sermon preached to them, only 6d.

In the *Monasticon*, tom. ii. p. 166, 167, is a curious history of the founder of this priory, and the cause of its erection; which seems exactly such a composition as one of those which were manufactured by Dr. Stone, the famous legend-maker, in 1380; (see T. Warton's curious account of him, in vol. ii. p. 190, note,) who required no materials to assist him in composing his Narratives, &c. for in this legend are no particulars given of the founder, but a recital of miraculous visions exciting him to this pious work, of its having been before revealed

\* Wherever the word romance occurs in these metrical narratives, it hath been thought to afford decisive proof of a translation from the romance or French language. Accordingly it is so urged by T. Warton, (i. 146, note) from two passages in the pr. copy of "*Sir Eglamour*," viz. Sign. E. l.

In romance as we rede.  
Again in fol. ult.

In romance this cronycle is.  
But in the Cotton MS. of the original the first passage is  
As I herde a Clerke rede.

And the other thus,

In Rome this Gest cronycled ys.  
So that I believe references to "the Romance," or the like, were often mere expetive phrases inserted by the oral reciters; one of whom I conceive had altered or corrupted the old "*Syr Eglamour*" in the manner that the copy was printed.

to King Edward the Confessor, and predicted by three Grecians, &c. Even his minstrel profession is not mentioned, whether from ignorance or design, as the profession was, perhaps, falling into discredit when this legend was written. There is only a general indistinct account that he frequented royal and noble houses, where he ingratiated himself *sua viate joculari*. (This last is the only word that seems to have any appropriated meaning.) This will account for the indistinct incoherent account given by Stow. "Rahere, a pleasant witty gentleman, and therefore, in his time, called the King's Minstrel."—Survey of Lond. Ed. 1598, p. 308.

(U) "In the early times, every harper was expected to sing."] See on this subject King Alfred's version of *Cædmon*, above in note (H) page xxvi.

So in Horn-Child, King Alloo orders his steward Athelbrus to

—teche him of harpe and of song.

In the *Squire of Lowe Degree*, the king offers to his daughter,

Ye shall have harpe, sautry\*, and song.

And Chaucer, in his description of the Limitour or Mendicant Friar, speaks of harping as inseparable from singing (i. p. 11, ver. 268.)

—in his harping, whan that he hadde songe.

(U 2) "As the most accomplished," &c.] See Hoveden, p. 103, in the following passage, which had erroneously been applied to King Richard himself, till Mr. Tyrwhitt (Chaucer, iv. p. 62,) showed it to belong to his Chancellor. "Hic ad augmentum et famam sui nominis, emendicata carmina, et rhythmos adulatorios comparabat; et de regno Francorum Cantores et Joculatores muneribus allexerat, ut de illo canerent in plateis et jam dicebatur ubique, quod non erat talis in orbe." For other particulars relating to this Chancellor, see T. Warton's *Hist.* vol. ii. Addit. to p. 113 of vol. i.

(U 3) "Both the Norman, and English languages would be heard at the houses of the great."] A remarkable proof of this is, that the most diligent inquirers after ancient English rimes find the earliest they can discover in the mouths of the Norman nobles. Such as that of Robert, Earl of Leicester, and his Flemings in 1173, temp. Hen. II. (little more than a century after the Conquest) recorded by Lambard in his dictionary of England, p. 36.

Hoppe Wyliken, hoppe Wyliken  
Ingland is thine and myne, &c.

And that noted boast of Hugh Bigot, Earl of Norfolk, in the same reign of King Henry II. vid. *Camdeni Britannia*, (art. Suffolk) 1607, folio.

Were I in my castle of Bungey  
Vpon the riner of Waueney  
I would ne care for the king of Cokeney.

Indeed, many of our old metrical romances, whether originally English, or translated from the French to be sung to an English audience, are addressed to persons of high rank, as appears from

\* The Harp (Lat. *Cithara*) differed from the Sautry, or Psaltry (Lat. *Psalterium*) in that the former was a stringed instrument, and the latter was mounted with wire: there was also some difference in the construction of the bellies, &c. See "*Bartholomæus de proprietatibus rerum*," as Englished by Trevisa and Eatman, ed. 1664, in *Sir J. Hawkins' Hist.* ii. p. 285.

their beginning thus—"Listen, lordings," and the like—These were prior to the time of Chaucer, as appears from vol. iii. p. 190, et seqq. And yet to his time our Norman nobles are supposed to have adhered to their French language.

(V) "That intercommunity, &c. between the French and English minstrels," &c.] This might perhaps, in a great measure, be referred even to the Norman Conquest, when the victors brought with them all their original opinions and fables; which could not fail to be adopted by the English minstrels and others, who solicited their favour. This interchange, &c. between the minstrels of the two nations would be afterwards promoted by the great intercourse produced among all the nations of Christendom in the general crusades, and by that spirit of chivalry which led knights and their attendants, the heralds, and minstrels, &c. to ramble about continually from one court to another, in order to be present at solemn tournaments, and other feats of arms.

(V 2) "Is not the only instance," &c.] The constant admission granted to minstrels was so established a privilege, that it became a ready expedient to writers of fiction. Thus, in the old romance of Horn-Child, the Princess Rymenyld being confined in an inaccessible castle, the prince, her lover, and some assistant knights, with concealed arms, assume the minstrel character, and approaching the castle with their "Gleyings" or Minstrelsy, are heard by the lord of it, who being informed they were "harpeirs, jogelers, aud fytthelers\*," has them admitted, when

Horn sette him abenche [i. e. on a bench.]  
Is [i. e. his] harpe he gan clenche  
He made Rymenyld a lay.

This sets the princess weeping, and leads to the catastrophe; for he immediately advances to "the borde," or table, kills the ravisher, and releases the lady.

(V 3) "... assumed the dress and character of a harper, &c.]" We have this curious *historiette* in the records of Lacock Nunnery, in Wiltshire, which had been founded by this Countess of Salisbury. See Vincent's *Discovery of Errors in Brooke's Catalogue of Nobility*, &c. folio, page 445-6, &c. Take the following extract (and see Dugdale's *Baron.* i. p. 175.)

"Ela uxor Guillelmi Longespee primi, nata fuit apud Ambresbiriam; patre et matre Normannis.

"Pater itaque ejus defectus senio migravit ad Christum, A.D. 1196. Mater ejus ante biennium obiit... Interea Domina charissima clam per

cognatos adducta fuit in Normanniam, et ibidem sub tutâ et arcâ custodiâ nutrita. Eodem tempore in Angliâ fuit quidam miles nomine Guillelmus Talbot, qui induit se habitum Peregrini [Anglice, a pilgrim] in Normanniam transfretavit, ad moratus per duos annos, huc atque illuc vagans, ad explorandam dominam Elam Sarum. Et illâ inventâ exiit habitum Peregrini, et induit se quasi Cytharizator et curiam ubi morabatur intravit. Et ut erat homo Jocosus, in Gestis Antiquorum valde peritus, ibidem grater fuit acceptus quasi familiaris. Et quando tempus aptum invenit, in Angliam repatriavit, habens secum istam venerabilem dominam Elam et heredam comitatus Sarum; et eam Regi Richardo presentavit. Ac ille lætissime eam suscepit, et Fratri suo Guillelmo Longespee maritavit....

"A.D. 1226, Dominus Guill. Longespee primus nonas Martii obiit. Ela vero uxor ejus 7 annis supervixit.... Una die duo monasteria fundavit primo mane xvi Kal. Maii, A.D. 1232, apud Lacock, in quo sanctæ degunt Canonissæ.... Et Henton post nonam, anno vero ætatis sue xlv. &c."

(W) For the preceding account, Dugdale refers to *Monast. Angl.* i. [r. ii.] p. 185, but gives it as enlarged by D. Powel, in his *Hist. of Cambria*, p. 196, who is known to have followed ancient Welsh MSS. The words in the *Monasticon* are—"Qui accersitis Sutoribus Cestrie et Histrionibus, festinanter cum exercitu suo venit domino suo facere succursum. Walenses vero videntes multitudinem magnam venientem, relicta obsidione fugerunt... Et propter hoc dedit comes antedictus... Constabulario dominationem Sutorum et Histrionum. Constabularius vero retinuit sibi et heredibus suis dominationem Sutorum: et histrionum dedit vero Seneschallo." (So the passage should apparently be pointed; but either *et* or *vero* seems redundant.)

We shall see below in note (Z) the proper import of the word *Histriones*: but it is very remarkable that this is not the word used in the grant of the Constable De Lacy to Dutton, but "*Magisterium omnium Leccatorum et Meretricium totius Cestreshire, sicut liberius illum [sic] Magisterium teneo de Comite.*" (vid. Blount's *Ancient Tenures*, p. 156.) Now, as under this grant the heirs of Dutton confessedly held for many ages a *magisterial* jurisdiction over all the Minstrels and Musicians of that County, and as it could not be conveyed by the word *Meretricis*, the natural inference is that the Minstrels were expressed by the term *Leccatores*. It is true, Du Cange, compiling his *Glossary*, could only find in the writers he consulted this word used in the abusive sense, often applied to every synonyme of the sportive and dissolute Minstrel, viz. *Scurra*, *vaniloquus*, *parasitus*, *epulo*, &c. (This I conceive to be the proper arrangement of these explanations, which only express the character given to the Minstrel elsewhere: see Du Cange *passim* and notes, (C) (E) (F) (I). But he quotes an ancient MS. in French metre, wherein the *Leccour* (Lat. *Leccator*) and the Minstrel are joined together, as receiving from Charlemagne a grant of the territory of Provence, and from whom the Provençal Troubadours were derived, &c. See the passage above in note (C) pag. xxv.

The exception in favour of the family of Dutton is thus expressed in the Statute, Anno 39 Eliz. chap. iv. entitled, "An Act for punishment of Rogues, Vagabonds, and Sturdy Beggars."

\* Jogeler (Lat. *Jaculator*) was a very ancient name for a Minstrel. Of what nature the performance of the *Joculator* was, we may learn from the Register of St. Swithin's Priory at Winchester (T. Warton, i. 60.) "Et cantabat *JOCULATOR* quidam nomine Herebertus Canticum *Colbrowdi*, necnon *Gastum Emma* regine a judicio ignis liberate, in aula Prioris." His instrument was sometimes the Fythel, or Fiddle, Lat. *Fidicula*: which occurs in the Anglo-Saxon Lexicon. On this subject we have a curious passage from a MS. of the Lives of the Saints in metre, supposed to be earlier than the year 1200, (T. Warton's *Hist.* i. p. 17,) viz.

Christofre him served longe  
The kyng loved melodye much of fithel and of songe:  
So that his Jogeler on a day beforen him gon to pleye faste,  
And in a tyme he nemped in his song the devill at laste.

"§ II. . . . All Fencers, Bearwards, Common Players of Enterludes, and Minstrels, wandering abroad, (other than Players of Enterludes belonging to any Baron of this Realm, or any other honourable Personage of greater degree, to be authorised to play under the hand and seal of arms of such Baron or Personage:) all Juglers, Tinkers, Pedlers, &c. . . . shall be adjudged and deemed Rogues, Vagabonds, and Sturdy Beggars, &c.

"§ X. Provided always that this Act, or any thing therein contained, or any authority thereby given, shall not in any wise extend to disinherit, prejudice, or hinder John Dutton of Dutton, in the county of Chester, Esquire, his heirs or assigns, for, touching or concerning any liberty, preeminence, authority, jurisdiction, or inheritance, which the said John Dutton now lawfully useth, or hath, or lawfully may or ought to use within the County-Palatine of Chester, and the County of the City of Chester, or either of them, by reason of any ancient Charters of any Kings of this Land, or by reason of any prescription, usage, or title whatsoever."

The same clauses are renewed in the last Act on this subject, passed in the present Reign of Geo. III.

(X) "Edward I. . . . at the knighting of his son," &c.] See Nic. Trivetii Annales, Oxon. 1719, 8vo. p. 342.

"In festo Pentecostes Rex filium suum armis militaribus cinxit, et cum eo Comites Warennie et Arundelie, aliosque, quorum numerus ducentos et quadraginta dicitur excessisse. Eodem die cum sedisset Rex in mensa, novis militibus circumdatus, ingressa Ministrallorum Multitudo, portantium multiplicit ornatum amictum, ut milites precipue novos invitarent, et inducerent, ad vovendum factum armorum aliquod coram signo."

(Y) "By an express regulation, &c." See in Hearne's Append. ad Lelandi Collectan. vol. vi. p. 36. "A Dietarie, Writtes published after the Ordinance of Earles and Barons, Anno Dom. 1315."

"Edward by the grace of God, &c. to Sheriffes, &c. greetying. Forasmuch as. . . . many idle persons, under colour of Mynstrelsie, and going in messages, and other faigned busines, have ben and yet be receaved in other mens houses to meate and drynke, and be not therewith contented yf they be not largely considered with gyftes of the Lordes of the houses: &c. . . . We wylling to restrayne suche outrageous enterprises and idleness, &c. have ordeyned. . . . that to the houses of Prelates, Earles, and Barons, none resort to meate and drynke, unlesse he be a Mynstrel, and of these Minstrels that there come none except it be three or four Minstrels of honour at the most in one day, unlesse he be desired of the Lorde of the House. And to the houses of meaner men that none come unlesse he be desired, and that such as shall come so, holde themselves contented with meate and drynke and with such curtesie as the Maister of the House wyl shewe unto them of his owne good wyll, without their askyng of any thyng. And yf any one do agaynst this Ordinaunce, at the first tyme he to lose his Minstrelsie, and at the second tyme to forswere his craft, and never to be receaved for a Minstrel in any house. . . . Yeven at Langley the vi. day of August in the ix. yere of our reigne."

These abuses arose again to as great a height as

ever in little more than a century after, in consequence, I suppose, of the licentiousness that crept in during the civil wars of York and Lancaster. This appears from the Charter 9 E. IV, referred to in p. xlv. "Ex querulosâ insinuatione. . . Ministrallorum nostrorum accepimus qualiter nonnulli rudes agricolæ et artifices diversarum misterarum regni nostri Angliæ, finxerunt se fore Ministrillos, quorum aliqui Liberatam nostram eis minime datam portarent, seipsos etiam fingentes esse Ministrillos nostros proprios, cujus quidem Liberatæ ac dictæ artis sive occupationis Ministrallorum colore, in diversis partibus regni nostri prædicti grandes pecuniarum exactiones de ligis nostris deceptivo colligunt, &c."

Abuses of this kind prevailed much later in Wales, as appears from the famous Commission issued out in 9 Eliz. (1567), for bestowing the Silver Harp on the best *Minstrel*, *Rythmer*, or *Bard*, in the principality of North Wales; of which a fuller account will be given below in note (B b 3).

(Z) "It is thus related by Stow." See his Survey of London, &c. fol. 1633, p. 521. [Acc. of Westm. Hall.] Stow had this passage from Walsingham's Hist. Ang. . . . "Intravit quædam mulier ornata Histroniali habitu, equum bonum insidens Histronialiter phaleratum, quæ mensas more Histronum circuevit; et tandem ad Regis mensam per gradus ascendit, et quandam literam coram rege posuit, et retracto fræno (salutatis ubique discumbentibus) prout venerat ita recessit." &c. Anglic. Norm. Script. &c. Franc. 1603, fol. p. 109.

It may be observed here that Minstrels and others often rode on horseback up to the royal table, when the Kings were feasting in their great halls. See in this work, page 18.

The answer of the Porters (when they were afterwards blamed for admitting her) also deserves attention. "Non esse moris domus regiæ Histrones ab ingressu quomodolibet prohibere," &c. Walsingham.

That Stow rightly translated the Latin word *Histrion* here by *Minstrel*, meaning a musician that sung, whose subjects were stories of chivalry, admits of easy proof: for in the Gesta Romanorum, chap. cxi. Mercury is represented as coming to Argus in the character of a Minstrel; when he *incipit, more Histronico, fabulas dicere, et plerumque cantare.*" (T. Warton, iii. p. li.) And Muratori cites a passage in an old Italian chronicle, wherein mention is made of a stage erected at Milan—"Super quo Histrones cantabant, sicut modo cantatur de Rolando et Oliverio." Antich. Ital. ii. p. 6. (Observ. on the Statutes, 4th. edit. p. 362.)

See also (E) pag. xxv. &c. (F) p. xxvi. &c.

(A a) "There should seem to have been women of this profession." This may be inferred from the variety of names appropriated to them in the middle ages, viz: Anglo-Sax. *Elipmeden*, [Glee-maiden] &c. *glypiendebaben*, *glypybeneretna*. vid. supra p. xxvi.) Fr. *Jengleresse*, Med. Lat. *Joculatrix*, *Ministralissa*, *Femina Ministerialis*, &c. (vid. Du Cange Gloss. and Suppl.)

See what is said in page xlv. concerning the "sisters of the fraternity of Minstrels;" see also a passage quoted by Dr. Burney (ii. 315), from Muratori, of the Chorus of women singing through the streets accompanied with musical instruments in 1268.

Had the female described by Walsingham been a *Tombester*, or dancing-woman (see Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, iv. 307, and v. Gloss.), that historian would probably have used the word *Saltatrix*. (See T. Warton, i. 240, note m.)

These *Saltatrices* were prohibited from exhibiting in churches and church-yards along with *Joculatores*, *Histriones*, with whom they were sometimes classed, especially by the rigid ecclesiastics, who censured, in the severest terms, all these sportive characters. (Vid. T. Warton, in loco citato, et vide supra not. (E) (F) &c.)

And here I would observe, that although Fauchet and other subsequent writers affect to arrange the several members of the minstrel profession, under the different classes of *Troverres* (or *Troubadours*) *Chanterres*, *Contours*, and *Jugleurs*, &c. (vid. page lx.), as if they were distinct and separate orders of men, clearly distinguished from each other by these appropriate terms, we find no sufficient grounds for this in the oldest writers; but the general names in Latin, *Histrion*, *Mimus*, *Joculator*, *Ministrallus*, &c.; in French, *Menestrier*, *Menestrel*, *Jongleur*, *Jugleur*, &c.; and in English, *Jogeleur*, *Jugler*, *Minstrel*, and the like, seem to be given them indiscriminately. And one or other of these names seems to have been sometimes applied to every species of men whose business it was to entertain or divert (*joculari*) whether with poesy, singing, music, or gesticulation, singly, or with a mixture of all these. Yet as all men of this sort were considered as belonging to one class, order, or community (many of the above arts being sometimes exercised by the same person), they had all of them doubtless the same privileges, and it equally throws light upon the general history of the profession, to show what favour or encouragement was given, at any particular period of time, to any one branch of it. I have not therefore thought it needful to inquire, whether, in the various passages quoted in these pages, the word *Minstrel*, &c. is always to be understood in its exact and proper meaning of a singer to the harp, &c.

That men of very different arts and talents were included under the common name of *Minstralls*, &c. appears from a variety of authorities. Thus we have *Menestrels de Trompes*, and *Menestrels de Bouche*, in the Suppl. to Du Cange, c. 1227, and it appears still more evident from an old French Rhymier, whom I shall quote at large.

"Le Queens<sup>a</sup> manda les Menestrels; \*Le Compta.  
Et si a fetz crier entre els, † fait.  
Qui la meilleur truffe † sauroit † Sornette, [a gibe,  
Dire, ne faire, qu'il auroit (a jest, or flouting.)  
Sa robe d'escarlats neuve.  
L'uns Menestrels à l'autre reuve  
Fere son mestier, tel qu'il sot,  
Li uns fet l'yvre, l'autre sot;  
Li uns chante, li autre note;  
Et li autres dit la riote;  
Et li autres la jenglerie ‡; § Janglerie, babillage,  
Cil qui servent de jonglerie [raillerie.  
Vient par devant le Conte;  
Acuns ja qui fabliaus conte  
Il i ot dit mainte risée," &c.

Fabliaux et Contes, 12mo, tom. ii. p. 161.

And what species of entertainment was afforded by the ancient *Jugleurs*, we learn from the following citation from an old romance, written in 1230.

"Quand les tables ostées furent  
C'il *jugleurs* in pies esturent

S'ont vieilles, et harpes prisees  
Chansons, sons, vers, et reprises  
Et gestes, chanté nos ont."

Sir J. Hawkins, ii. 44, from Andr. Du Chene. See also Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, iv. p. 299.

All the before mentioned sports went by the general name of *Ministrallia*, *Ministellorum Ludicia*, &c.—"Charta an. 1377, apud Rymer, vii. p. 160. 'Peracto autem prandio, ascendebat D. Rex in cameram suam cum Prælati, Magnatibus, et Proceribus predictis: et deinceps Magnates Milites, et Domini, aliique Generosi diem illum, usque ad tempus cene, in Tripediis coreis et solempnibus Ministralliis, præ gaudio solempnitatis illius continuant.'" (Du Cange, Gloss. 773.) [This was at the Coronation of King Richard II.]

It was common for the minstrels to dance, as well as to harp and sing (see above, note (E) p. lxiv.) Thus, in the old romance of *Tirante el Blanco*; Val. 1511, the 14th cap. lib. ii. begins thus, "Despues que las mesas fueron alçadas vinieron los ministriles; y delante del Rey, y de la Reyna dançaron un rato: y despues truxeron colacion."

They also probably, among their other feats, played tricks of sleight of hand, hence the word *Jugler* came to signify a performer of *legerdemain*: and it was sometimes used in this sense (to which it is now appropriated) even so early as the time of Chaucer, who in his *Squire's Tale* (ii. 108) speaks of the horse of brass, as

— like

An apparence ymade by som magike,

As *Jogelours* plaien at thise festes grete.

See also the *Frere's Tale*, p. 279. v. 7049.

(A a 2) "Females playing on the Harp." Thus in the old Romance of "*Syr Degore* (or *Degree*," Series the third, No. 22. p. 194.) we have [Sign. D. i.]

The lady, that was so faire and bright,  
Upon her bed she sate down ryght;  
She harped notes swete and fine.  
[Her mayds filled a piece of wine.]  
And Syr Degore sate him downe,  
For to hear the harpes sowne.

The 4th line being omitted in the pr. copy is supplied from the folio MS.

In the "*Squyr of lowe Degree*" (Series the third, No. 24, p. 195.) the king says to his daughter [Sign. D. i.]

Ye were wont to harpe and syng,  
And be the maryest in chamber comyng.

In the "*Carle of Carlisle*," (Series the third, No. 193, p. 29.) we have the following passage. [Folio MS. p. 451, v. 217.]

Downe came a lady faire and free,  
And sett her on the Carles knee:  
One whiles shee harped another whiles song,  
Both of paramours and louinge amonge.

And in the Romance of "*Eger and Grime*" (Series the third, No. 12, p. 194.) we have [Ibid. p. 127. col. 2.] in Part I. v. 263.

The ladye fayre of hew and hyde  
Shée sate downe by the bed side  
Shée laid a souter [psaltry] vpon her knee  
Theron shée plaid full lovesomelye.  
... And her 2 maydens sweetlye sange.

A similar passage occurs in Part IV. v. 129. (page 136.)—But these instances are sufficient.

(B b) "A charter . . . to appoint a king of the Minstrels." Intituled *Carta Le Roy de Ministralz*. (in Latin *Histriones*, vid. Platt, p. 437.) A copy of this charter is printed in Monast. Anglic. i. 355, and in Blount's Law. Diction. 1717. (art. King.)

That this was a most respectable officer, both here and on the Continent, will appear from the passages quoted below, and therefore it could only have been in modern times, when the proper meaning of the original terms *Ministralz*, and *Histriones*, was forgot, that he was called King of the Fidlers; on which subject see below, Note (E e 2).

Concerning the King of the Minstrels we have the following curious passages collected by Du Cange, Gloss. iv 773.

"Rex Ministellorum; supremus inter *Ministellos*: de cuius munere, potestate in ceteros *Ministellos* agit Charta Henrici IV. Regis Angliæ in Monast. Anglicano, tom. i. pag. 355.—Charta originalis an. 1338. Je Robert Caveron Roy des Menestreuls du Royaume de France. Aliæ ann. 1357 et 1362. Copin de Brequin Roy des Menestres du Royaume de France. Computum de auxiliis pro redemptione Regis Johannis, ann. 1367. Pour une Couronne d'argent qu'il donna le jour de la Tiphaine au Roy des Menestrels.

"Regestum Magnorum Dierum Trecensium an. 1296. Super quod Joannes dictus Charmillons Juglator, cui Dominus Rex per suas literas tanquam Regem Juglatorum in civitate Trecensi Magisterium Juglatorum, quemadmodum suis placeret voluntati, concesserat." Gloss. c. 1587.

There is a very curious passage in Pasquier's "Recherches de la France," Paris, 1633, folio, liv. 7. ch. 5. p. 611, wherein he appears to be at a loss how to account for the title of *Le Roy* assumed by the old composers of metrical Romances; in one of which the author expressly declares himself to have been a Minstrel. The solution of the difficulty, that he had been *Le Roy des Menestrels*, will be esteemed more probable than what Pasquier here advances; for I have never seen the title of *Prince* given to a Minstrel, &c. scil.—"A nos vieux Poetes . . . comme . . . fust qu'ils eussent certain jeux de prix en leurs Poesies, ils . . . honoroient du nome, tantot de Roy, tantot de Prince, celuy qui avoit le mieus fait comme nous voyons entre les Archers, Arbalastiers, et Harquebusiers estre fait le semblable. Ainsi l'Autheur du Roman d'Oger le Danois s'appelle Roy.

"Icy endroit est cil Livre fines  
Qui des enfans Oger est appelez  
Or vueille Diex qu'il soit parachevez  
En tel maniere kestre n'en puist blames  
Le Roy Adams [r. Adenes] ki il' est rimez.

"Et en celuy de Cleomades,  
"Ce Livre de Cleomades  
Rimé je le Roy Adenes  
Menestre au bon Duc Henry.

"Mot de Roy, qui seroit très-mal approprié à un Menestrier, si d'ailleurs on ne le rapportoit à un jeu du pris: Et de fait il semble que de nostre temps, il y en eust encores quelque remarques, en ce que le mot de Jouingleur s'estant par succession de temps tourné en batelage, nous avons vu en nostre jeunesse les Jouingleurs se trouver à certain jour tous les ans en la ville de Chauny en Picardie, pour faire monstre de leur mestrier devant le monde, à qui mieux. Et ce que j'en dis icy n'est pas pour vilipender ces anciens Rimeurs, ainsi pour monstrier

qu'il n'y a chose si belle qui ne s'antéantisse avec le temps."

We see here that in the time of Pasquier the poor Minstrel was sunk into as low estimation in France, as he was then or afterwards in England: but by his apology for comparing the Jouingleurs, who assembled to exercise their faculty, in his youth, to the ancient *Rimeurs*, it is plain they exerted their skill in rhyme.

As for King *Adenes*, or *Adenez*, (whose name in the first passage above is corruptly printed *Adams*.) he is recorded in the "Bibliothèques des Romans, Amst. 1734," 12mo. vol. i. p. 232, to have composed the two Romances in verses above mentioned, and a third entitled *Le Roman de Bertin*: all three being preserved in a MS. written about 1270. His *Bea Duc Henry* I conceive to have been Henry Duke of Brabant.

(B b 2) "King of the Minstrels," &c.] See Antis's Register of the Order of the Garter, ii. p. 303, who tells us "The President or Governour of the *Minstrels* had the like denomination of *Roy* in France and Burgundy: and in England, John of Gaunt constituted such an officer by a patent; and long before his time payments were made by the crown to [a] King of the Minstrels by Edw. I. Regi Roberto *Ministrallo* scutifero ad arma commoranti ad vadia Regis anno 5to. [Bibl. Cotton. Vespas. c. 16. f. 3.]; as likewise [Libro Garderob. 25 E. I.] *Ministrallis* in die nuptiarum Comitissæ Holland filiz Regis, Regi Pago, Johanni Vidulacori, &c. Morello Regi, &c. Druetto Monthant, et Jacketto de Scot. Regibus, cuilibet eorum x. s. Regi Pagio de Hollandia, &c. Under Ed. II. we likewise find other entries, Regi Roberto et aliis *Ministrallis* facientibus *Menistrallis* [*Ministralias* qu.] suas coram Rege [Bibl. Cotton. Nero. c. 8. p. 84. b. Comp. Garderob.] That king granted William de Morles dicto Roy de North, *Ministrallo* Regis, domos quas fuerunt Johannis le Botoler dicti Roy Brunhaud. [Pat. de terr. forisfact. 16 E. III.] He adds below (p. 304) a similar instance of a *Rex Juglatorum*, and that the "King of the Minstrels," at length was styled in France *Roy de Violins*, (Furetiere Diction. Univers.) as with us "King of the Fidlers;" on which subject see below, note (E e 2).

(B b 3) The Statute 4 Hen. IV. (1402) c. 27, runs in these terms, "Item, pur eschuir plusieurs diseases et mischiefs qont advenus devant ces heures en la terre de Gales par plusieurs Westours, Rymours, Minstralx et autres Vacabondes, ordeignez est et establis qe nul Westour, Rymour, Minstral ne Vacabond soit aucunement sustenus en la terre de Gales pur faire kymorthas ou coillage sur la commune poeple illoceques." This is among the severe laws against the Welsh, passed during the resentment occasioned by the outrages committed under Owen Glendour; and as the Welsh Bards had excited their countrymen to rebellion against the English Government, it is not to be wondered, that the Act is conceived in terms of the utmost indignation and contempt against this class of men, who are described as *Rymours*, *Minstralx*, which are apparently here used as only synonymous terms to express the Welsh Bards with the usual exuberance of our Acts of Parliament: for if their *Minstralx* had been mere musicians, they would not have required the vigilance of the English legisla-

ture to suppress them. It was their songs exciting their countrymen to insurrection which produced "les diseases et mischiefs en la Terre de Gales."

It is also submitted to the reader, whether the same application of the terms does not still more clearly appear in the Commission issued in 1567, and printed in Evan Evans's *Specimens of Welsh Poetry*, 1764, 4to. p. v. for bestowing the Silver Harp on "the chief of that faculty." For after setting forth "that vagrant and idle persons, naming themselves *Minstrels*, *Rythmers*, and *Bards*, had lately grown into such intolerable multitude within the Principality in North Wales, that not only gentlemen and others by their shameless disorders are oftentimes disquieted in their habitations, but also expert *Minstrels* and *Musicians* in *tonge and cunynge* thereby much discouraged, &c." and "hindred [of] livings and preferment," &c. it appoints a time and place, wherein all "persons that intend to maintain their living by name or colour of *Minstrels*, *Rythmers*, or *Bards*," within five shires of North Wales, "shall appear to show their learnings accordingly, &c." And the Commissioners are required to admit such as shall be found worthy, into and under the degrees heretofore in use, so that they may "use, exercise, and follow the sciences and faculties of their professions in such decent order as shall appertain to each of their degrees." And the rest are to return to some honest labour, &c. upon pain to be taken as sturdy and idle vagabonds, &c.

(B b 4) Holingahed translated this passage from Tho. de Elmham's "Vita et Gesta Henrici V." scil. "Soli Omnipotenti Deo se velle victoriam imputari . . . in tantum, quod cantus de suo triumpho fieri, seu per Citharistas vel alios quoscunque cantari penitus prohibebat." [Edit. Hearnii, 1727, p. 72.] As in his version Holingahed attributes the making as well as singing ditties to Minstrels, it is plain he knew that men of this profession had been accustomed to do both.

(C c) "The Household Book," &c.] See Section V.

"Of the Nombre of all my lords Servaunts."

"Item, Mynstrals in Houshold iii. viz. A Taberet, a Luyte, and a Rebeck." [The Rebeck was a kind of Fiddle with three strings.]

#### Sect. XLIV. 3.

"Rewardes to his lordship's Servaunts, &c."

"Item, My lord usith and accustomith to gyf yerly, when his lordschipp is at home, to his Minstralls that be daily in his household, as his Tabret, Lute, ande Rebeke, upon New Yeresday in the mornynge when they do play at my lordis chamber dour for his Lordschipp and my Lady, xx. s. Viz. xiii. s. iiii. d. for my Lord; and vi. s. viii. d. for my Lady, if sche be at my lords fyndynge, and not at hir owen; and for playing at my lordis Sone and Heire's chamber doure, the lord Percy, ii. s. And for playinge at the chamber dours of my lords Yonger Sonnes, my yonge masters, after viii. d. the pece for every of them.—xxiii. s. iiii. d."

#### Sect. XLIV. 2.

"Rewardes to be geven to strangers, as Players, Mynstralls, or any other, &c."

"Furst, my lorde usith and accustomyth to gif to

the Kings Jugler; . . . when they custome to come unto him yerly, vi. s. viii. d.

"Item, my lorde usith and accustomyth to gif yerly to the kings or queenes Bearwarde, if they have one, when they custome to come unto him yerly, —vi. s. viii. d.

"Item, my lorde usith and accustomyth to gyfe yerly to every Erls Mynstralls, when they custome to come to hym yerly, iiii. s. iiii. d. And if they come to my lorde seldome, ones in ii or iii yeres, than vi. s. viii. d.

"Item, my lorde usith and accustomedeth to gif yerly to an Erls Mynstralls, if he be his speciall lorde, friende, or kynsman, if they come yerly to his lordschipp. . . . And, if they come to my 'lord' seldome, ones in ii or iii yeres. . . ."

"Item, my lorde usith and accustomyth to gyf yerly a Dookes or Erls Trumpetts, if they come vi together to his lordschipp, viz. if they come yerly, vi. s. viii. d. And, if they come but in ii or iii yeres, than x. s.

"Item, my lorde usith and accustometh to gif yerly, when his lordschipp is at home, to gyf to the Kyngs Shawmes, when they com to my lorde yerly, x. s."

I cannot conclude this note without observing, that in this enumeration the family Minstrels seem to have been Musicians only, and yet both the Earl's Trumpets and the King's Shawmes are evidently distinguished from the Earl's Minstrels, and the King's Jugler: Now we find *Jugglers* still coupled with *Pipers* in Barklay's *Egloges*, circ. 1514. (Warton, ii. 254.)

(C c 2) The honours and rewards conferred on Minstrels, &c. in the middle ages were excessive, as will be seen by many instances in these volumes; v. notes (E) (F) &c. But more particularly with regard to English Minstrels, &c. see T. Warton's *Hist. of Eng. Poetry*, i. p. 89—92, 116, &c. ii. 105, 106, 254, &c. Dr. Burney's *Hist. of Music*, ii. p. 316—319, 397—399, 427, 428.

On this head, it may be sufficient to add the following passage from the *Fleta*, lib. ii. c. 23. "OFFICIUM ELEMOSINARIUM est. Equos relictos, Robas, Pecuniam, et alia ad Eleemosinam largiter recipere et fideliter distribuere; debet etiam Regem super Eleemosine largitione crebris summonitionibus stimulare et precipue diebus Sanctorum, et rogare ne Robas suas quas magni sunt precij HISTORIONIBUS, Blanditoribus, Adulatoribus, Accusatoribus, vel MENSTRALLIS, sed ad Eleemosinam suam incrementum jubeat largiri." Et in c. 72. "Ministralli, vel Adulatoria."

(D d) "A species of men who did not sing, &c." It appears from the passage of Erasmus here referred to, that there still existed in England of that species of *Jongleurs* or Minstrels, whom the French called by the peculiar name of *Conteurs*, or Reciters in prose. It is in his *Ecclesiastes*, where he is speaking of such preachers as imitated the tone of Beggars or Mountebanks:—"Apud Anglos est simile genus hominum, quales apud Italos sunt Circulatorum [Mountebanks] de quibus modo dictum est; qui utriusque in convivio MAGNATUM, aut in CAUPONAS VINARIAS; et argumentum aliquod, quod edidicerunt, recitant; puta mortem omnibus dominari, aut laudem matrimonii. Sed quoniam ea lingua monosyllabis

fere constat, quemadmodum Germanica; atque illi [sc. this peculiar species of Reciters] studio vitant cantum, nobis (sc. Erasmus, who did not understand a word of English) latrare videntur verius quam loqui." Opera, tom. v. c. 958. (Jortin, vol. ii. p. 193.) As Erasmus was correcting the vice of Preachers, it was more to his point to bring an instance from the Moral Reciters of Prose than from Chanters of Rime; though the latter would probably be more popular, and therefore more common.

(E e) This character is supposed to have been suggested by descriptions of Minstrels in the romance of "Morte Arthur;" but none, it seems, have been found, which come nearer to it than the following, which I shall produce, not only that the reader may judge of the resemblance, but to show how nearly the idea of the Minstrel character given in this Essay corresponds with that of our old writers.

Sir Lancelot, having been affronted by a threatening abusive letter, which Mark King of Cornwall had sent to Queen Guenever, wherein he "spake shame by her, and Sir Lancelot," is comforted by a knight named Sir Dinadan, who tells him "I will make a Lay for him, and when it is made, I shall make an Harper to sing it before him. So anon he went and made it, and taught it an Harper, that hyght Eliot; and when hee could it, hee taught it to many Harpers. And so....the Harpers went straight unto Wales and Cornwaile to sing the Lay....which was the worst Lay that ever Harper sung with harpe, or with any other instrument. And [at a] great feast that King Marke made for joy of [a] victorie which hee had,....came Eliot the Harper;...and because he was a curious Harper, men heard him sing the same Lay that Sir Dinadan had made, the which spake the most vilanie by King Marke of his treason, that ever man heard. When the Harper had sung his song to the end, King Marke was wonderous wroth with him, and said, Thou Harper, how durst thou be so bold to sing this song before me? Sir, said Eliot, wit you well I am a Minstrell, and I must doe as I am commanded of these Lords that I hear the armes of. And, Sir King, wit you well that Sir Dinadan a knight of the Round Table made this song, and he made me to sing it before you. Thou saiest well, said King Marke, I charge thee that thou bie thee fast out of my sight. So the Harper departed, &c." [Part II. c. 113, ed. 1634. See also Part III. c. 5.]

(E e 2) "This Act seems to have put an end to the profession," &c.] Although I conceive that the character ceased to exist, yet the appellation might be continued, and applied to Fidlars, or other common Musicians: which will account for the mistakes of Sir Peter Leicester, or other modern writers. (See his Historical Antiquities of Cheshire, 1673, p. 141.)

In this sense it is used in an Ordinance in the times of Cromwell, (1656,) wherein it is enacted, that if any of the "persons commonly called Fidlars or Minstrels shall at any time be taken playing, fiddling, and making music in any Inn, Ale-house, or Tavern, or shall be taken proffering themselves, or desiring, or intreating any....to hear them; lay or make music in any of the places aforesaid;" they are to be "adjudged and declared to be rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars."

This will also account why John of Gaunt's "King of the Minstrels" at length came to be called, like *Le Roy des Violons* in France, v. note (B b 2); "King of the Fidlars." See the common ballad entitled "The Pedigree, Education, and Marriage of Robinhood with Clorinda, Queen of Tutbury Feast:" which, though prefixed to the modern collection on that subject\*, seems of much later date than most of the others; for the writer appears to be totally ignorant of all the old traditions concerning this celebrated outlaw, and has given him a very elegant bride instead of his old noted Lemman "Maid Marian;" who together with his chaplain "Frier Tuck" were his favourite companions, and probably on that account figured in the old Morice Dance, as may be seen by the engraving in Mr. Steevens's and Mr. Malone's Editions of Shakespeare: by whom she is mentioned, 1 Hen. IV, act iii, sc. 3. (See also Warton, i. 245. ii. 237.) Whereas, from this ballad's concluding with an exhortation to "pray for the King," and "that he may get children," &c. it is evidently posterior to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and can scarce be older than the reign of King Charles I; for King James I had no issue after his accession to the throne of England. It may even have been written since the Restoration, and only express the wishes of the nation for issue on the marriage of their favourite King Charles II, on his marriage with the Infanta of Portugal. I think it is not found in the Pepys collection.

(F f) "Historical Song, or Ballad." The English word Ballad is evidently from the French *Ballade*, as the latter is from the Italian *Ballata*; which the Crusca Dictionary defines, *Canzone, che si canta Ballando*, "A Song, which is sung during a Dance." So Dr. Burney, [ii. 342] who refers to a collection of *Ballette* published by Gastaldi and printed at Antwerp in 1596. [iii. 226.]

But the word appears to have had an earlier origin: for in the decline of the Roman Empire these trivial songs were called *Ballistes* and *Saltatiuncule*, *Ballistum*, Salmasius says, is properly *Ballistum*. Gr. Βαλλιστίον. "ἀπὸ τοῦ Βαλλίζω.... Βαλλίσιον Saltatio.... Ballistum igitur est quod vulgo vocamus Ballet; nam inde deducta vox nostra." Salmas. Not. in Hist. Ang. Scriptores VI. p. 349.

In the Life of the Emperor Aurelian by Fl. Vopiscus may be seen two of these *Ballistes*, as sung by the boys skipping and dancing, on account of a great slaughter made by the Emperor with his own hand in the Sarmatic War. The first is,

"Mille, mille, mille decollavimus,  
Unus homo mille decollavimus,  
Mille vivat, qui mille occidit.  
Tantum vini habet nemo  
Quantum fudit sanguinis."

\* Of the twenty-four songs in what is now called "Robin Hood's Garland," many are so modern as not to be found in Pepys's collection completed only in 1700. In the folio MS. (described in p. xiii.) are ancient fragments of the following, viz. Robin Hood and the Beggar.—Robin Hood and the Butcher.—Robin Hood and Fryer Tacke.—Robin Hood and the Pindar.—Robin Hood and Queen Catharine, in two parts.—Little John and the four Beggars, and "Robin Hood's death." This last, which is very curious, has no resemblance to any that have been published; and the others are extremely different from the printed copies; but they unfortunately are in the beginning of the MS. where half of every leaf hath been torn away.

The other was

"Mille Sarmatas, mille Francos  
Semel et semel occidimus.  
Mille Persas quærimus."

Salmasius (in loc.) shows that the trivial Poets of that time were wont to form their metre of Trochaic Tetrametre Catalectics, divided into Distichs. [Ibid p. 550.] This becoming the Metre of the Hymns in the Church Service, to which the Monks at length superadded riming terminations, was the origin of the common Trochaic Metre in the modern languages. This observation I owe to the learned author of *Irish Antiquities*, 4to.

(F f 2) "Little Miscellanies named Garlands," &c.] In the Pepysian and other libraries are preserved a great number of these in black letter, 12mo, under the following quaint and affected titles, viz.

1. A Crowne Garland of Goulden Roses gathered out of England's Royal Garden, &c. by Richard Johnson, 1612. [In the Bodleyan Library.]
2. The Golden Garland of Princely Delight.
3. The Garland of Good-will, by T. D. 1631.
4. The Royal Garland of Love and Delight, by T. D.
5. The Garland of Delight, &c. by Tho. Delone.
6. The Garland of Love and Mirth, by Thomas Lanfier.
7. Cupid's Garland set round with Guilded Roses.
8. The Garland of Withered Roses, by Martin Parker, 1656.
9. The Shepherd's Garland of Love, Loyalty, &c.
10. The Country Garland.
11. The Golden Garland of Mirth and Merriment.
12. The Lover's Garland.
13. Neptune's fair Garland.
14. England's fair Garland.
15. Robin Hood's Garland.
16. The Maiden's Garland.
17. A Loyal Garland of Mirth and Pastime.
18. A Royal Garland of New Songs.
19. The Jovial Garland, 8th Edit. 1691. &c. &c. &c.

This sort of petty publications had anciently the name of "Penny-Merriments:" as little religious tracts of the same size were called "Penny Godlinesses." In the Pepysian Library, are multitudes of both kinds.

(G g) "The term Minstrel was not confined to a mere Musician in this country any more than on the Continent." The discussion of the question, Whether the term Minstrel was applied in England to Singers and Composers of Songs, &c. or confined to the performers on musical instruments, was properly reserved for this place, because much light hath already been thrown upon the subject in the preceding Notes, to which it will be sufficient to refer the Reader.

That on the Continent the Minstrel was understood not to be a mere Musician, but a Singer of Verses, hath been shown in Notes (B) (C) (R) (A a) &c\*. And that he was also a maker of them is evident from the passage in (C) p. xxiv. where the most noted Romances are said to be of the composition of these men. And in (B b) p. xxxvi. we have the Titles of

\* That the French Minstrel was a singer and composer, &c. appears from many passages translated by M. Le Grand, in "Fabliaux ou Contes," &c. see tom. i. p. 37, 47.—ii. 306, 313 et seq.—iii. 266, &c. Yet this writer, like other French critics, endeavours to reduce to distinct and separate classes the men of this profession, under the precise names of *Fablier*, *Conteur*, *Menestrier*, *Menestrel*, and *Jongleur* (tom. i. pref. p. xcvi.), whereas his own Tales confute all these nice distinctions, or prove at least that the title of *Menestrier* or Minstrel was applied to them all.

some of which a Minstrel was the author, who has himself left his name upon record.

The old English names for one of this profession were Gleeman\*, Jogeler†, and latterly Minstrel; not to mention Harper, &c. In French he was called *Jongleur* or *Jugleur*, *Menestrel* or *Menestriert*. The writers of the middle ages expressed the character in Latin by the words *Joculator*, *Mimus*, *Histrion*, *Ministrellas*, &c. These terms, however modern critics may endeavour to distinguish, and apply them to different classes, and although they may be sometimes mentioned as if they were distinct, I cannot find after a very strict research to have had any settled appropriate difference, but they appear to have been used indiscriminately by the oldest writers, especially in England; where the most general and comprehensive name was latterly Minstrel, Lat. *Ministrellas*, &c.

Thus *Joculator* (Eng. Jogeler, or Juglar) is used as synonymous to *Citharista* Note (K p. xxviii.) and to *Cantor* (p. xxix.) and to Minstrel (vid. infra p. xl.) We have also positive proof that the subjects of his songs were Gestes and Romantic Tales. (V 2) note.

So *Mimus* is used as synonymous to *Joculator*, (M) p. xxix. He was rewarded for his singing, (N) p. xxx. and he both sang, harped, and dealt in that sport (T 2) which is elsewhere called *Ars Joculatoria*, (M) ubi supra.

Again, *Histrion* is also proved to have been a singer. (Z) p. xxxiv. and to have gained rewards by his *Verba Joculatoria*, (E) p. xxiv. And *Histriones* is the term by which the French word *Ministralz* is most frequently rendered into Latin, (W) p. xxxiii. (B b) p. xxxvi. &c.

The fact therefore is sufficiently established that this order of men were in England, as well as on the Continent, Singers; so that it only becomes a dispute about words, whether here, under the more general name of Minstrels, they are described as having sung.

But in proof of this we have only to turn to so common a book as T. Warton's History of English Poetry; where we shall find extracted from Records the following instances.

Ex Registr. Priorat. S. Swithin Winton. (sub anno 1374.) "In festo Alwyni Epi.... Et durante pietancia in Aula Conventus sex Ministralli, cum quatuor Citharisatoribus, faciebant Ministralias suas. Et post cenam, in magna camera arcuata Dom. Prioris cantabant idem Gestum in qua Camera suspendebatur, ut moris est, magnum dorsale Prioris habens picturas trium Regum Colein. Veniebant autem dicti Joculatores a Castello Domini Regis et ex familia Epi." (vol. ii. p. 174.) Here the Minstrels and Harpers are expressly called *Joculatores*; and as the Harpers had Musical Instruments, the Singing must have been by the Minstrels, or by both conjointly.

For that Minstrels sang we have undeniable proof in the following entry in the Account Roll of the Priory of Bicester, in Oxfordshire (under the year 1432). "Dat Sex Ministrallis de Bokyngham cantantibus in refectorio Martyrium Septem Dormientium in Fasto Epiphanie, iv. s." (Vol. ii. p. 175.)

In like manner our old English writers abound with passages wherein the Minstrel is represented as singing. To mention only a few:

\* See page xxvii.

† See page xxxii.

‡ See page xxxiii. Note.



In the old Romance of *Emaré* (Series the third, No. 15. p. 194) which from the obsoleteness of the style, the nakedness of the story, the barrenness of incidents, and some other particulars, I should judge to be next in point of time to *Hornchild*, we have

—"I have herd Menstrelles syng yn sawe."  
Stanza 27.

In a poem of Adam Davis (who flourished about 1512) we have this Distich,

"Merry it is in halle to here the harpe,  
The Minstrelles synghe, the Jogelours carpe."  
T. Warton, i. p. 225.

So William of Nassyngton (circ. 1480) as quoted by Mr. Tyrwhitt, (Chaucer, iv. 319.)

—"I will make no vain carpinge  
Of dedes of armys ne of amours  
As dus Minstrelles and Jestours [Gestours]  
That makys carpinge in many a place  
Of Octaviane and Isembrase,  
And of many other Jestes [Gestes]  
And namely whan they come to festes\*.

See also the Description of the Minstrel in note (E e) from *Morte Arthure*, which appears to have been compiled about the time of this last writer. (See T. Warton, ii. 235.)

By proving that Minstrels were Singers of the old Romantic Songs and Gestes, &c. we have in effect proved them to have been the makers at least of some of them. For the names of their Authors being not preserved, to whom can we so probably ascribe the composition of many of these old popular rhymes, as to the men who devoted all their time and talents to the recitation of them, especially as in the rhymes themselves Minstrels are often represented as the makers or composers?

Thus in the oldest of all, *Horn-Child*, having assumed the character of a Harper or Jogeler, is in consequence said (fo. 92.) to have

"made Ryemenild [his mistress] a lay."

In the old Romance of *Emaré*, we have this exhortation to Minstrels, as composers, otherwise they could not have been at liberty to choose their subjects. (st. 2.)

"Menstrelles that walken fer and wyde  
Her and ther in every a syde  
In mony a dyverse londe  
Sholde ut her bygynnyng  
Speke of that rightwes kyng  
That made both see and londe." &c.

And in the old Song or Geste of Guy and Colbronde (Series the third, No. 4. p. 193.) the Minstrel thus speaks of himself in the first person:

"When meate and drinke is great plentye  
Then lords and ladyes still wil be  
And sitt and solace lythe  
Then itt is time for mee to speake  
Of keene knights and kempes great  
Such carping for to kythe."

We have seen already that the Welsh *Bards*, who were undoubtedly composers of the songs they

\* The fondness of the English (even the most illiterate) to bear tales and rimes, is much dwelt on by Rob. de Brunne, in 1330. (Warton, i. p. 59, 65, 75.) All rimes were then sung to the harp: even *Troilus* and *Cresside*, though almost as long as the *Æneid*, was to be "redde....or else songe." l. ult. (Warton i. 388.)

chanted to the Harp, could not be distinguished by our legislators from our own *Rimers*, *Minstrels*. Vid. (B b 3) p. xliii.)

And that the Provençal *Troubadour* of our King Richard, who is called by M. Favine *Jongleur*, and by M. Fauchet *Menestrel*, is by the old English Translator termed a *Rimer* or *Minstrel* when he is mentioning the fact of his composing some verses, (p. xxxiii.)

And lastly, that Holinshed, translating the prohibition of King Henry V. forbidding any songs to be composed on his Victory, or to be sung by Harpers or others, roundly gives it, he would not permit "any ditties to be made and sung by Minstrels on his glorious Victory," &c. Vid. p. xlv. and note (B b 4).

Now that this order of men, at first called *Gleemen*, then *Juglers*, and afterwards more generally *Minstrels*, existed here from the Conquest, who entertained their hearers with chanting to the harp or other instruments, songs and tales of chivalry, or as they were called *Gests*\* and *Romances* in verse in the English Language, is proved by the existence of the very compositions they so chanted, which are still preserved in great abundance; and exhibit a regular series from the time our language was almost Saxon, till after its improvements in the age of Chaucer, who enumerates many of them. And as the Norman French was in the time of this Bard still the courtly language, it shows that the English was not thereby excluded from affording entertainment to our nobility, who are so often addressed therein by the title of *Lordings*: and sometimes more positively "Lords and Ladies."

And though many of these were translated from the French, others are evidently of English origin, which appear in their turns to have afforded versions into that language; a sufficient proof of that intercommunity between the French and English Minstrels, which hath been mentioned in a preceding page. Even the abundance of such translations into English, being all adapted for popular recitation, sufficiently establishes the fact, that the English Minstrels had a great demand for such compositions, which they were glad to supply whether from their own native stores, or from other languages.

We have seen above that the *Joculator*, *Mimus*, *Histrion*, whether these characters were the same, or had any real difference, were all called Minstrels; as was also the Harpert, when the term implied a singer, if not a composer, of songs, &c. By degrees the name of Minstrel was extended to vocal and instrumental musicians of every kind: and as in the establishment of royal and noble houses, the latter would necessarily be most numerous, so we are not to wonder that the band of music (entered under the

\* *Gests* at length came to signify adventures or incidents in general. So in a narrative of the journey into Scotland, of Queen Margaret and her attendants, on her marriage with King James IV. in 1503 [in Appendix to Leland. Collect. iv. p. 285.] we are promised an account "of their Gestys and manners during the said voyage."

† The romance of "Richard Cœur de Lion" (No. 25.) I should judge to be of English origin from the names *War-drewe* and *Eldrade*, &c. vol. iii. p. 194, 195. As is also *Eger* and *Grime* (No. 12), wherein a knight is named *Sir Gray Steel*, and a lady who excels in surgery is called *Loospaine* or *Loe-pain*: these surely are not derived from France.

‡ See the romance of "Sir Isenbras" (vol. iii. No. 14, p. 194) sign. a.

Harpers loved him in Hall  
With other Minstrels all.

general name of Minstrels) should consist of instrumental performers chiefly, if not altogether: for, as the composer or singer of heroic tales to the harp would necessarily be a solitary performer, we must not expect to find him in the band along with the trumpeters, fluters, &c.

However, as we sometimes find mention of "Minstrels of Music\*" so at other times we hear of "expert Minstrels and Musicians of Tongue and Cunning." (B b 3) p. xxxviii, meaning doubtless by the former, singers, and probably by the latter phrase, composers, of songs. Even "Minstrels Music" seems to be applied to the species of verse used by Minstrels in the passage quoted below†.

But although, from the predominancy of instrumental Music, Minstralsy was at length chiefly to be understood in this sense, yet it was still applied

\* T. Warton, li. 258, note (a) from Leland's Collect. (vol. iv. Append. edit. 1774, p. 267.)

† The curious author of the "Tour in Wales, 1773," 4to. p. 435, I find to have read these words "in tounse and contrey;" which I can scarce imagine to have been applicable to Wales at that time. Nor can I agree with him in the representation he has given (p. 367.) concerning the *Cymmorth* or meeting, wherein the Bards exerted their powers to excite their countrymen to war; as if it were by a derision of the particulars he enumerates, and as it should seem in the way of harangue, &c. After which, "the band of Minstrels.....struck up; the harp, the *croth*, and the pipe filled the measures of enthusiasm, which the others had begun to inspire." Whereas it is well known, that the Bard chanted his enthusiastic effusions to the harp; and as for the term Minstrel, it was not, I conceive, at all used by the Welsh; and in English it comprehended both the bard and the musician.

‡ "Your ordinarie rimers use very much their measures in the odde, as nine and eleven, and the sharpe accent upon the last sillable, which therefore makes him go ill favouredly and like a Minstrels musick." (Puttenham's Arte of Eng. Poesie, 1589, p. 59). This must mean his vocal music, otherwise it appears not applicable to the subject.

to the Poetry of Minstrels so late as the time of Queen Elizabeth, as appears in the following extract from Puttenham's "Arte of Eng. Poesie," p. 9, who, speaking of the first composers of Latin verses in ryme, says, "all that they wrote to the favor or prayse of Princes, they did it in such manner of Minstralsie; and thought themselves no small fooles, when they could make their verses go all in ryme."

I shall conclude this subject with the following description of Minstrelcy given by John Lidgate at the beginning of the 15th century, as it shows what a variety of entertainments were then comprehended under this term, together with every kind of instrumental Music then in use:

—"Al maner Mynstralcy,  
That any man kan specifice.  
Ffor there were Rotys of Almayne,  
And eke of Arragon, and Spayne:  
Songes, Stampes, and eke Daunces;  
Divers plente of plesaunces:  
And many unkouth notys new  
Of swiche folke as lov'd trewe\*.  
And instrumentys that did excelle,  
Many moo than I kan telle.  
Harpys, Pythales, and eke Rotys  
Well according to her [i. e. their] notys,  
Lutys, Ribbles, and Geternes,  
More for estatys, than tavernes:  
Orgay [n] s, Cytolis, Monacordys.—  
There were Trumpes, and Trumpettes,  
Lowde Shall [m] ys, and Doucettes."  
T. Warton, ii. 225, note (\*).

\* By this phrase I understand, New Tales or Narrative Rymes composed by the Minstrels on the subject of true and faithful Lovers, &c.

## THE END OF THE ESSAY.

\*.\* The foregoing Essay on the Ancient Minstrels has been very much enlarged and improved since the first edition, with respect to the Anglo-Saxon Minstrels, in consequence of some objections proposed by the reverend and learned Mr. Pegge, which the reader may find in the second volume of the *Archæologia*, printed by the Antiquarian Society; but which that gentleman has since retracted in the most liberal and candid manner in the third volume of the *Archæologia*, No. xxxiv. p. 310.

And in consequence of similar objections respecting the English Minstrels after the Conquest, the subsequent part hath been much enlarged, and additional light thrown upon the subject; which, to prevent cavil, hath been extended to Minstralsy in all its branches, as it was established in England, whether by natives or foreigners.



# RELIQUES

OF

## ANCIENT POETRY, &c.

"I never heard the old song of Percie and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet 'it' is sung but by some blinde crowder, with no rougher voice, than rude style: which beeing so evill apperelled in the dust cobweb of that uncivill age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindare!"

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY'S DEFENCE OF POETRY.

### SERIES THE FIRST.

#### BOOK I.

#### I

#### THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF CHEVY-CHASE.

THE fine heroic song of Chevy-Chase has ever been admired by competent judges. Those genuine strokes of nature and artless passion, which have endeared it to the most simple readers, have recommended it to the most refined; and it has equally been the amusement of our childhood, and the favorite of our riper years.

Mr. Addison has given an excellent critique\* on this very popular ballad, but is mistaken with regard to the antiquity of the common-received copy; for this, if one may judge from the style, cannot be older than the time of Elizabeth, and was probably written after the eulogium of Sir Philip Sydney: perhaps in consequence of it. I flatter myself, I have here recovered the genuine antique poem; the true original song, which appeared rude even in the time of Sir Philip, and caused him to lament that it was so evil apperelled in the rugged garb of antiquity.

This curiosity is printed, from an old manuscript, at the end of Hearne's preface to Gul. Newbrigien-sis Hist. 1719, 8vo. vol. i. To the MS. copy is sub-joined the name of the author, Rychard Sheale†; whom Hearne had so little judgement as to suppose to be the same with a R. Sheale, who was living in 1588. But whoever examines the gradation of language and idiom in the following volumes, will be convinced that this is the production of an earlier poet. It is indeed expressly mentioned among some very ancient songs in an old book intituled, The Complaint of Scotland‡, (fol. 42), under the title of

the Huntis of Chevet, where the two following lines are also quoted:

The Perssee and the Mongumrys mette\*,  
That day, that day, that gentil day †:

which, though not quite the same as they stand in the ballad, yet differ not more than might be owing to the author's quoting from memory. Indeed, whoever considers the style and orthography of this old poem will not be inclined to place it lower than the time of Henry VI.: as on the other hand the mention of JAMES THE SCOTTISH KING,‡, with one or two anachronisms, forbids us to assign it an earlier date. King James I, who was prisoner in this kingdom at the death of his father§, did not wear the crown of Scotland till the second year of our Henry VI.||, but before the end of that long reign a third James had mounted the throne¶. A succession of two or three Jameses, and the long detention of one of them in England, would render the name familiar to the English, and dispose a poet in those rude times to give it to any Scottish king he happened to mention.

So much for the date of this old ballad: with regard to its subject, although it has no countenance from history, there is room to think it had originally some foundation in fact. It was one of the Laws of the Marches frequently renewed between the two nations, that neither party should hunt in the other's borders, without leave from the proprietors or their

\* Spectator, No. 76, 74.

† Subscribed, after the usual manner of our old poets, RYCHARD SHEALE (explicit) QUOTIA RICHARD SHEALE.

‡ One of the earliest productions of the Scottish press, now to be found. The title page was wanting in the copy here quoted; but it is supposed to have been printed in 1590. See Ames.

\* See Pt. 2. v. 25. † See Pt. 1. v. 104. ‡ Pt. 2. v. 26, 140.

§ Who died Aug. 5, 1400, in the 7th. year of our Hen. IV.

|| James I. was crowned May 22, 1424; murdered Feb. 21. 1460-7.

¶ In 1438.—Hen. VI. was deposed 1461: restored and slain, 1471.

deputies\*. There had long been a rivalry between the two martial families of Percy and Douglas, which, heightened by the national quarrel, must have produced frequent challenges and struggles for superiority, petty invasions of their respective domains, and sharp contests for the point of honour; which would not always be recorded in history. Something of this kind, we may suppose, gave rise to the ancient ballad of the Hunting a' the Cheviatt. Percy Earl of Northumberland had vowed to hunt for three days in the Scottish border, without condescending to ask leave from Earl Douglas, who was either lord of the soil, or lord warden of the marches. Douglas would not fail to resent the insult, and endeavour to repel the intruders by force: this would naturally produce a sharp conflict between the two parties; something of which, it is probable, did really happen, though not attended with the tragical circumstances recorded in the ballad: for these are evidently borrowed from the Battle of Otterbourn†, a very different event, but which aftertimes would easily confound with it. That battle might be owing to some such previous affront as this of Chevy-Chase, though it has escaped the notice of historians. Our poet has evidently jumbled the two subjects together: if indeed the lines‡, in which this mistake is made, are not rather spurious, and the after-insertion of some person, who did not distinguish between the two stories.

Hearne has printed this ballad without any division of stanzas, in long lines, as he found it in the old written copy: but it is usual to find the distinction of stanzas neglected in ancient MSS; where, to save room, two or three verses are frequently given in one line undivided. See flagrant instances in the Harleian Catalog. No. 2253. a. 29, 34, 61, 70, *et passim*.

## THE FIRST FIT||.

THE Persè owt of Northumberlande,  
And a vowe to God mayd he,  
That he wolde hunte in the mountayns  
Off Chyviat within dayes thre,  
In the mauger of doughte Dogles, 5  
And all that ever with him be.

The fattiste hartes in all Cheviat  
He sayd he wold kill, and cary them away:  
Be my feth, sayd the dougheti Douglas agayn,  
I wyll let that hontyng yf that I may. 10

Then the Persè owt of Banborowe cam,  
With him a myghtye meany;  
With fifteen hondrith archares bold;  
The wear chosen out of shyars thre\*.

V. 5. magger in Hearne's PC. [Printed Copy]. V. 11, The the Persè, PC. V. 13, archardes bolde off blood and bone, PC.

\* Item.... Concordatum est, quod.... nullus unius partis vel alterius Ingrediatu terras, boschas, forrestas, warrenas, loca, dominia quæcunque alicujus partis alterius subditi, causa venandi, piscandi, aucupandi, disportum aut solatinum in eisdem, aliave quæcunque de causa, absque licentia ejus ....ad quem.... loca.... pertinent, aut de deputatis suis prius capt. & obtent. Vid. Bp. Nicolson's Leges Marchiarum, 1705. 8vo, pp. 27, 51.

† This was the original title. See the ballad, Pt. 1. v. 100 Pt. 2. v. 165.

‡ See the next ballad.

§ Vid. Pt. 2. v. 167.

|| Fit, see ver. 100.

This begane on a Monday at morn 15  
In Cheviat the hillys so he;  
The chylid may rue that ys un-born,  
It was the mor pitté.

The dryvars tho'owe the woodes went 25  
For to reas the dear;  
Bosten bickarte uppone the bent  
With ther browd aras cleare.

Then the wyld thorowe the woodes went  
On every syde shear:  
Grea-hondes thorowe the greves glent 25  
For to kyll thear dear.

The begane in Chyviat the hyls above  
Yerly on a monnyn day;  
Be that it drewe to the oware off none 35  
A hondrith fat hartes ded ther lay.

The blewe a mort uppone the bent,  
The semblyd on sydis shear;  
To the querry then the Persè went  
To se the brytlynge off the deare.

He sayd, It was the Duglas promys 35  
This day to meet me hear;  
But I wyste he wold faylle verament:  
A gret oth the Persè swear.

At the laste a squyar of Northombelonde 40  
Lokyde at his hand full ny,  
He was war ath the doughetie Douglas comyng:  
With him a mighte meany,

Both with spear, 'byll,' and brande:  
Yt was a myghti sight to se,  
Hardyar men both off hart nar hande 45  
Were not in Christiantè.

The wear twenty hondrith spear-men good  
Withouten any fayle;  
The wear borne a-long be the watter a Twyde, 50  
Yth bowndes of Tividale.

Leave off the brytlyng of the dear, he sayde,  
And to your bowys look ye tayk good heed;  
For never sithe ye wear on your mothars borne  
Had ye never so mickle need.

The dougheti Dogglas on a stede 55  
He rode att his men beforne;  
His armor glytteryde as dyd a glede;  
A bolder barne was never born.

Tell me 'what' men ye ar, he says, 60  
Or whos men that ye be:  
Who gave youe leave to hunte in this  
Chyviat chays in the spyt of me?

V. 19, throrowe, PC. V. 31, biwe a mot, PC. V. 42, myghtie, PC. *passim*. V. 43, brylly, PC. V. 48, withowte....reke, PC. V. 52, boys, PC. V. 54, ned, PC. V. 59, whos, PC.

\* By these "*shyars thre*" is probably meant three districts in Northumberland, which still go by the name of *shires*, and are all in the neighbourhood of *Cheviot*. These are *Islandshire*, being the district so named from Holy-Island: *Norehamshire*, so called from the town and castle of Noreham (or Norham): and *Bamboroughshire*, the ward or hundred belonging to Bamborough-castle and town.

The first mane that ever him an answeare mayd,  
Yt was the good lord Persè :  
We wyll not tell the ' what' men we ar, he says, 65  
Nor whos men that we be ;  
But we wyll hount hear in this chays  
In the spyte of thyne, and of the.

The fattiste hartes in all Chyviat  
We have kyld, and cast to carry them a-way. 70  
Be my troth, sayd the doughtè Dogglas agayn,  
Ther-for the ton of us shall de this day.

Then sayd the doughtè Doglas  
Unto the lord Persè :  
To kyll all thes giltless men, 75  
A-las! it wear great pittè

But, Persè, thowe art a lord of lande,  
I am a yerle callyd within my contre ;  
Let all our men uppone a parti stande ;  
And do the battell off the and of me. 80

Now Cristes cors on his crowne, sayd the lord Persè,  
Who-soever ther-to says nay.  
Be my troth, doughtè Doglas, he says,  
Thow shalt never se that day ;

Nethar in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar France, 85  
Nor for no man of a woman born,  
But and fortune be my chance,  
I dar met him on man for on.

Then bespayke a squyar off Northombarlonde,  
Ric. Wytharynton\* was him nam ; 90  
It shall never be told in Sothe-Ynglonde, he says,  
To kyng Herry the fourth for sham.

I wat youe byn great lordes twaw,  
I am a poor squyar of lande ;  
I will never se my captayne fyght on a fylde, 95  
And stande my-selfe, and looke on,  
But whyll I may my weppone welde,  
I wyll not ' fayl' both harte and hande.

That day, that day, that dredfull day :  
The first fit here I fynde. 100  
And youe wyll here any mor athe hountyng athe  
Yet ys ther mor behynde. [Chyviat,

## THE SECOND FIT.

THE Yngglishe men hade ther bowys yebent,  
Ther hartes were good yenoughe ;  
The first of arros that the shote off,  
Seven skore spear-men the sloughe.

Yet bydys the yerle Doglas uppon the bent, 5  
A captayne good yenoughe,  
And that was sene verament,  
For he wrought hom both woo and wouche.

V. 63, whoys, PC. V. 71, agay, PC. V. 81, sayd the the. PC. V. 88, on, i. e. one. V. 3, first, i. e. sight. V. 5, byddys, PC.

\* This is probably corrupted in the MS. for *Rog Widdington*, who was at the head of the family in the reign of K. Edw. III. There were several successively of the names of Roger and Ralph, but none of the name of Richard, as appears from the genealogies in the Heralds office.  
† Fit, vid. Gloss.

The Dogglas pertyd his ost in thre,  
Lyk a cheffe cheften off pryde, 10  
With suar speares off myghttè tre  
The cum in on every syde.

Thrughe our Yngglishe archery  
Gave many a wounde full wyde ;  
Manv a doughete the garde to dy,  
Which ganyde them no pryde. 15

The Yngglyshe men let thear bowys be,  
And pulde owt brandes that wer bright ;  
It was a hevy syght to se  
Bryght swordes on basnites lyght. 20

Thorowe ryche male, and myne-ye-ple  
Many sterne the stroke downe streight :  
Many a freyke, that was full free,  
That undar foot dyd lyght.

At last the Duglas and the Persè met,  
Lyk to captayns of myght and mayne ;  
The swapte togethar tyll the both swat  
With swordes, that wear of fyn myllan. 25

Thes worthè freckys for to fyght  
Ther-to the wear full fayne, 30  
Tyll the bloode owte off their basnetes sprante,  
As ever dyd heal or rayne.

Holde the, Persè, sayd the Doglas,  
And i' feth I shall the bryng  
Wher thowe shalte have a yerls wagis  
Of Jamy our Scottissh kynge. 35

Thoue shalte have thy ransom fre,  
I hight the hear this thinge,  
For the manfullyste man yet art thowe,  
That ever I conqueryd in filde fightyng. 40

Nay ' then' sayd the lord Persè,  
I tolde it the beforne,  
That I wolde never yeldyde be  
To no man of a woman born.

With that ther cam an arrowe hastily  
Forth off a mightie wane\*, 45  
Hit hathe strekene the yerle Duglas  
In at the brest bane.

Thoroue lyvar and longs bathe  
The sharp arrowe ys gane, 50  
That never after in all his lyffe days,  
He spayke mo wordes but ane,  
That was t, Fyghte ye, my merry men, whylls ye  
may,  
For my lyff days ben gan.

The Persè leanyde on his brande, 55  
And sawe the Duglas de ;  
He tooke the dede man be the hande,  
And sayd, Wo ys me for the !

V. 17, boys, P. C. V. 18, briggt, PC. V. 21, thorowe, PC. V. 22, done, PC. V. 26, to, i. e. two. Ibid, and of, PC. V. 32, ran, PC. V. 33, helde, PC. V. 46, thorowe, PC.

\* Wane, i. e. sne, one, sc. man, an arrow came from a mighty one: from a mighty man.

† This seems to have been a Gloss added.

<p>To have sayvde thy lyffe I wold have pertyd with My landes for years thre, 60 For a better man of hart, nare of hande Was not in all the north countrè.</p> <p>Off all that se a Skottishe knyght, Was callyd Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry, He sawe the Duglas to the deth was dyght; 65 He spendyd a spear a trusti tre :</p> <p>He rod uppon a corsiare Throughe a hondrith archery ; He never styntyd, nar never blane, Tyll he cam to the good lord Persè. 70</p> <p>He set uppone the lord Persè A dynte that was full soare ; With a suar spear of a myghtè tre Clean thorow the body he the Persè bore,</p> <p>Athe tothar syde, that a man myght se, 75 A large cloth yard and mare : Towe better captayns wear nat in Christiantè, Then that day slain wear ther.</p> <p>An archer off Northomberlonde Say slean was the lord Persè, He bar a hende-bow in his hande, Was made off trusti tre : 80</p> <p>An arow, that a cloth yarde was lang, To th' hard stele haylde he ; A dynt, that was both sad and sore, He sat on Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry. 85</p> <p>The dynt yt was both sad and sar, That he of Mongon-byrry sete ; The swane-fethars, that his arrowe bar, With his hart blood the wear wete*. 90</p> <p>Ther was never a freake wone foot wolde fle, But still in stour dyd stand, Heavyng on yche othar, whyll the myght dre, With many a bal-ful brande.</p> <p>This battell begane in Chyviat 95 An owar befor the none, And when even song bell was rang The battell was nat half done.</p> <p>The tooke 'on' on ethar hand Be the lyght off the mone ; 100 Many hade no strenght for to stande, In Chyviat the hyllys aboun.</p> <p>Of fifteen hondrith archers of Ynglonde Went away but fifti and thre ; Of twenty hondrith spear-men of Skotlonde, 105 But even five and fifti :</p> <p>But all wear slayne Cheviat within : The hade no strengthe to stand on hie ; The chyld may rue that ys un-borne, It was the mor pittè. 110</p>	<p>Thear was slayne with the lord Persè Sir John of Agerstone, Sir Roge the hinde Hartly, Sir Wyllyam the bolde Hearone.</p> <p>Sir Jorg the worthè Lovele 115 A knyght of great renowen, Sir Raff the rych Rugbè With dyntes wear beaten dowane.</p> <p>For Wetharryngton my harte was wo, That ever he slayne shulde be ; 120 For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to, Yet he knyld and fought on hys kne.</p> <p>Ther was slayne with the dougheti Douglas Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry, Sir Dawaye Lwdale, that worthè was, 125 His sisters son was he :</p> <p>Sir Charles a Murrè, in that place, That never a foot wolde fle ; Sir Hewe Maxwell, a lorde he was, With the Duglas dyd he dey. 130</p> <p>So on the morrowe the mayde them byears Off byrch, and hasell so 'gray' ; Many wedous with wepyng tears* Cam to fath ther makys a-way.</p> <p>Tivydale may carpe off care, 135 Northombarlond may mayk grat mone, For towe such captayns, as slayne wear thear, On the march perti shall never be none.</p> <p>Word ys comen to Edden burrowe, To Jany the Skottishe kyng, 140 That dougheti Duglas, lyff-tenant of the Merches, He lay slean Chyviot with-in.</p> <p>His handdes did he weal and wryng, He sayd, Alas, and woe ys me ! Such another captayn Skotland within, 145 He sayd, y-feth shud never be.</p> <p>Worde ys commyn to lovy Londone Till the fourth Harry our kyng, That lord Persè, leyff-tennant of the Merchis, He lay slayne Chyviat within. 150</p> <p>God have merci on his soll, sayd kyng Harry, Good lord, yf thy will it be ! I have a hondrith captayns in Ynglonde, he sayd. As good as ever was hee : 155 But Persè, and I brook my lyffe, Thy deth well quyte shall be.</p>
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V. 74, ber, PC. V. 80, Say, l. e. Sawe, V. 84, haylde, PC. V. 87, sar, PC. V. 102, abou, PC. V. 108, strengte, ... by, PC.

\* This incident is taken from the battle of Otterbourne; in which Sir Hugh Montgomery, kat. (son of John Lord Montgomery) was slain with an arrow. Vid. Crawford's Peerage.

V. 115, Ionle, PC. V. 121, in to, l. e. in two. V. 122, kny, PC. V. 132, gay, PC. V. 136, mon, PC. V. 138, non, PC. V. 146, ye aeth, PC. V. 149, cheyff teunant, PC.

For the names in this page, see the Remarks at the end of the next Ballad.

\* A common pleonasm, see the next poem, Fit 2d. v. 155. So Hardlug, in his Chronicle, chap. 140, fol. 138, describing the death of Richard I. says,

He shrove him then unto Abbots thre  
With great sobbyng . . . and wepyng teares.

So likewise Cavendish in his Life of Cardinal Wolsey, chap. 12, p. 31, 4to. "When the duke heard this, he repiled with weeping teares," &c.

As our noble kyng made his a-vowe,  
 Lyke a noble prince of renouen,  
 For the deth of the lord Persè,  
 He dyd the battal of Hombyll-down : 160

Wher syx and thritte Skottish knyghtes  
 On a day wear beaten down :  
 Glendale glytteryde on ther armor bryght,  
 Over castill, towar, and town.

This was the hontynge off the Cheviat ; 163  
 That tear begane this spurn :  
 Old men that knowen the grownde well yenoughe,  
 Call it the Battell of Otterburn.

At Otterburn began this spurne  
 Uppon a moonnyn day : 170  
 Ther was the dougghtè Douglas alean,  
 The Persè never went away.

Ther was never a tym on the march partes  
 Sen the Douglas and the Persè met,  
 But yt was marvele, and the redde blude ronne not,  
 As the reane doys in the stret. 176

Jhesue Christ our balyz bete,  
 And to the blys us brynge !  
 Thus was the hountynge of the Chevyat :  
 God send us all good ending ! 180

•• The style of this and the following ballad is uncommonly rugged and uncouth, owing to their being writ in the very coarsest and broadest northern dialect.

The battle of Hombyll-down, or Humbledon, was fought Sept. 14, 1402 (anno 3 Hen. IV.), wherein the English, under the command of the E. of Northumberland, and his son Hotspur, gained a complete victory over the Scots. The village of Humbledon is one mile north-west from Wooler, in Northumberland. The battle was fought in the field below the village, near the present turnpike road, in a spot called ever since *Red-Riggs*.—Humbledon is in Glendale Ward, a district so named in this county, and mentioned above in ver. 163.

## II.

## THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

THE only battle, wherein an Earl of Douglas was slain fighting with a Percy, was that of Otterbourn, which is the subject of this ballad. It is here related with the allowable partiality of an English poet, and much in the same manner as it is recorded in the English Chronicles. The Scottish writers have, with a partiality at least as excusable, related it no less in their own favour. Luckily we have a very circumstantial narrative of the whole affair from Froissart, a French historian, who appears to be unbiassed. Froissart's relation is prolix ; I shall therefore give it, with a few corrections, as abridged by Carte, who has however had recourse to other authorities, and differs from Froissart in some things, which I shall note in the margin.

In the twelfth year of Richard II., 1388, "The Scots taking advantage of the confusions of this nation, and falling with a party into the West-marches, ravaged the country about Carlisle, and carried off three hundred prisoners. It was with a much greater force, headed by some of the principal nobility, that, in the beginning of August\*, they invaded Northumberland; and, having wasted part of the county of Durham†, advanced to the gates of Newcastle; where, in a skirmish, they took a 'penon' or colours‡ belonging to Henry Lord Percy, surnamed Hotspur, son to the Earl of Northumberland. In their retreat home, they attacked a castle near Otterbourn: and, in the evening of Aug. 9, (as the English writers say; or rather, according to Froissart, Aug. 15,) after an unsuccessful assault, were

surprised in their camp, which was very strong, by Henry, who at the first onset put them into a good deal of confusion. But James, Earl of Douglas, rallying his men, there ensued one of the best-fought actions that happened in that age; both armies showing the utmost bravery\*; the Earl Douglas himself being slain on the spot‡; the Earl of Murray mortally wounded; and Hotspur,§ with his brother Ralph Percy, taken prisoners. These disasters on both sides have given occasion to the event of the engagement's being disputed; Froissart (who derives his relation from a Scotch knight, two gentlemen of the same country, and as many of Foix)¶ affirming that the Scots remained masters of the field: and the English writers insinuating the contrary. These last maintain that the English had the better of the day: but night coming on, some of the northern lords, coming with the Bishop of Durham to their assistance, killed many of them by mistake, supposing them to be Scots; and the Earl of Dunbar, at the same time falling on another aide upon Hotspur, took him and his brother prisoners, and carried them off while both parties were fighting. It is at least certain, that immediately after this battle the Scots engaged in it made the best of their way home:

\* Froissart says the English exceeded the Scots in number three to one, but that these had the advantage of the ground, and were also fresh from sleep, while the English were greatly fatigued with their previous march.

† By Henry L. Percy, according to this ballad, and our old English historians, as Stow, Speed, &c. but borne down by numbers, if we may believe Froissart.

‡ Hotspur (after a very sharp conflict) was taken prisoner by John Lord Montgomery, whose eldest son, Sir Hugh, was slain in the same action with an arrow, according to Crawford's Peerage (and seems also to be alluded to in the foregoing ballad, but taken prisoner and exchanged for Hotspur, according to this ballad).

§ Froissart (according to the Eng. Translation) says he had his account from two squires of England, and from a knight and squire of Scotland, soon after the battle.

\* Froissart speaks of both parties (consisting in all of more than 40,000 men) as entering England at the same time; but the greater part by way of Carlisle.

† And, according to the ballad, that part of Northumberland called Bamboroughshire; a large tract of land so named from the town and castle of Bamborough, formerly the residence of the Northumbrian Kings.

‡ This circumstance is omitted in the ballad. Hotspur and Douglas were two young warriors much of the same age.



and the same party was taken by the other corps about Carlisle."

Such is the account collected by Carte, in which he seems not to be free from partiality: for prejudice must own that Froissart's circumstantial account carries a great appearance of truth, and he gives the victory to the Scots. He however does justice to the courage of both parties; and represents their mutual generosity in such a light, that the present age might edify by the example. "The Englysshmen on the one partye, and Scottes on the other party, are good men of warre, for when they mete, there is a hard fighte without sparynge. There is no hoo<sup>a</sup> betwene them as long as speares, swordes, axes, or dager wyll endure; but lay on eche upon other: and whan they be well beaten, and that the one party hath obtayned the victory, they than gloriye so in their dedes of armes, and are so joyfull, that suche as be taken, they shall be ransomed or they go out of the feldet; so that shortly eche of them is so contente with other, that at their departynges curtyously they will saye, God thanke you. But in fyghtyng one with another there is no playe, nor sparynge." Froissart's Cronycle (as translated by Sir Johan Bourchier Lord Berners), cap. cxlij.

The following Ballad is (in this present edition) printed from an old MS. in the Cotton Library† (Cleopatra, c. iv.) and contains many stanzas more than were in the former copy, which was transcribed from a MS. in the Harleian Collection [No. 293. fol. 52.] In the Cotton MS. this poem has no title, but in the Harleian copy it is thus inscribed, "A songe made in R. 2. his tyme of the battele of Otterburne, betwene Lord Henry Percy, Earle of Northumberlande, and the Earle Douglas of Scotlande, Anno 1388."—But this title is erroneous, and added by some ignorant transcriber of after-times: for, 1. The battle was not fought by the Earl of Northumberland, who was absent, but by his son Sir Henry Percy, Knt. surnamed Hotspur, (in those times they did not usually give the title of lord to an earl's eldest son.) 2. Although the battle was fought in Richard II.'s time, the song is evidently of later date, as appears from the poet's quoting the chronicles in Pt. II. ver. 26; and speaking of Percy in the last stanza as dead. It was however written in all likelihood as early as the foregoing song, if not earlier. This perhaps may be inferred from the minute circumstances with which the story is related, many of which are recorded in no chronicle, and were probably preserved in the memory of old people. It will be observed that the authors of these two poems have some lines in common; but which of them was the original proprietor must depend upon their priority; and this the sagacity of the reader must determine.

Yr felle abowght the Lamasse tyde,  
When husbonds wynn ther haye,  
The dowhtye Dowglass bowynd hym to ryde,  
In Yngland to take a praye:

V. 2, winn their heaye, Harl. MS. This is the Northumberland phrase to this day: by which they always express "getting in their hay."

"So in Langham's letter concerning Q. Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth Castle, 1575, 12mo. p. 61. "Heer was no ho in devout drynkyn."

† I. e. They scorn to take the advantage, or to keep them lingering in long captivity.

‡ The notice of this MS. I must acknowledge with many other obligations, owish to the friendship of Thomas Tyrwhitt, Esq. late Clerk of the House of Commons.

The yerlle of Fyffe\*, withowghten stryffe, † 5  
He bowynd hym over Sulway†:  
The grete wolde ever together ryde;  
That race they may rue for aye.

Over 'Ottercap' hyl they† came in,  
And so down by Rodelyffecragge, 1  
Upon Grene 'Leyton' they lighted dowyn,  
Styrande many a stagge;

And boldely brente Northomberlonde,  
And haryed many a towyn;  
They dyd owr Ynglyssh men grete wrange, 1  
To battell that were not bowyn.

Than spake a berne upon the bent,  
Of comforte that was not colde,  
And sayd, We have brent Northomberlond, 2  
We have all welth in holde.

Now we have haryed all Bamboroweshyre,  
All the welth in the worlde have wee;  
I rede we ryde to Newe Castell,  
So styll and stalwurthlye.

Uppon the morowe, when it was daye, 2  
The standards schone fulle bryght;  
To the Newe Castelle the toke the waye,  
And thether they cam fulle ryght.

Sir Henry Percy laye at the Newe Castelle,  
I telle yow withowtten drede; \* 3  
He had byn a march-man‡ all his dayes,  
And kepte Barwyke upon Twede.

To the Newe Castell when they cam,  
The Skottes they cryde on byght,  
Syr Harye Percy, and thow byste within, 3  
Com to the fyld, and fyght:

For we have brente Northomberlonde,  
Thy eritage good and ryght;  
And syne my logeyng I have take,  
With my brande dubbyd many a knyght. 4

Sir Harry Percy cam to the walles,  
The Skottysch oste for to se;  
"And thow hast brente Northomberlond,  
Full sore it rewyt me.

V. 12 This line is corrupt in both the MSS. viz. 'May a styrande stage.'—Stags have been killed within the present century on some of the large wastes in Northumberland. V. 26, syne seems here to mean since.

\* Robert Stewart, second son of King Robert II.

† I. e. "over Solway frith." This evidently refers to the other division of the Scottish army, which came in by way of Carlisle. — Bowynd, or Bounde him: i. e. hied him. Vld. Gloss.

‡ They: sc. the Earl of Douglas and his party.—The several stations here mentioned are well-known places in Northumberland. Ottercap-hill is in the parish of Kirk-Whelpington, in Tyndale-ward. Rodelyffe (or as it is more usually pronounced Rodeley-) Cragge is a noted cliff near Rodeley, a small village in the parish of Hartburn, in Morpeth ward: it lies south-east of Ottercap, and has, within these few years, been distinguished by a small tower erected by Sir Walter Blacket, Bart., which, in Armstrong's map of Northumberland, is pomposely called Rodeley-castle. Green Leyton is another small village in the same parish of Hartburn, and is south-east of Rodeley.—Both the original MSS. read here corruptly, Hoppertop and Lynton.

§ Marche-man. i. e. a scowrer of the marches.

Yf thou hast haryed all Bambarowe shyre, 45  
Thow hast done me grete envye;  
For the trespasse thow hast me done,  
The tone of us schall dye."

Where schall I byde the? sayd the Dowglas,  
Or where wylte thow come to me? 50  
"At Otterborne in the hygh way",  
Ther maist thow well logeed be.

The roo full rekeles ther sche rinnes,  
To make the game and glee:  
The fawkon and the fesaunt both, 55  
Amonge on the holtes on 'hee.'

Ther maist thow have thy welth at wyll,  
Well looged ther maist be.  
Yt schall not be long, or I com the tyll," 60  
Sayd Syr Harry Percy.

Ther schall I byde the, sayd the Dowglas,  
By the fayth of my bodye.  
Thether schall I com, sayd Syr Harry Percy;  
My trowth I plyght to the.

A pype of wyne he gave them over the walles, 65  
For soth, as I yow saye:  
Ther he mayd the Douglas drynke,  
And all hys oste that daye.

The Dowglas turnyd hym homewarde agayne,  
For soth withowghten naye, 70  
He tooke his logeyng at Oterborne  
Uppon a Wedyns-day:

And there he pyght hys standerd downy,  
Hys gettingyng more and lesse,  
And syne he warnyd hys men to goo 75  
To chose ther geldyngs greesse.

A Skottysahe knyght hoved upon the bent,  
A wache I dare well saye:  
So was he ware on the noble Percy  
In the dawninge of the daye. 80

He prycked to his pavyleon dore,  
As faste as he myght ronne,  
Awaken, Dowglas, cryed the knyght,  
For hys love, that syttes yn trone.

Awaken, Dowglas, cryed the knyght, 85  
For thow maiste waken wyth wyne:  
Yender have I spyed the prowde Percy,  
And seven standardes wyth hym.

Nay by my trowth, the Douglas sayed,  
It ys but a fayned taylle: 90  
He durste not loke on my bred banner,  
For all Ynglonde so haylle.

Was I not yesterdays at the Newe Castell,  
That stonds so fayre on Tyne?  
For all the men the Percy hade, 95  
He cowde not garre me ones to dyne.

He stepped owt at hys pavyleon dore,  
To loke and it were lesse;  
Araye yow, lordyngs, one and all, 100  
For here bygynnes no peysse

The yerle of Mentayne\*, thow arte my eme, 4-  
The forwarde I gyve to the:  
The yerle of Huntlay cawte and kene,  
He schall wyth the be.

The lorde of Bowghant† in armure bryght 105  
On the other hand he schall be;  
Lord Jhonstone and lorde Maxwell,  
They to schall be with me.

Swynton fayre fylde upon your pryde 4-  
To batell make yow bowen: 11C  
Syr Davy Scottie, Syr Walter Stewarda,  
Syr Jhon of Agurstone.

## A FYTTE.

THE Persay came byfore hys oste,  
Wych was ever a gentyll knyght,  
Upon the Dowglas lowde can be crye,  
I wyll holde that I have hyght:

For thow haste brente Northumberlonde, 5  
And done me grete envye;  
For thys trespasse thou hast me done,  
The tone of us schall dye.

The Dowglas answerde hym agayne  
With grete wurdys up on 'hee,' 10  
And sayd, I have twenty agaynst 'thy' onet  
Byholde and thow maiste see.

Wyth that the Percy was grevyd sore,  
For sothe as I yow saye:  
[§ He lyghted downy upon his fote, 15  
And schoote his horsse cleene away.

Every man sawe that he dyd soo,  
That ryall was ever in rowght;  
Every man schoote hys horsse him froo, 20  
And lyght hym rowynde abowght.

Thus Syr Hary Percy toke the fylde,  
For soth, as I yow saye:  
Jesu Cryste in hevyn on hyght  
Dyd helpe hym well that daye.

But nyne thowzand, ther was no moo; 25  
The cronikle wyll not layne:  
Forty thowsande Skottes and fowre  
That day fowght them agayne.

But when the batell byganne to joyne,  
In hast ther came a knyght, 30  
'Then' letters fayre furth hath he tayne,  
And thus he sayd full ryght:

My lorde, your father he gretes yow well,  
Wyth many a noble knyght;  
He desyres yow to byde 35  
That he may see thys fyght.

V. 53, Roe-bucks were to be found upon the wastes not far from Hexham in the reign of Geo. I. — Whitfield, Esq., of Whitfield, is said to have destroyed the last of them.

V. 56, hyc, MSS. V. 77, upon the best bent, MS.

\* Otterbourne is near the old Watling-street road, in the parish of Eladon. The Scots were encamped in a grassy plain near the river Read. The place where the Scots and English fought is still called Battle Riggs.

V. 1, 13, Percy, al. MS. V. 4. I will hold to what I have promised. V. 10, hyc, MSS. V. 11, the one, MS.

† The Earl of Mentelith.

† The Lord Buchan.

‡ He probably magnifies his strength to induce him to surrender.

§ All that follows, included in brackets, was not in the first edition.

- The Baron of Grastoke ys com owt of the west,  
With him a noble companye;  
All they logs at your fathers thys nyght,  
And the battel fayne wold they see. 40
- For Jesu's love, sayd Syr Harye Percy,  
That dyed for yow and me,  
Wende to my lorde my father agayne,  
And saye thou saw me not with yee:
- + My trowth ys plight to yonne Skottysch knyght, 45  
It nedes me not to layne,  
That I schulde hyde hym upon thys bent,  
And I have hys trowth agayne:
- And if that I wende off thys grownde  
For soth unfoughten awaye, 50  
He wolde me call but a kowarde knyght  
In hys londe another daye.
- Yet had I lever to be rynde and rente,  
By Mary that mykel maye;  
Then ever my manhood schulde be reprovyd 55  
Wyth a Skotte another daye.
- Wherfore schote, archars, for my sake,  
And let scharpe arowes flee:  
Mynstrella, play up for your waryson,  
And well quyt it schall be. 60
- Every man thynke on hys trewe love,  
And marke hym to the Trenite:  
For to God I make myne awowe  
Thys day wyll I not fle.
- The blodye harte in the Dowglas armes, 65  
Hys standerde stode on hye;  
That every man myght full well knowe:  
By syde stode Starres thre:
- The whyte Lyon on the Ynglysh parte,  
Forsoth as I yow sayne; 70  
The Lucetts and the Cressawnts both:  
The Skottes faught them agayne\*.]
- Uppon sent Andrewe lowde cane they crye,  
And thrysse they schowte on hyght,  
And syne marked them one owr Ynglysahe men, 75  
As I have told yow ryght.
- + Sent George the bryght owr ladies knyght,  
To name theyt were full fayne,  
Owr Ynglysahe men they cryde on hyght,  
And thryssae the schowtte agayne. 80
- Wyth that scharpe arowes bygan to flee,  
I tell yow in sertayne;  
Men of armes byganne to joyne;  
Many a dowghty man was ther slayne.
- The Percy and the Dowglas mette, 85  
That ether of other was fayne;  
They schapped together, whyll that the swette,  
With swords of fyne Collayne;
- Tyll the bloode from ther bassonnetts ranne,  
As the roke doth in the rayne. 90  
Yelde the to me, sayd the Dowglas,  
Or els thou schalt be slayne:
- For I see, by thy bryght bassonnet,  
Thow arte sum man of myght,  
And so I do by thy burnysshed brande, 95  
Thow art an yerle, or ells a knyght\*.
- By my good faythe, sayd the noble Percy,  
Now haste thou rede full ryght,  
Yet wyll I never yelde me to the,  
Whyll I may stonde and fyght. 100
- They swappd together, whyll that they swette,  
Wyth swordes scharpe and long;  
Ych on other so faste they beette,  
Tyll ther helmes cam in peyses downe.
- The Percy was a man of strength, 105  
I tell yow in thys stounde,  
He smote the Dowglas at the swordes length,  
That he felle to the growynde.
- The sworde was scharpe and sore can byte,  
I tell yow in sertayne; 110  
To the harte, he cowde hym smyte,  
Thus was the Dowglas slayne.
- The stonderds stode styll on eke syde,  
With many a grevous grone;  
Ther the fought the day, and all the nyght, 115  
And many a dowghty man was 'slone.'
- Ther was no freke, that ther wolde flye,  
But styffly in stowre can stond,  
Yehone hewing on other whyll they myght drive. 120  
Wyth many a bayllefyll bronde.
- Ther was slayne upon the Skottes syde,  
For soth and sertenly,  
Syr James a Dowglas ther was slayne,  
That daye that he cowde dye.
- The yerle Mentaye of he was slayne, 125  
Grysely groned uppon the growynd;  
Syr Davy Scotte, Syr Walter Steward,  
Syr 'John' of Agurstonnet.
- Syr Charles Morrey in that place,  
That never a fote wold flye; 130  
Sir Hughe Maxwelle, a lord he was,  
With the Dowglas dyd he dye.
- Ther was slayne upon the Skottes syde,  
For soth as I yow saye,  
Of fowre and forty thowsande Scottis 135  
Went but eyghtene awaye.
- Ther was slayne upon the Ynglysahe syde,  
For soth and sertenlye,  
A gentell knyght, Sir John Fitz-hughe,  
Yt was the more petye. 140

\* The ancient Arms of Douglas are pretty accurately emblazoned in the former stanza, and if the readings were, *The crowned harte*, and *Above stode starres thre*, it would be minutely exact at this day.—As for the Percy family, one of their ancient Badges or Cognizances was a *white Lyon Statant*, and the *Silver Crescent* continues to be used by them to this day: they also give *three Lucas Argent* for one of their quarters.

† L. e. The English.

V. 116, slayne, MSS. V. 124, l. e. He died that day.

V. 143, Covelle, M.S.—For the names in this page see the Remarks at the end of this ballad.

\* Being all in armour he could not know him.

† Our old minstrel repeats these names, as Homer and

Virgil do those of their heroes:

"—fortemque Gyam, fortemque Cloanthum, &c. &c.

Both the MSS. read here, "*Sir James*," but see above,

pt. I. ver. 112.

Syr James Harebotell ther was slayne,  
 For hym ther hartes were sore,  
 The gentyll 'Lovel' ther was slayne,  
 That the Percyes standard bore.

Ther was slayne uppon the Ynglyssh perte, 145  
 For soth as I yow saye :  
 Of nyne thousand Ynglyssh men  
 Fyve hondert cam awaye :

The other were slayne in the fylde,  
 Cryste kepe their sowles from wo, 150  
 Seyng ther was so few fryndes  
 Agaynst so many a foo.

Then one the morne they mayd them beeres  
 Of byrch, and haysell graye ;  
 Many a wydowe with wepyng teyres 155  
 Ther makes they fette awaye.

Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne,  
 Bytwene the nyghte and the day :  
 Ther the Dowglas lost hys lyfe,  
 And the Percy was lede awaye\*. 160

Then was ther a Scottyshe prisoner tayne,  
 Syr Hughe Montgomery was hys name,  
 For soth as I yow saye,  
 He borrowed the Percy home agayne †.

Now let us all for the Percy praye 165  
 To Jesu most of myght,  
 To bryng his sowle to the blysse of heven,  
 For he was a gentyll knight.

\*. \* Most of the names in the two preceding ballads, are found to have belonged to families of distinction in the North, as may be made appear from authentic records. Thus in

## THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF CHEVY-CHASE.

Ver. 112, Agerstone.] The family of HAGGERSTON of Haggerston, near Berwick, has been seated there for many centuries, and still remains. Thomas Haggerston was among the commissioners returned for Northumberland in 12 Hen. VI., 1433. (Fuller's Worthies, p. 310.) The head of this family, at present is, Sir Thomas Haggerston, Bart. of Haggerston above mention.

N.B. The name is spelt Agerstone, as in the text, in Leland's Itinerary, vol. vii. p. 54.

Ver. 113, Hartly.] Hartley is a village near the sea in the barony of Tinemouth, about 7 miles from North Shields. It probably gave name to a family of note at that time.

Ver. 114, Hearone.] This family, one of the most ancient, was long of great consideration, in Northumberland. Haddeston, the *Caput Baronie* of Heron, was their ancient residence. It descended, 25 Edw. I. to the heir general Emiline Heron, afterwards Baroness Darcy.—Ford, &c. and Bockenfield (in. com. codum) went at the same time to Roger

Heron, the heir male ; whose descendants were summoned to Parliament : Sir William Heron, of Ford Castle being summoned 44 Edw. III. Ford Castle hath descended by heirs general to the family of Delaval (mentioned in the next article).—Robert Heron, Esq., who died at Newark, in 1753, (father of the Right Hon. Sir Richard Heron, Bart.) was heir male of the Herons of Bockenfield, a younger branch of this family.—Sir Thomas Heron Middleton, Bart. is heir male of the Herons of Chip-Chase, another branch of the Herons of Ford Castle.

Ver. 115, Lovele.] Joh. de Lavale, miles, was sheriff of Northumberland, 34 Hen. VII. Joh. de Lavele, mil. in the 1 Edw. VI. and afterwards. (Fuller, 313.) In Nicholson this name is spelt Da Lovel, p. 304. This seems to be the ancient family of Delaval, of Seaton Delaval, in Northumberland, whose ancestor was one of the twenty-five barons appointed to be guardians of Magna Charta.

Ver. 117, Rugbè.] The ancient family of Rokeby, in Yorkshire, seems to be here intended. In Thoresby's Ducat. I. eod. p. 253, fol. is a genealogy of this house, by which it appears that the head of the family, about the time when this ballad was written, was Sir Ralph Rokeby, Knt. Ralph being a common name of the Rokebys.

Ver. 119, Wetharrington.] Rog. de Widrington was sheriff of Northumberland in 36 of Edw. III. (Fuller, p. 311.) Joh. de Widrington in 11 of Hen. IV., and many others of the same name afterwards. See also Nicholson, p. 331. Of this family was the late Lord Witherington.

Ver. 124, Mongon-byrry.] Sir Hugh Montgomery was son of John Lord Montgomery, the lineal ancestor of the present Earl of Eglinton.

Ver. 125, Lwdale.] The ancient family of the Liddels were originally from Scotland, where they were Lords of Liddel Castle, and of the barony of Buff. (Vid. Collins's Peerage. The head of this family is the present Lord Ravensworth, of Ravensworth Castle, in the county of Durham.

## IN THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

Ver. 101, Mentaye.] At the time of this battle, the Earldom of Menteith was possessed by Robert Stewart, Earl of Fife, third son of King Robert II., who, according to Buchanan, commanded the Scots that entered by Carlisle. But our minstrel had probably an eye to the family of Graham, who had this earldom when the ballad was written. See Douglas's Peerage of Scotland, 1764, fol.

Ver. 103, Huntleye.] This shows this ballad was not composed before 1449 ; for in that year Alexander Lord of Gordon and Huntley was created Earl of Huntley by King James II.

Ver. 105, Bowghan.] The Earl of Buchan at that time was Alexander Stewart, fourth son of King Robert II.

Ver. 107, Jhonstone—Maxwell.] These two families of Johnstone, Lord of Johnston, and Maxwell, Lord of Maxwell, were always very powerful on the borders. Of the former family was Johnston Marquis of Annandale : of the latter was Maxwell Earl of Nithsdale. I cannot find that any chief of this family was named Sir Hugh ; but Sir Herbert Maxwell was about this time much distinguished. (See Doug.) This might have been originally written Sir H. Maxwell, and by transcribers converted

V. 453, one, i. e. on.

V. 105, Percyes, Harl. MS.

\* sc. Captive.

† In the Cotton M.S. is the following note on ver. 104, in an ancient hand :

"Syr Hewe Montgomery takyn pilsonar, was delyvered for the restorynge of Percy."

into Sir Hugh. So above, in No I. v. 90, Richard is contracted into Ric.

Ver. 109, Swynton.] i. e. The Laird of Swinton; a small village within the Scottish border, 3 miles from Norham. This family still subsists, and is very ancient.

Ver. 111, Scotte.] The illustrious family of Scot, ancestors of the Duke of Buccleugh, always made a great figure on the borders. Sir Walter Scot was at the head of this family when the battle was fought; but his great-grandson, Sir David Scot, was the hero of that house when the ballad was written.

Ibid, Stewarde.] The person here designed was probably Sir Walter Stewart, Lord of Dalswinton and Garlies, who was eminent at that time. (See Doug.) From him is descended the present Earl of Galloway.

Ver. 112, Agurstone.] The seat of this family was sometimes subject to the Kings of Scotland. Thus Richardus Hagerstoun, miles, is one of the Scottish knights who signed a treaty with the English in 1249, temp. Hen. III. (Nicholson, p. 2,

note.) It was the fate of many parts of Northumberland often to change their masters, according as the Scottish or English arms prevailed.

Ver. 129, Morrey.] The person here meant was probably Sir Charles Murray of Cockpool, who flourished at that time, and was ancestor of the Murrays some time Earls of Annandale. See Doug. Peerage.

Ver. 139, Fitz-hughe.] Dugdale (in his Barons, vol. i. p. 403) informs us that John, son of Henry Lord Fitzhugh, was killed at the battle of Otterbourne. This was a Northumberland family. Vid. Dugd. p. 403, col. 1, and Nicholson, pp. 33, 60.

Ver. 141, Harebotell.] Harbottle is a village upon the river Coquet, about 10 miles west of Rothbury. The family of Harbottle was once considerable in Northumberland. (See Fuller, pp. 312, 313.) A daughter of Guisard Harbottle, Esq., married Sir Thomas Percy, knight, son of Henry, the fifth, and father of Thomas, the seventh, Earls of Northumberland.

## III.

## THE JEW'S DAUGHTER,

## A SCOTTISH BALLAD

— Is founded upon the supposed practice of the Jews in crucifying or otherwise murdering Christian children, out of hatred to the religion of their parents: a practice which hath been always alleged in excuse for the cruelties exercised upon that wretched people, but which probably never happened in a single instance. For, if we consider, on the one hand, the ignorance and superstition of the times when such stories took their rise, the virulent prejudices of the monks who record them, and the eagerness with which they would be caught up by the barbarous populace as a pretence for plunder; on the other hand, the great danger incurred by the perpetrators, and the inadequate motives they could have to excite them to a crime of so much horror; we may reasonably conclude the whole charge to be groundless and malicious.

The following ballad is probably built upon some Italian Legend, and bears a great resemblance to the Prioress's Tale in Chaucer: the poet seems also to have had an eye to the known story of Hugh of Lincoln, a child said to have been there murdered by the Jews in the reign of Henry III. The conclusion of this ballad appears to be wanting: what it probably contained may be seen in Chaucer. As for Mirryland Toun, it is probably a corruption of Milan (called by the Dutch Meylandt) Town: the Pa is evidently the river Po, although the Adige, not the Po, runs through Milan.

Printed from a MS. copy sent from Scotland.

THE rain rins doun through Mirry-land toune,  
Sae dois it doun the Pa:  
Sae dois the lads of Mirry-land 'oune,  
Quhan they play at the ba'.

Than out and cam the Jewis dochter,  
Said, Will ye cum in and dine?  
"I winnae cum in, I cannae cum in,  
Without my play-feres nine."

Scho powd an apple reid and white  
To intice the zong thing in:  
Scho powd an apple white and reid,  
And that the sweit bairne did win.

And scho has taine out a little pen-knife,  
And low down by her gair,  
Scho has twin'd the zong thing and his life;  
A word he never spak mair.

And out and cam the thick thick bluid,  
And out and cam the thin;  
And out and cam the bonny herts bluid:  
Thair was nae life left in.

Scho laid him on a dressing borde,  
And drest him like a swine,  
And laughing said, Gae nou and play  
With your sweit play-feres nine.

Scho rowd him in a cake of lead,  
Bade him lie still and sleip.  
Scho cast him in a deip draw-well,  
Was fifty fadom deip.

Quhan bells wer rung, and mass was sung,  
And every lady went hame:  
Than ilka lady had her zong sonne,  
Bot Lady Helen had nane.

Scho rowd hir mantil hir about,  
And sair sair gan she weip:  
And she ran into the Jewis castel,  
Quhan they wer all asleip.

My bonny Sir Hew, my pretty Sir Hew,  
I pray thee to me speik.  
"O lady, rinn to the deip draw-well,  
Gin ze sour sonne wad seik." 40

Lady Helen ran to the deip draw-well,  
And knelt upon her kne:  
My bonny Sir Hew, an ze be here,  
I pray thee speik to me.

"The lead is wondrous heavy, mither,  
The well is wondrous deip,  
A keen pen-knife sticks in my hert,  
A word I dounae speik. 45

Gae hame, gae hame, my mither deir,  
Fetch me my windling sheet,  
And at the back o' Mirry-land toun  
Its thair we twa sall meet." 50

\* \* \* \* \*

## IV.

## SIR CAULINE.

THIS old romantic tale was preserved in the Editor's folio MS. but in so very defective and mutilated a condition (not from any chasm in the MS. but from great omission in the transcript, probably copied from the faulty recitation of some illiterate minstrel), and the whole appeared so far short of the perfection it seemed to deserve, that the Editor was tempted to add several stanzas in the first part, and still more in the second, to connect and complete the story in the manner which appeared to him most interesting and affecting.

There is something peculiar in the metre of this old ballad: it is not unusual to meet with redundant stanzas of six lines; but the occasional insertion of a double third or fourth line, as ver. 31, &c. is an irregularity I do not remember to have seen elsewhere.

It may be proper to inform the reader before he comes to Pt. 2, v. 110, 111, that the Round Table was not peculiar to the reign of K. Arthur, but was common in all the ages of Chivalry. The proclaiming a great tournament (probably with some peculiar solemnities) was called "holding a Round Table." Dugdale tells us that the great baron Roger de Mortimer "having procured the honour of knighthood to be conferred 'on his thre sons' by K. Edw. I., he, at his own costs, caused a tournament to be held at Kenilworth; where he sumptuously entertained an hundred knights, and as many ladies, for three days; the like whereof was never before in England; and there began the Round Table, (so called by reason that the place wherein they practised those feats was environed with a strong wall made in a round form :) And upon the fourth day, the golden lion, in sign of triumph, being yielded to him; he carried it (with all the company) to Warwick."—It may further be added, that Matthew Paris frequently calls justs and tournaments *Hastiludia Mensæ Rotunde*.

As to what will be observed in this ballad of the art of healing being practised by a young princess; it is no more than what is usual in all the old romances, and was conformable to real manners: it being a practice derived from the earliest times among all the Gothic and Celtic nations, for women even of the highest rank, to exercise the art of surgery. In the Northern Chronicles we always find the young damsels stanching the wounds of their lovers, and the wives those of their husbands.\* And

even so late as the time of Q. Elizabeth, it is mentioned among the accomplishments of the ladies of her court, that the "eldest of them are skilful in surgery." See Harrison's Description of England, prefixed to Hollingshead's Chronicle, &c.

## THE FIRST PART.

In Ireland, ferr over the sea,  
There dwelleth a bonnye kinge;  
And with him a yong and comlye knighte,  
Men call him Syr Cauline.

The kinge had a ladye to his daughter 5  
In fasbyon she hath no peere;  
And princely wightes that ladye wooed  
To be theyr wedded feere.

Syr Cauline loveth her best of all,  
But nothing durst he saye; 10  
Ne descreewe his counsayl to no man,  
But deerlye he lovde this may.

Till on a daye it so befall,  
Great dill to him was dight; 15  
The maydens love remorde his mynd,  
To care-bed went the knighte.

One while he spred his armes him fro,  
One while he spred them nye:  
And aye! but I winne that ladyes love,  
For dole now I mun dye. 20

And when our parish-masse was done,  
Our kinge was bowne to dyne:  
He sayes, Where is Syr Cauline,  
That is wont to serve the wyne?

Then sunswerde him a courteous knighte, 25  
And fast his handes gan wringe:  
Sir Cauline is sicke, and like to dye  
Without a good leechinge.

Fetch me downe my daughter deere, 30  
She is a leech fulle fine:  
Goe take him doughe, and the baken bread,  
And serve him with the wyne soe red;  
Lothe I were him to tine.

\* See Northern Antiquities, &c. vol. i. p. 318, vol. ii. p. 100. Mémoires de la Chevalerie, tom. i. p. 44.

Fair Christabelle to his chaumber goes,  
Her maydens followyng nye :  
O well, she sayth, how doth my lord ?  
O sicke, thou fayr ladye.

35

Nowe ryse up wightlye, man for shame,  
Never lye soe cowardlee ;  
For it is told in my fathers halle,  
You dye for love of mee.

40

Fayre ladye, it is for your love  
That all this dill I drye :  
For if you wold comfort me with a kisse,  
Then were I brought from bale to blisse,  
No lenger wold I lye.

45

Sir knyghte, my father is a kinge,  
I am his onlye heire ;  
Alas ! and well you knowe, syr knyghte,  
I never can be youre fere.

50

O ladye, thou art a kinges daughter,  
And I am not thy peere,  
But let me doe some deedes of armes  
To be your bacheleere.

Some deedes of armes if thou wilt doe,  
My bacheleere to bee,  
But ever and aye my heart wold rue,  
Giff harm shold happe to thee,

55

Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorne,  
Upon the mores brodynges ;  
And dare ye, syr knyghte, wake there all nighte  
Untill the fayre morninge ?

60

For the Eldridge knyghte, so mickle of mighte,  
Will examine you before ;  
And never man bare life awaye,  
But he did him scath and scorne

65

That knyghte he is a fond paynim,  
And large of limb and bone ;  
And but if heaven may be thy speede,  
Thy life it is but gone.

70

Nowe on the Eldridge hilles Ile walke\*,  
For thy sake, faire ladye ;  
And Ile either bring you a ready token,  
Or Ile never more you see.

The lady is gone to her own chambere,  
Her maydens following bright :  
Syr Cauline lope from care-bed soone,  
And to the Eldridge hills is gone,  
For to wake there all night.

75

Unto midnight, that the moone did rise,  
He walked up and downe :  
Then a lightsome bugle heard he blowe  
Over the bents soe browne ;  
Quoth hee, If cryance come till my heart,  
I am far from any good towne.

80

85

And soone he spyde on the mores so broad,  
A furyous wight and fell ;  
A ladye bright his brydle led,  
Clad in a fayre kyrtell ;

And soe fast he called on Syr Cauline,  
O man, I rede thee flye,  
For 'but' if cryance comes till my heart,  
I weene but thou mun dye.

90

He sayth, 'No' cryance comes till my heart,  
Nor in fayth, I wyll not flee ;  
For, cause thou minged not Christ before,  
The less me dreadeth thee.

95

The Eldridge knyghte, he pricked his steed ;  
Syr Cauline bold abode :  
Then either shooke his trustye speare,  
And the timber these two children\* bare  
Soe soone in sunder slode.

100

Then tooke they out theyr two good swordes,  
And layden on full faste,  
Till helme and hawberke, mail and sheelde,  
They all were well-nye brast.

105

The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,  
And stiffe in stower did stande,  
But Syr Cauline with a 'backward' stroke  
He smote off his right hand ;  
That soone he with paine and lacke of bloud  
Fell downe on that lay-land.

110

Then up Syr Cauline lift his brande  
All over his head so hie :  
And here I sweare by the holy roode,  
Nowe caytiffe, thou shalt dye.

115

Then up and came that ladye brighte,  
Fast wringing of her hande :  
For the maydens love, that most you love,  
Withold that deadlye brande :

120

For the maydens love, that most you love,  
Nowe smyte no more I praye ;  
And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,  
He shall thy hests obeye.

Nowe sweare to mee, thou Eldridge knyghte,  
And here on this lay-land,  
That thou wilt believe on Christ his laye,  
And thereto plight thy hand :

125

And that thou never on Eldridge come.  
To sporte, gamon, or playe :  
And that thou here give up thy armes  
Until thy dyinge daye.

130

The Eldridge knyghte gave up his armes  
With many a sorrowfulle sighe ;  
And sware to obey Syr Caulines hest,  
Till the tyme that he shold dye.

135

And he then up and the Eldridge knyghte  
Sett him in his saddle anone,  
And the Eldridge knyghte and his ladye  
To theyr castle are they gone.

140

\* Perhaps wake, as in ver. 61.

\* i. e. Knights. See the Preface to Child Waters.  
V. 109, aukeward, MS.

Then he tooke up the bloody hand,  
That was so large of bone,  
And on it he founde five ringes of gold  
Of knightes that had be alone.

Then he tooke up the Eldridge sworde, 145  
As hard as any flint:  
And he tooke off those ringes five,  
As bright as fyre and brent.

Home then pricked Syr Cauline 150  
As light as leafe on tree:  
I-wys he neither s int ne blanne,  
Till he his lady see.

Then downe he knelt upon his knee  
Before that lady gay:  
O ladye, I have bin on the Eldridge hills: 155  
These tokens I bring away.

Now welcome, welcome, Syr Cauline,  
Thrice welcome unto mee,  
For now I perceive thou art a true knighte, 160  
Of valour bolde and free.

O ladye, I am thy own true knighte,  
Thy bests for to obaye:  
And mought I hope to winne thy love! —  
Ne more his tonge colde say.

The ladye blushed scarlette redde, 165  
And fette a gentill sighe:  
Alas! syr knight, how may this bee,  
For my degree's soe highe?

But sith thou hast hight, thou comely youth, 170  
To be my batchilere,  
He promise if thee I may not wedde  
I will have none other fere.

Then shee held forthe her lilly-white hand  
Towards that knighte so free;  
He gave to it one gentill kisse, 175  
His heart was brought from bale to blisse,  
The teares starte from his ee.

But keep my counsail, Syr Cauline,  
Ne let no man it knowe;  
For and ever my father sholde it ken, 180  
I wot he wolde us aloe.

From that day forthe that ladye fayre  
Lorde Syr Cauline, the knighte:  
From that day forthe he only joyde 185  
Whan shee was in his sight.

Yea, and oftentimes they mette  
Within a fayre arboure,  
Where they in love and sweet daliaunce  
Past manye a plessaunt houre.

†† In this conclusion of the First Part, and at the beginning of the Second, the reader will observe a resemblance to the story of Sigismunda and Guiscard, as told by Boccace and Dryden: see the latter's description of the lovers meeting in the cave; and those beautiful lines, which contain a reflection so like this of our poet, "Every white," &c. viz

"But as extremes are short of ill and good,  
And tides at highest mark regorge their flood;  
So fate, that could no more improve their joy,  
Took a malicious pleasure to destroy."  
Tancred, who fondly loved, &c."

## PART THE SECOND.

Everye white will have its blacke,  
And everye sweete its sowre:  
This founde the Ladye Christabelle  
In an untimely howre.

For so it befelle, as Syr Cauline 5  
Was with that ladye faire,  
The kinge, her father, walked forthe  
To take the evenyng aire:

And into the arboure as he went 10  
To rest his wearye feet,  
He found his daughter and Syr Cauline  
There sette in daliaunce sweet.

The kinge hee started forthe, i-wys,  
And an angrye man was hee:  
Nowe, traytoure, thou shalt hange or drawe, 15  
And rewe shall thy ladie.

Then forthe Syr Cauline he was ledde,  
And throwne in dungeon deepe:  
And the layde into a towre so hye 20  
There left to wayle and weepe.

The queene shee was Syr Caulines friend,  
And to the kinge sayd shee:  
I praye you save Syr Caulines life,  
And let him banisht bee.

Now, dame, that traitor shall be sent 25  
Across the salt sea fome:  
But here I will make thee a band,  
If ever he come within this land,  
A foule deathe is his doome.

All woe-begone was that gentil knight 30  
To parte from his ladye;  
And many a time he sighed sore,  
And cast a wistfulle eye:  
Faire Christabelle, from thee to parte, 35  
Farre lever had I dye.

Faire Christabelle, that ladye bright,  
Was had forthe of the towre;  
But ever shee droopeth in her minde,  
As nipt by an ungentle winde 40  
Doth some faire lillye flowre.

And ever shee doth lament and weepe  
To tint her lover soe:  
Syr Cauline, thou little think'st on mee,  
But I will still be true.

Many a kinge, and manye a duke, 45  
And lorde of high degree,  
Did sue to that fayre ladye of love;  
But never shee wolde them nee.

When manye a daye was past and gone, 50  
Ne comforte shee colde finde,  
The kyzge proclaimed a tournament,  
To cheere his daughters mind:



And there came lords, and there came knights,  
 Fro manye a farre countrys,  
 To break a spere for theyr ladyes love 55  
 Before that faire ladye.

And many a ladye there was sette  
 In purple and in palle:  
 But faire Christabelle soe woe-begone  
 Was the fayrest of them all. 60

Then manye a knight was mickle of might  
 Before his ladye gaye;  
 But a stranger wight, whom no man knewe,  
 He wan the prize eche daye.

His acton it was all of blacke, 65  
 His hewberke, and his sheelde,  
 Ne noe man wist whence he did come,  
 Ne noe man knewe where he did gone,  
 When they came from the feelde.

And now three days were prestlye past 70  
 In feates of chivalrye,  
 When lo upon the fourth morninge  
 A sorrowfulle sight they see.

A hugye giaunt stiffe and starke, 75  
 All foule of limbe and lere;  
 Two goggling eyen like fire farden,  
 A mouthe from eare to eare.

Before him came a dwarffe full lowe,  
 That waited on his knee,  
 And at his backe five heads he bare, 80  
 All wan and pale of blee.

Sir, quoth the dwarffe, and louted lowe,  
 Behold that hend Soldain!  
 Behold these heads I beare with me!  
 They are kings which he hath slain. 85

The Eldridge knight is his own cousine,  
 Whom a knight of thine hath shent:  
 And hee is come to avenge his wrong,  
 And to thee, all thy knightes among,  
 Defiance here hath sent. 90

But yette he will appease his wrath  
 Thy daughters love to winne;  
 And but thou yeelde him that fayre mayd,  
 Thy halls and towers must brenne.

Thy head, syr king, must goe with mee;  
 Or else thy daughter deere;  
 Or else within these lists soe broad  
 Thou must finde him a peere. 95

The king he turned him round aboute,  
 And in his heart was woe:  
 Is there never a knighte of my round tablè,  
 This matter will undergoe? 100

Is there never a knighte amongst yee all  
 Will fight for my daughter and mee?  
 Whoever will fight yon grimme soldan,  
 Right fair his meede shall bee. 105

For hee shall have my broad lay-lands,  
 And of my crowne be heyre;  
 And he shall winne fayre Christabelle  
 To be his wedded fere. 110

But every knighte of his round tablè  
 Did stand both still and pale:  
 For whenever they lookt on the grim soldan,  
 It made their hearts to quail.

All woe-begone was that fayre ladye, 115  
 When she sawe no helpe was nye:  
 She cast her thought on her owne true-love,  
 And the teares gusht from her eye.

Up then sterte the stranger knighte,  
 Sayd, ladye, be not affrayd: 120  
 Ile fight for thee with his grimme soldan,  
 Thoughe he be unmaclye made.

And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge sworde,  
 That lyeth within thy bowre,  
 I trust in Christe for to slay this fiende 125  
 Thoughe he be stiffe in stowre.

Goe fetch him downe the Eldridge sworde,  
 The king he cryde, with-speede:  
 Nowe heaven assist thee, courteous knighte;  
 My daughter is thy meede. 130

The gyaunt he stepped into the lists,  
 And sayd, Awaye, awaye:  
 I sweare, as I am the hend soldan,  
 Thou lettest me here all daye.

Then forthe the stranger knight he came 135  
 In his blacke armoure dight:  
 The ladye sighed a gentle sighe,  
 "That this were my true knighte!"

And nowe the gyaunt and knighte be mett  
 Within the lists soe broad;  
 And now with swordes soe sharpe of steele,  
 They gan to lay on load. 140

The soldan strucke the knighte a stroke,  
 That made him reele asyde;  
 Then woe-begone was that fayre ladye 145  
 And thrice she deeply sighde.

The soldan strucke a second stroke,  
 And made the bloude to flowe:  
 All pale and wan was that ladye fayre,  
 And thrice she wept for woe. 150

The soldan strucke a third fell stroke,  
 Which brought the knighte on his knee:  
 Sad sorrow pierced that ladyes heart,  
 And she shriekt loud shrieking three.

The knighte he leapt upon his feete, 155  
 All recklesse of the pain:  
 Quoth hee, But heaven be now my speede,  
 Or else I shall be slaine.

He grasped his sworde with mayne and mighte, 160  
 And spying a secrette part,  
 He drave it into the soldan's syde,  
 And pierced him to the heart.

Then all the people gave a shoute,  
 When they sawe the soldan falle:  
 The ladye wept, and thanked Christ, 165  
 That had reskewed her from thrall.

And nowe the kinge with all his barons  
Rose uppe from offe his seate,  
And downe he stepped into the listes,  
That courteous knighte to greets. 170

But he for payne and lack of bloude  
Was fallen into a swounde,  
And there all walteringe in his gore,  
Lay lifelesse on the grounde.

Come downe, come downe, my daughter deare, 175  
Thou art a leech of skille;  
Farre lever had I lose halfe my landes,  
Than this good knighte sholde spille.

Downe then steppeth that fayre ladye  
To helpe him if she maye; 180  
But when she did his beavere raise,  
It is my life, my lord, she sayes,  
And shriekte and grynd awaya.

Sir Cauline juste lifte up his eyes  
When he heard his ladye crye, 185  
O ladye, I am thine owne true love;  
For thee I wisht to dye.

Then giving her one partinge looke,  
He closed his eyes in death,  
Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde, 190  
Begane to drawe her breathe.

But when she found her comelye knighte  
Indeed was dead and gone,  
She layde her pale cold cheeke to his, 195  
And thus she made her moane:

O'staye, my deare and onely lord,  
For mee thy faithfulla fears;  
'Tis meet that I shold followe thee,  
Who hast bought my love soe deare.

Then fayntinge in a deadlye swounde, 200  
And with a deepe-fette sighe,  
That burst her gentle hearte in twayne  
Fayre Christabelle did dye. \* \*

## V.

## EDWARD, EDWARD,

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

*From a MS. copy transmitted from Scotland.*

Quhy dois zour brand sae drop wi' bluid,  
Edward, Edward?  
Quhy dois zour brand sae drop wi' bluid?  
And quhy sae sad gang zee, O? 5  
O, I hae killed my hauke sae guid,  
Mither, mither:  
O, I hae killed my hauke sae guid:  
And I had nae mair bot hee, O.

Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,  
Edward, Edward. 10  
Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,  
My deir son I tell thee, O.  
O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,  
Mither, mither:  
O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid, 15  
That erst was sae fair and free, O.

Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,  
Edward, Edward:  
Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,  
Sum ither dule ze drie, O. 20  
O, I hae killed my fadir deir,  
Mither, mither:  
O, I hae killed my fadir deir,  
Alas! and wae is mee, O!

And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that, 25  
Edward, Edward?  
And quhatten penance will ze drie for that?  
My deir son, now tell me, O.  
He set my feit in zonder boat,  
Mither, mither: 30  
He set my feit in zonder boat,  
And He fare ovir the sea, O.

And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour  
ha',

Edward, Edward?  
And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour  
ha', 35

That ware sae fair to see, O?  
He let thame stand til they doun fa',  
Mither, mither:

He let thame stand til they doun fa',  
For here nevir mair maun I bee, O. 40

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour  
wife,

Edward, Edward?  
And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour  
wife,

Quhan ze gang ovir the sea, O?  
The warldis room, let thame beg throw life, 45  
Mither, mither:  
The warldis room, let thame beg throw life,  
For thame nevir mair wul I see, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir,  
Edward, Edward? 50

And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir?  
My deir son, now tell me, O.  
The curse of hell frae me sall ze beir,

Mither, mither:  
The curse of hell frae me sall ze beir, 55  
Sic counseils ze gave to me, O.

This curious Song was transmitted to the Editor  
by Sir David Dalrymple, Bart. late Lord Hailes.

## VI.

## KING ESTMERE.

This old Romantic Legend (which is given from two copies, one of them in the Editor's folio MS, but which contained very great variations,) bears marks of considerable antiquity, and perhaps ought to have taken place of any in this volume. It should seem to have been written while part of Spain was in the hands of the Saracens or Moors; whose empire there was not fully extinguished before the year 1491. The Mahometans are spoken of in ver. 49, &c. just in the same terms as in all other old Romances. The author of the ancient Legend of Sir Bevis represents his hero, upon all occasions, breathing out defiance against

"Mahound and Termagaunts\*;"

and so full of zeal for his religion, as to return the following polite message to a Paynim king's fair daughter, who had fallen in love with him, and sent two Saracen knights to invite him to her bower:

"I wyll not ones stirre off this ground,  
To speake with an heathen hounde.  
Unchristen houndes, I rede you fle,  
Or I your harte bloud shall set."

Indeed they return the compliment by calling him elsewhere "A Christen hounde†."

This was conformable to the real manners of the barbarous ages: perhaps the same excuse will hardly serve our bard; for that the Adland should be found lolling or leaning at his gate (ver. 35.) may be thought perchance a little out of character. And yet the great painter of manners, Homer, did not think it inconsistent with decorum to represent a king of the Taphians leaning at the gate of Ulysses to inquire for that monarch, when he touched at Ithaca as he was taking a voyage with a ship's cargo of iron to dispose in traffic‡. So little ought we to judge of ancient manners by our own.

Before I conclude this article, I cannot help observing that the reader will see, in this ballad, the character of the old Minstrels (those successors of the Bards) placed in a very respectable light§: here he will see one of them represented mounted on a fine horse, accompanied with an attendant to bear his harp after him, and to sing the poems of his composing. Here he will see him mixing in the company of kings without ceremony: no mean proof of the great antiquity of this poem. The further we carry our inquiries back, the greater respect we find paid to the professors of poetry and music among all the Celtic and Gothic nations. Their character was deemed so sacred, that under its sanction our famous King Alfred (as we have already seen¶) made no scruple to enter the Danish camp, and was at once admitted to the king's head-quarters.\*\* Our poet has

\* See a short Memoir at the end of this Ballad, Note †††  
† Sign. C. li. b. ‡ Sign. C. l. b.  
§ Odysseus, A. 163.

¶ See Note subjoined to 1st. Pt. of Beggar of Bednal, &c.

§ See the Essay on the ancient Minstrels prefixed to this work.

\*\* Even so late as the time of Froissart, we find Minstrels and Herald mentioned together, as those who might securely go into an enemy's country. Cap. cxi.

suggested the same expedient to the heroes of this ballad. All the histories of the North are full of the great reverence paid to this order of men. Harold Harfagre, a celebrated king of Norway, was wont to seat them at his table above all the officers of his court: and we find another Norwegian king placing five of them by his side in a day of battle, that they might be eye-witnesses of the great exploits they were to celebrate\*. As to Estmere's riding into the hall while the kings were at table, this was usual in the ages of chivalry; and even to this day we see a relic of this custom still kept up, in the champion's riding into Westminster-hall during the coronation dinner†.

Some liberties have been taken with this tale by the Editor, but none without notice to the reader, in that part which relates to the subject of the Harper and his attendant.

HEARKEN to me, gentlemen,  
Come and you shall heare;  
He tell you of two of the boldest brethren  
That ever borne y-were.

The tone of them was Adler younge, 5  
The tother was Kyng Estmere;  
The were as bolde men in their deeds,  
As any were farr and neare.

As they were drinking ale and wine 10  
Within Kyng Estmeres halle:  
When will ye marry a wyfe, brother,  
A wyfe to glad us all?

Then bespake him Kyng Estmere, 15  
And answered him hastilye:  
I know not that ladye in any land  
That's able\* to marrye with mee.

Kyng Adland hath a daughter, brother, 20  
Men call her bright and shene;  
If I were kyng here in your stead,  
That ladye shold be my queene.

Saies, Reade me, reade me, deare brother, 25  
Throughout merry England,  
Where we might find a messenger  
Betwixt us towe to sende.

Saies, You shal ryde yourselfe, brother, 30  
He beare you companye;  
Many through fals messengers are deceived,  
And I feare lest soe shold wee.

Thus the renishit them to ryde 35  
Of twoe good reniaht steeds,  
And when the came to King Adlands halle,  
Of redd gold shone their weeds.

V. 3, brother, fol. MS. V. 10, his brother's hall, fol. MS.

V. 14, hastilye, fol. MS.—V. 27, Many a man.. is. fol. MS.

\* Bartholini Antiq. Dan. p. 172.—Northern Antiquities

&c. vol. i. pp. 386, 389, &c.

† See also the account of Edw. II., in the Essay on the

Minstrels, and Note (X.)

‡ He means fit, suitable.

And when the came to Kyng Adlands hall  
Before the goodlye gate,  
There they found good Kyng Adlând 35  
Rearing himselfe theratt.

Now Christ thee save, good Kyng Adlând ;  
Now Christ you save and see,  
Sayd, You be welcome, King Estmere,  
Right hartlye to mee. 40

You have a daughter, said Adler younge,  
Men call her bright and sheene,  
My brother wold marrye her to his wiffe,  
Of Englands to be queene.

Yesterday was att my deere daughter 45  
Syr Bremor the Kyng of Spayne ;  
And then she nicked him of naye,  
And I doubt sheele do you the same.

The Kyng of Spayne is a foule paynim,  
And leeveth on Mahound ; 50  
And pitye it were that fayre ladye  
Shold marrye a heathen bound.

But grant to me, sayes Kyng Estmere,  
For my love I you praye ;  
That I may see your daughter deere 55  
Before I goe hence awaye.

Although itt is seven years and more  
Since my daughter was in halle,  
She shall come once downe for your sake  
To glad my guestes alle. 60

Downe then came that mayden fayre,  
With ladyes laced in pall,  
And halfe a hundred of bold knightes,  
To bring her from bowre to hall ; 65  
And as many gentle squiers,  
To tend upon them all.

The talents of golde were on her head sette,  
Hanged low downe to her knee ;  
And everye ring on her small finger  
Shone of the chrystall free. 70

Saies, God you save, my deere madam ;  
Saies, God you save and see.  
Said, You be welcome, Kyng Estmere,  
Right welcome unto mee.

And if you love me, as you saye, 75  
Soe well and hartilée,  
All that ever you are comen about  
Soone sped now itt shal bee.

Then bespake her father deare :  
My daughter, I saye naye ;  
Remember well the Kyng of Spayne ; 80  
What he sayd yesterdaye.

He wold pull downe my halles and castles,  
And reave me of my lyfe,  
I cannot blame him if he doe, 85  
If I reave him of his wyfe.

Your castles and your towres, father,  
Are stronglye built aboute ;  
And therefore of the King of Spaine  
Wee needs not stande in doubt. 90

Plight me your troth, now, Kyng Estmère,  
By heaven and your righte hand,  
That you will marrye me to your wyfe,  
And make me queene of your land.

Then King Estmere he plight his troth 95  
By heaven and his righte hand,  
That he wolde marrye her to his wyfe,  
And make her queene of his land.

And he tooke leave of that ladye fayre,  
To goe to his owne countree, 100  
To fetch him dukes and lordes and knightes,  
That marryed the might bee.

They had not ridden scant a myle,  
A myle forthe of the towne,  
But in did come the Kyng of Spayne, 105  
With kempes many one.

But in did come the Kyng of Spayne,  
With manye a bold barone,  
Tone day to marrye Kyng Adlands daughter,  
Tother daye to carrye her home. 110

Shée sent one after Kyng Estmère  
In all the spede might bee,  
That he must either turne againe and fighte,  
Or goe home and loose his ladye.

One whyle then the page he went, 115  
Another while he ranne ;  
Till he had oretaken King Estmere,  
I wis, he never blanne.

Tydings, tydings, Kyng Estmere !  
What tydinges now, my boye ? 120  
O tydinges I can tell to you,  
That will you sore annoye.

You had not ridden scant a mile,  
A mile out of the towne,  
But in did come the Kyng of Spayne 125  
With kempes many a one :

But in did come the Kyng of Spayne  
With manye a bolde barone,  
Tone daye to marrye King Adlands daughter,  
Tother daye to carry her home. 130

My ladye fayre she greetes you well,  
And ever-more well by mee :  
You must either turne againe and fighte,  
Or goe home and loose your ladye.

Saies, Reade me, reade me, deere brother, 135  
My reade shal ryde\* at thee,  
Whether it is better to turne and fighte,  
Or go home and loose my ladye.

V. 80, of the king his sonne of Spaine, fol. MS.

\* Sic MS. It should probably be *ryse*, i. e. my counsel shall arise from thee. See ver. 140.

v 46. The king his sonne of Spayn, fol. MS.

Now hearken to me sayes Adler yonge,  
And your reade must rise\* at me, 140  
I quickliye will devise a waye  
To sette thy ladye free.

My mother was a westerne woman,  
And learned in gramarye†, 145  
And when I learned at the schole,  
Something shee taught itt mee.

There growes an hearbe within this field,  
And iff it were but knowne, 150  
His color, which is whyte and redd,  
It will make blacke and browne :

His color, which is browne and blacke,  
Itt will make redd and whyte ;  
That sworde is not in all Englande,  
Upon his coate will byte.

And you shal be a harper, brother 155  
Out of the north cuntrye ;  
And Ile be your boy, soe faine of fighte,  
And beare your harpe by your knee.

And you shal be the best harpèr,  
That ever tooke harpe in hand ; 160  
And I wil be the best singèr,  
That ever sung in this lande.

Itt shal be written in our foreheads  
All and in grammarye, 165  
That we tow are the boldest men,  
That are in all Christentye.

And thus they renisht them to ryde,  
On tow good renish steedes ;  
And when they came to King Adlands hall,  
Of redd gold shone their weedes. 170

And whan the came to Kyng Adlands hall,  
Untill the fayre hall yate,  
There they found a proud portèr  
Rearing himselfe thereatt.

Sayes, Christ thee save, thou proud portèr ; 175  
Sayes, Christ thee save and see.  
Nowe you be welcome, sayd the portèr,  
Of what land soever ye bee.

Wee beene harpers, sayd Adler yonge,  
Come out of the northe cuntrye ; 180  
Wee beene come hither untill this place,  
This proud weddinge for to see.

Sayd, And your color were white and redd,  
As it is blacke and browne,  
I wold saye King Estmere and his brother 185  
Were comen untill this towne.

Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,  
Layd itt on the porters arme :  
And ever we will thee, proud portèr,  
Thow wilt saye us no harme. 190

Sore he looked on Kyng Estmère,  
And sore he handled the ryng,  
Then opened to them the fayre hall yates,  
He lett for no kind of thyng.

Kyng Estmere he stabled his steede 195  
Soe fayre att the hall bord ;  
The froth, that came from his brydle bitte,  
Light in King Bremors beard.

Saies, Stable thy steed, thou proud harpèr,  
Saies, stable him in the stalle : 200  
It doth not beseeme a proud harpèr  
To stable 'him' in a kyngs halle.

My ladde he is so lithèr, he said,  
He will doe nought that's meete ;  
And is there any man in this hall 205  
Were able him to beate ?

Thou speakest proud words, sayes the king of [Spaine,  
Thou harper, here to mee :  
There is a man within this halle  
Will beate thy ladd and thee. 210

O let that man come downe, he said,  
A sight of him wold I see ;  
And when hee hath beaten well my ladd,  
Then he shall beate of mee.

Downe then came the kemperye man 215  
And looked him in the eare ;  
For all the gold, that was under heaven,  
He durst not neigh him neare.

And how nowe, kempe, said the Kyng of Spaine.  
And how what sileth thee ? 220  
He saies, It is writt in his forehead  
All and in gramarye,  
That for all the gold that is under heaven  
I dare not neigh him nye.

Then Kyng Estmere pulld forth his harpe, 225  
And plaid a pretty thinge :  
The ladye upstart from the borde,  
And wold have gone from the king.

Stay thy harpe, thou proud harpèr,  
For Gods love I pray thee, 230  
For and thou playes as thou beginns,  
Thou'lt till\* my bryde from mee.

He stroake upon his harpe againe,  
And playd a pretty thinge ;  
The ladye lough a loud laughter, 235  
As shee sate by the king.

Saies, Sell me thy harpe, thou proud harper,  
And thy stringes all,  
For as many gold nobles 'thou shalt have' 240  
As heere bee ringes in the hall.

What wold ye doe with my harpe, 'he sayd,'  
If I did sell it yee ?  
"To playe my wiffe and me a Fitt\*,  
When abed together wee bee."

Now sell me, quoth hee, thy bryde soe gay, 245  
As shee sits by thy knee,  
And as many gold nobles I will give,  
As leaves been on a tree.

\* Sic MS. † See at the end of this ballad, note \*.\*.

V. 202; To stable his steede, fol. MS.  
\* i. e. entice. Vid. Gloss.  
† i. e. a tune, or strain of musie. See Gloss.

And what wold ye doe with my bryde soe gay,  
If I did sell her thee? 250  
More seemelye it is for her fayre bodye  
To lye by mee then thee.

Hee played agayne both loud and shrille,  
And Adler he did syng, 255  
"O ladye, this is thy owne true love;  
Noe harper, but a kyng.

"O ladye, this is thy owne true love,  
As playnye thou mayest see;  
And lle rid thee of that foule paynim,  
Who partes thy love and thee." 260

The ladye looked, the ladye blushte,  
And blushte and lookt agayne,  
While Adler he hath drawne his brande,  
And hath the Sowdan slayne.

Up then rose the kempere men, 265  
And loud they gan to crye:  
Ah! traytors, yee have slayne our kyng,  
And therefore vee shall dye.

Kyng Estmere throwe the harpe asyde,  
And swith he drew his brand; 270  
And Estmere he, and Adler yonge  
Right stiffe in stour can stand.

And aye their swordes soe sore can byte,  
Through the help of Gramarye,  
That soone they have slayne the kempere men, 275  
Or forst them forth to flee.

Kyng Estmere toke that fayre ladye,  
And marryed her to his wiffe,  
And brought her home to merry England  
With her to leade his life. 280

\*. The word *Gramarye*, which occurs several times in the foregoing poem, is probably a corruption of the French word *Grimoirs*, which signifies a conjuring book in the old French romances, if not the art of necromancy itself.

†† Termagaunt (mentioned above), is the name given in the old romances to the god of the Saracens: in which he is constantly linked with Mahound, or Mahomet. Thus in the legend of Syr Guy, the Soudan (Sultan) swears,

"So helpe me Mahowne of might,  
And Termagaunt my God so bright."

Sign. p. iij. b.

This word is derived by the very learned editor of Junius, from the Anglo-Saxon *Tyr* very, and *Dagan* mighty.—As this word had so sublime a derivation, and was so applicable to the true God, how shall we account for its being so degraded? Perhaps *Tyr-magan* or *Termagant* had been a name originally given to some Saxon idol, before our ancestors were converted to Christianity; or had been the peculiar attribute of one of their false deities; and therefore the first Christian missionaries rejected it as profane and improper to be applied to the true

God. Afterwards, when the irruptions of the Saracens into Europe, and the Crusades into the East, had brought them acquainted with a new species of unbelievers, our ignorant ancestors, who thought all that did not receive the Christian law were necessarily pagans and idolaters, supposed the Mahometan creed was, in all respects, the same with that of their pagan forefathers, and therefore made no scruple to give the ancient name of Termagant to the God of the Saracens: just in the same manner as they afterwards used the name of *Sarazen* to express any kind of pagan or idolater. In the ancient romance of *Merline* (in the Editor's folio MS.) the Saxons themselves that came over with Hengist, because they were not Christians, are constantly called *Sarazens*.

However that be, it is certain that, after the times of the Crusades, both Mahound and Termagaunt made their frequent appearance in the pageants and religious enterludes of the barbarous ages; in which they were exhibited with gestures so furious and frantic, as to become proverbial. Thus Skelton speaks of Wolsey:

"Like Mahound in a play,  
No man dare him withsay."

Ed. 1736, p. 158.

In like manner Bale, describing the threats used by some papist magistrates to his wife, speaks of them as "grennyng upon her lyke Termagautes in a playe."—[*Actes of Engl. Votaries*, pt. 2, fo. 83, ed. 1550, 12mo.]

Accordingly, in a letter of Edward Alleyn, the founder of Dulwich College, to his wife or sister\*, who, it seems, with all her fellows (the players), had been "by my Lorde Maiors officer [s] mad to rid in a cart," he expresses his concern that she should "fall into the hands of such Tarmagants." [So the orig. dated May 2, 1593, preserved by the care of the Rev. Thomas Jenyns Smith, Fellow of Dulw. Coll.]—Hence we may conceive the force of Hamlet's expression in Shakspeare, where, condemning a ranting player, he says, "I could have such a fellow whipt for ore-doing Termagant: it out-herods Herod." A. iii. sc. 3.—By degrees, the word came to be applied to an outrageous turbulent person, and especially to a violent brawling woman; to whom alone it is now confined, and this the rather as, I suppose, the character of Termagant was anciently represented on the stage after the eastern mode, with long robes or petticoats.

Another frequent character in the old pageants or enterludes of our ancestors, was the *sowdan*, or *soldan*, representing a grim eastern tyrant: this appears from a curious passage in Stow's Annals [p. 458]. In a stage-play, "the people know right well, that he that plaith the sowdain is percase a sowter [shoe-maker]; yet if one should cal him by his owne name, while he standeth in his majestie, one of his tormentors might hap to break his head." The *sowdain* or *soldan*, was a name given to the Sarazen king (being only a more rude pronunciation of the word *sultan*), as the soldan of Egypt, the sowdan of Persia, the sowdan of Babylon, &c. who were generally represented as accompanied with grim Sarazens, whose business it was to punish and torment Christians. I cannot conclude this short memoir, without observing that the French roman-

Ver. 253. Some liberties have been taken in the following stanzas; but wherever this Edition differs from the preceding, it hath been brought nearer to the folio MS.

\* See Lysons's "Environ of London, &c., vol. 1. c. 2



numbers of outlaws, and especially of such as were the best marksmen. These naturally fled to the woods for shelter; and, forming into troops, endeavoured by their numbers to protect themselves from the dreadful penalties of their delinquency. The ancient punishment for killing the king's deer was loss of eyes and castration, a punishment far worse than death. This will easily account for the troops of banditti which formerly lurked in the royal forests, and, from their superior skill in archery and knowledge of all the recesses of those unfrequented solitudes, found it no difficult matter to resist or elude the civil power.

Among all those, none was ever more famous than the hero of this ballad, whose chief residence was in Shirewood forest, in Nottinghamshire; and the heads of whose story, as collected by Stow, are briefly these.

"In this time [about the year 1190, in the reign of Richard I.] were many robbers, and outlaws, among the which Robin Hood, and Little John, renowned thieves, continued in woods, despoiling and robbing the goods of the rich. They killed none but such as would invade them, or by resistance for their own defence.

"The said Robert entertained an hundred tall men and good archers with such spoiles and thefts as he got, upon whom four hundred (were they ever so strong) durst not give the onset. He suffered no woman to be oppressed, violated, or otherwise molested: poore mens goods be spared, abundantlie relieving them with that which by theft he got from abbeyes and the houses of rich carles: whom Maior (the historian) blameth for his rapine and theft, but of all theeves he affirmeth him to be the prince, and the most gentle theefe." *Annals*. p. 159.

The personal courage of this celebrated outlaw, his skill in archery, his humanity, and especially his levelling principle of taking from the rich and giving to the poor, have in all ages rendered him the favourite of the common people, who, not content to celebrate his memory by innumerable songs and stories, have erected him into the dignity of an earl. Indeed, it is not impossible, but our hero, to gain the more respect from his followers, or they to derive the more credit to their profession, may have given rise to such a report themselves: for we find it recorded in an epitaph, which, if genuine, must have been inscribed on his tombstone near the nunnery of Kirkstall in Yorkshire; where (as the story goes) he was bled to death by a treacherous nun to whom he applied for phlebotomy:

\* *Hear underneath his latil stean  
lai; robert earl of huntingun  
nra arcrir ber a; hie sae grub  
an pipi kauld im Robin Houd  
sick utlaw; as hi an is men  
bil England nibr st agen.  
obit 24 kal, Dekembris, 1247.*

This Epitaph appears to me suspicious: however, a late Antiquary has given a pedigree of Robin Hood, which, if genuine, shows that he had real pretensions to the Earldom of Huntingdon, and that his true name was Robert Fitz-ooth†. Yet the most ancient poems on Robin Hood make no mention of this Earldom. He is expressly asserted to have been a yeo-

man\* in a very old legend in verse preserved in the archives of the public library at Cambridge, in eight fyttes or parts, printed in black letter, quarto, thus inscribed: "¶ Here begynneth a lytell geste of Robyn hode and his mayne, and of the proude sheryfe of Notyngnam." The first lines are,

"Lythe and lysten, gentylmen,  
That be of free-bore blode:  
I shall you tell of a good yeman,  
His name was Robyn hode.

"Robyn was a proude out-lawe,  
Whiles he walked on grounde;  
So curteyse an outlawe as he was one,  
Was never none yfounde." &c.

The printer's colophon is, "¶ Explicit Kinge Edwardes and Robin Hode and Lyttel Johan. Enprented at London in Fletestrete at the sygne of the sone by Wynkin de Worde."—In Mr. Garrick's Collection‡ is a different edition of the same poem "¶ Imprinted at London upon the thre Crane wharfe by Wyllyam Copland," containing at the end a little dramatic piece on the subject of Robin Hood and the Friar, not found in the former copy, called, "A newe playe for to be played in Maye games very plesauante and full of pastyme. ¶ (:) ¶."

I shall conclude these preliminary remarks with observing, that the hero of this ballad was the favourite subject of popular songs so early as the time of K. Edward III. In the *Visions of Pierce Plowman*, written in that reign, a monk says,

I can rimes of Roben Hod and Randal of Chester,  
But of our Lorde and our Lady, I lerne nothyng at all.  
Fol. 26, Ed. 1550.

See also in Bp. Latimer's *Sermons*§ a very curious and characteristic story, which shows what respect was shown to the memory of our archer in the time of that prelate.

The curious reader will find many other particulars relating to this celebrated Outlaw, in Sir John Hawkins's *Hist. of Music*, vol. iii. p. 410, 4to.

For the catastrophe of Little John, who, it seems, was executed for a robbery on Arbor-hill, Dublin (with some curious particulars relating to his skill in archery), see Mr. J. C. Walker's ingenious "Memoir on the Armour and Weapons of the Irish," p. 129, annexed to his "Historical Essay on the Dress of the Ancient and Modern Irish." Dublin, 1788, 4to.

Some liberties were, by the Editor, taken with this ballad; which, in this Edition, hath been brought nearer to the folio MS.

WHEN shaws beeme sheene, and ahradds full fayre,  
And leaves both large and longe,  
Itt is merye walking in the fayre forrest  
To heare the small birdes songe.

The woodweele sang, and wold not cease, 5  
Sitting upon the spraye,  
Soe lowde, he awakened Robin Hood,  
In the greenwood where he lay.

\* See also the following ballad, v. 147. † Num. D. 5, 2.  
‡ Old Plays, 4to. K. vol. x.

Ver. 1. For *shaws* the MS. has *shales*: and *ahradds* should perhaps be *swards*: i. e. the surface of the ground: viz. "when the fields were in their beauty:" or perhaps shades.  
§ Ser. 6th before K. Ed. Apr. 12. fol. 75. *Gilpin's Life of Lat.* p. 122.

• See Thoresby's *Ducat*. Lond. p. 576. *Biog. Brit.* vi. 3033.  
† Stuklev, in his *Palmographia Britannica*, No. II. 1746.



Now by my faye, sayd jollye Robin,  
A sweaven I had this night; 10  
I dreamt me of two wright yemen,  
That fast with me can fight.

Methought they did mee beate and binde,  
And tooke my bow mee froe; 15  
If I be Robin alive in this lande,  
Ile be wroken on them towe.

Sweavens are swift, master, quoth John,  
As the wind that blowes ore a hill; 20  
For if itt be never so loude this night,  
To-morrow itt may be still.

Buske yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,  
And John shall goe with mee,  
For Ile goe seeke yond wight yeomen,  
In greenwood where the bee.

Then the cast on their gownes of grene, 25  
And tooke theyr bowes each one;  
And they away to the greene forrest  
A shooting forth are gone.

Until they came to the merry greenwood,  
Where they had gladdest bee, 30  
There were the ware of a wight yeoman,  
His body leane to a tree.

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,  
Of manye a man the bane; 35  
And he was clad in his capull hyde  
Topp and tayll and mayne.

Stand you still, master, quoth Little John,  
Under this tree so grene; 40  
And I will go to yond wight yeoman  
To know what he doth meane.

Ah! John, by me thou setteest noe store,  
And that I farley finde:  
How oft send I my men beffore,  
And tarry my selfe behinde!

It is no cunning a knave to ken, 45  
And a man but heare him speake;  
And itt were not for bursting of my bowe,  
John, I thy head wold breake.

As often wordes they breeden bale,  
So they parted Robin and John; 50  
And John is gone to Barnesdale:  
The gates\* he knoweth eche one.

But when he came to Barnesdale,  
Great heaviness there hee hadd, 55  
For he found tow of his owne fellowes  
Were slaine both in a slade.

And Scarlettte he was flynge a-foote  
Fast over stocke and stone,  
For the sheriffe with seven score men  
Fast after him is gone. 60

One shoote now I will shoote, quoth John,  
With Christ his might and mayne;  
Ile make yond fellow that flies soe fast,  
To stopp he shall be fayne.

Then John bent up his long bende-bow, 65  
And fetteled him to shoote:  
The bow was made of a tender boughs,  
And fell downe to his foote.

Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood, 70  
That ere thou grew on a tree;  
For now this day thou art my bale,  
My boote when thou shold bee.

His shoote it was but loosely shott,  
Yet flew not the arrowe in vaine 75  
For itt mett one of the sherrifes men,  
Good William a Trent was slaine.

It had bene better of William a Trent  
To have bene abed with sorrowe,  
Than to be that day in the green wood slade  
To meet with Little John's arrowe. 80

But as it is said, when men be mett  
Fyve can doe more than thre,  
The sheriffe hath taken Little John,  
And bound him fast to a tree.

Thou shalt be drawn by dale and downe, 85  
And hanged hye on a hill.  
But thou mayst faye of thy purpose, quoth John,  
If itt be Christ his will.

Let us leave talking of Litle John,  
And thinke of Robin Hood, 90  
How he is gone to the wight yeoman,  
Where under the leaves he stood.

Good morrowe, good fellowe, said Robin so fayre,  
"Good morrowe, good fellowe," quoth he:  
Methinkes by this bowe thou beares in thy hande 95  
A good archere thou sholdst bee.

I am wilfull of my waye, quo' the yeman,  
And of my morning tyde.  
Ile lead thee through the wood, sayd Robin;  
Good fellow, Ile be thy guide. 100

I seeke an outlawe, the straunger sayd,  
Men call him Robin Hood;  
Rather Ild meet with that proud outlawe  
Than fortye pound soe good.

Now come with me thou wight yeman, 105  
And Robin thou soone shalt see:  
But first let us some pastime find  
Under the greenwood tree.

First let us some masterye make  
Among the woods so even, 110  
Wee may chance to meet with Robin Hood  
Here att some unsett steven.

They cutt them downe two summer shroggs,  
That grew both under a breere,  
And sett them threescore rood in twaine 115  
To shoot the prickes y-fere.

\* i. e. ways, passes, paths, ridings. Gate is a common word in the North for way.

Leade on, good fellowe, quoth Robin Hood,  
 Leade on, I doe bidd thee.  
 Nay by my faith, good fellowe, hee sayd,  
 My leader thou shalt bee. 120

The first time Robin shot at the pricke,  
 He mist but an inch it froe :  
 The yeoman he was an archer good,  
 But he cold never shoote soe.

The second shoote had the wightye yeman, 125  
 He shote within the garlande :  
 But Robin he shott far better than hee,  
 For he clave the good pricke wande.

A blessing upon thy heart, he sayd ;  
 Good fellowe, thy shooting is goode ; 130  
 For an thy hart be as good as thy hand,  
 Thou wert better then Robin Hood.

Now tell me thy name, good fellowe, sayd he,  
 Under the leaves of lyne.  
 Nay by my faith, quoth bolde Robin, 135  
 Till thou have told me thine.

I dwell by dale and downe, quoth hee,  
 And Robin to take I me sworne ;  
 And when I am called by my right name  
 I am Guye of good Gisborne. 140

My dwelling is in this wood, sayes Robin,  
 By thee I set right nought :  
 I am Robin Hood of Barnesdale,  
 Whom thou so long hast sought.

He that had neither beene kithe nor kin, 145  
 Might have seene a full fayre sight,  
 To see how together these yeomen went  
 With blades both browne \* and bright.

To see how these yeomen together they fought  
 Two howres of a summers day : 150  
 Yett neither Robin Hood nor Sir Guy  
 Them fettled to flye away.

Robin was reachles on a roote,  
 And stumbled at that tyde ;  
 And Guy was quicke and nimble with-all, 155  
 And hitt him ore the left side.

Ah, deare lady, sayd Robin Hood, ' thou  
 That art both mother and may,  
 I think it was never mans destinye  
 To dye before his day. 160

\* The common epithet for a sword or other offensive weapon, in the old metrical romances, is *browne*. As "brown brand," or "brown sword, brown bill," &c.; and sometimes even "bright brown sword." Chaucer applies the word *rustie* in the same sense; thus he describes the reve :—

" And by his side he bare a rusty blade."  
*Prol. ver. 620.*

And even thus the god Mars :—  
 " And in his hand he had a ronsty sword."  
*Test of Cressid. 188.*

Spenser has sometimes used the same epithet. See Warton's *Observ.* vol. ii. p. 62. It should seem, from this particularity, that our ancestors did not pique themselves upon keeping their weapons bright: perhaps they deemed it more honourable to carry them stained with the blood of their enemies.

Robin thought on our ladye deere,  
 And soone leapt up againe,  
 And strait he came with a 'backward' stroke,  
 And he Sir Guy hath slayne.

He took Sir Guy's head by the hayre, 165  
 And sticked itt on his bowes end :  
 Though hast beene a traytor all thy life,  
 Which thing must have an ende.

Robin pulled forth an Irish kniffe,  
 And nicked Sir Guy in the face, 170  
 That he was never on woman born,  
 Cold tell whose head it was.

Saies, Lye there, lye there, now Sir Guye,  
 And with me be not wrothe ;  
 If thou have had the worse strokes at my hand, 175  
 Thou shalt have the better clothe.

Robin did off his gowne of greene,  
 And on Sir Guy did it throwe,  
 And hee put on that capull hyde,  
 That cladd him topp to toe. 180

The bowe, the arrowes, and litle horne,  
 Now with me I will beare ;  
 For I will away to Barnesdale,  
 To see how my men doe fare.

Robin Hood sett Guyes horne to his mouth, 185  
 And a loud blast in it did blow.  
 That beheard the sheriffe of Nottingham,  
 As he leaned under a lowe.

Hearken, hearken, sayd the sheriffe,  
 I heare nowe tydings good, 190  
 For yonder I heare Sir Guye's horne blowe,  
 And he hath slaine Robin Hood.

Yonder I heare Sir Guye's horne blowe,  
 Itt blowes soe well in tyde,  
 And yonder comes that wightye yeoman, 195  
 Cladd in his capull hyde.

Come hyther, come hyther, thou good Sir Guy,  
 Aske what thou wilt of mee.  
 O, I will none of thy gold, sayd Robin,  
 Nor I will none of thy fee : 200

But now I've slaine the master, he sayes,  
 Let me goe strike the knave ;  
 This is all the rewarde I aske ;  
 Nor noe other will I have.

Thou art a madman, said the sheriffe, 205  
 Thou sholdest have had a knight's fee :  
 But seeing thy asking hath beene soe bad,  
 Well granted it shale be.

When Litle John heard his master speake,  
 Well knewe he it was his steven :  
 Now shall I be looset, quoth Litle John,  
 With Christ his might in heaven. 210

Fast Robin hee hyed him to Litle John,  
 He thought to loose him belive ;  
 The sheriffe and all his companye  
 Fast after him did drive. 215

Stand abacke, stand abacke, sayd Robin ;  
 Why draw you mee soe neere ?  
 Itt was never the use in our countrye,  
 One's shrift another shold heere. 220

But Robin pulled forth an Irysh kniffe,  
 And loosed John hand and foote,  
 And gave him Sir Guyes bow into his hand  
 And bade it be his boote.

Then John he took Guye's bow in his hand, 225  
 His boltes and arrowes eche one :  
 When the sheriffe saw Little John bend his bow,  
 He fettle him to be gone.

Towards his house in Nottingham towne  
 He fled full fast away ; 230  
 And soe did all his companie :  
 Not one behind wold stay.

But he cold neither runne soe fast,  
 Nor away soe fast cold ryde,  
 Bat Little John with an arrowe so broad 235  
 He shott him into the ' backe'-syde.

\* \* The title of Sir was not formerly peculiar to Knights, it was given to Priests, and sometimes to very inferior personages.

Dr. Johnson thinks this title was applied to such as had taken the degree of A. B. in the universities, who are still styled *Domini*, "Sirs," to distinguish them from Undergraduates, who have no prefix, and from Masters of Arts, who are styled *Magistri*, "Masters."

## IX.

## AN ELEGY ON HENRY FOURTH EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

The subject of this poem which was written by Skelton, is the death of Henry Percy, fourth Earl of Northumberland, who fell a victim to the avarice of Henry VII. In 1489 the parliament had granted the king a subsidy for carrying on the war in Bretagne. This tax was found so heavy in the North that the whole country was in a flame. The E. of Northumberland, then lord lieutenant for Yorkshire, wrote to inform the king of the discontent, and praying an abatement. But nothing is so unrelenting as avarice : the king wrote back that not a penny should be abated. This message being delivered by the earl with too little caution, the populace rose, and, supposing him to be the promoter of their calamity, broke into his house, and murdered him, with several of his attendants, who yet are charged by Skelton with being backward in their duty on this occasion. This melancholy event happened at the earl's seat at Cocklodge, near Thirske, in Yorkshire, April 28, 1489. See Lord Bacon, &c.

If the reader does not find much poetical merit in this old poem, (which yet is one of Skelton's best,) he will see a striking picture of the state and magnificence kept up by our ancient nobility during the feudal times. This great earl is described here as having, among his menial servants, knights, squires, and even barons : see ver 32, 183, &c. which, however different from modern manners, was formerly not unusual with our greater Barons, whose castles had all the splendour and offices of a royal court, before the laws against retainers abridged and limited the number of their attendants.

John Skelton, who commonly styled himself Poet Laureat, died June 21, 1529. The following poem, which appears to have been written soon after the event, is printed from an ancient MS. copy preserved in the British Museum, being much more correct than that printed among Skelton's Poems, in bl. let. 12mo, 1568. It is addressed to Henry Percy fifth Earl of Northumberland, and is prefaced &c. in the following manner :

Poeta Skelton Laureatus libellum suum metricè alloquitur.

Ad dominum properato meum mea pagina Percy.  
 Qui Northumbrorum jura paternè gerit,  
 Ad nutum celebris tu prona reponè leonis,  
 Quæque suo patri tristia justa cano.  
 Ast ubi perlegit, dubiam sub mente volutet  
 Fortunam, cuncta quæ male fida rotat.  
 Qui leo sit felix, et Nestoris occupet annos ;  
 Ad libitum cujus ipse paratus ero.

SKELTON LAUREAT UPON THE DOLOUROUS DETHE AND MUCH LAMENTABLE CHAUNCE OF THE MOOST HONORABLE EARLE OF NORTHUMBERLANDE.

I WAYLE, I wepe, I sobbe, I sigh ful sore  
 The dedely fate, the dolefulle destenney  
 Of him that is gone, alas ! withoute restore,  
 Of the blode\* royall descendinge nobelly ;  
 Whos lordshepe doutles was slayne lamentably 5  
 Thorow tresun ageyn hym compassyd and wrought ;  
 Trew to his prince, in word, in dede, and thought.

Of hevenly poems, O Clio calde by name  
 In the college of musis goddess hystoriall,  
 Adres the to me, whiche am both halt and lame 10  
 In elect uteraunce to make memoryail :  
 To the for soccours, to the for helpe I call  
 Myne homely rudnes and drighnes to expelle  
 With the freshe waters of Elyconys wells.

\* The mother of Henry, first Earl of Northumberland, was Mary daughter to Henry Earl of Lancaster, whose father Edmond was second son of King Henry III.—The mother and wife of the second Earl of Northumberland were both lineal descendants of King Edward III.—The Percys also were lineally descended from the Emperor Charlemagne and the ancient Kings of France, by his ancestor Josceline du Lovain (son of Godfrey Duke of Brabant), who took the name of Percy on marrying the heiress of that house in the reign of Hen. II., Vid. Camden Britan. Edmondson, &c.

Of noble actes auntyently enrolde, 15  
Of famous princis and lordes of astate,  
By thy report ar wonte to be extold,  
Regestrange trewly every formare date :  
Of thy bountie after the usuall rate,  
Kyndle in me suche plenty of thy noblès,  
Thes sorrowfulle dities that I may shew expres. 20

In sesons past who hathe harde or sene  
Of former writings by any presidente  
That vilane bastarddis in ther furious tene,  
Fulfyld with malice of froward entente,  
Confeterd togeder of commoun concents 25  
Falsly to alo ther moste singular goode lorde ?  
It may be registerde of shamefull recorde.

So noble a man, so valiaunt lorde and knight,  
Fulfilled with honor, as all the worlde dothe ken; 30  
At his commaundement, whiche had both day and  
Knyghtis and squyers, at every season when [night  
He calde upon them, as menyall houshold men  
Were no thes commones uncurteis karlis of kynde  
To alo their owne lorde ? God was not in their  
[minde. 35

And were not they to blame, I say also,  
That were aboute hym, his owne servants of trust,  
To suffre hym slayn of his mortall fo ?  
Fled away from hym, let hym ly in the dust :  
They bode not till the rekenyng were discust. 40  
Whatshuld I flatter ? what shulde I glose or paynt ?  
Fy, fy for shame, their harts wer to faint,

In Englande and Fraunce, which gretly was redouted ;  
Of whom both Flaunders and Scotland stode in  
drede ;  
To whome grete astates obeyde and lowttede : 45  
A mayny of rude villayns made him for to blede :  
Unkindly they slew him, that help them oft at nede  
He was their bulwark, their paves, and their wall,  
Yet shamfully they slew hym ; that shame mot them  
befal.

I say, ye commoners, why wer ye so stark mad ? 50  
What frantyke frensy fyll in youre brayne ?  
Where was your wit and reson, ye shuld have had ?  
What willfull foly made yow to ryse agayne  
Your naturall lord ? alas ! I can not fayne.  
Ye armed you with will, and left your wit be-  
hynd ; 55  
Well may you be called comones most unkynd.

He was your chyfeyne, your shelde, your chef de-  
fence,  
Redy to assyst you in every tyme of nede :  
Your worship depended of his excellence :  
Alas ! ye mad men, to far ye did excede : 60  
Your hap was unhappy, to ill was your spede :  
What moeryd you agayn hym to war or to fight ?  
What aylyde you to sle your lord agyn all right ?

The grounde of his quarel was for his sovereyn lord,  
The welles concernyng of all the hole lande, 65  
Demaundyng soche dutyes as nedis most acord  
To the right of his prince which shold not be  
withstand ;  
For whos cause ye slew hym with your awne  
hande :

But had his nobill men done wel that day,  
Ye had not been hable to have saide him nay. 70

But ther was fals packinge, or els I am begylde :  
How-be-it the matter was evident and playne,  
For yf they had occupied ther spere and ther shelde,  
This noble man doutles had not be slayne.  
Bot men say they wer lynked with a double  
chayn, 75  
And held with the commouns under a cloke,  
Whiche kindeled the wyld fyre that made all this  
smoke.

The commouns renyed ther taxes to pay  
Of them demaunded and asked by the kinge ;  
With one voice importune, they playnly said nay : 80  
They buskt them on a bushment themself in baile  
to bringe :  
Agayne the king's plesure to wrastle or to wringe,  
Bluntly as bestis withe booste and with cry  
They saide, they forsed not, nor carede not to dy.

The noblenes of the northe this valiant lorde and  
knyght, 85  
As man that was innocent of trechery or trayne,  
Preesed forthe boldly to witstand the myght,  
And, lyke marciall Hector, he faut them agayne,  
Vigorously upon them with myght and with  
mayne,  
Trustinge in noble men that wer with hym there : 90  
Bot all they fled from hym for falshode or fere.

Barons, knights, squyers, one and alle,  
Togeder with servaunts of his famuly,  
Turnd their backis, and let ther master fall,  
Of whos [life] they counted not a flye ; 95  
Take up whos wolde for them, they let hym ly  
Alas ! his golde, his fee, his annuall rente  
Upon suche a sort was ille bestowde and spent.

He was envyrunde aboute on every syde  
Withe his enemys, that were stark mad and  
wode ; 100  
Yet whils he stode he gave them woundes wyde  
Alas for routhe ! what thouche his mynde were  
goode,  
His corage manly, yet ther he shed his bloode !  
All left alone, alas ! he fawte in vayne ;  
For cruelly amonge them ther he was slayne. 105

Alas for pite ! that Percy thus was spylt,  
The famous erle of Northumberlande :  
Of knightly prowès the sworde pomel and hylt,  
The mighty lyoun \* doutted by se and lande !  
O dolorous chaunce of fortunes fruward hande ! 110  
What man remembring how shamfully he was  
slayne,  
From bitter weeping he kan restrayne !

O cruell Mars, thou dedly god of war !  
O dolorous Teusday, dedicate to thy name,  
When thou shoke thy sworde so noble a man to  
mar ! 115  
O grounde ungracious, unhappy be thy fame,  
Whiche wert endyed with rege blode of the same !  
Moste noble erle ! O fowle mysuryd grounde  
Whereon he gat his fynal dedely wounde !

\* Alluding to his crest and supporters. Douted is con-  
tracted for redouted.

O Atropos, of the fatal systers thre, 120  
 Goddes mooste cruell unto the lyf of man,  
 All merciles, in the ys no pitè !  
 O homycide, whiche sleest all that thou kan,  
 So forcibly upon this erle thow ran,  
 That with thy sworde enbarpid of mortall drede, 125  
 Thou kit asonder his pertight vitall threde !

My wordis unpullysht be nakide and playne,  
 Of aureat poems they want ellingynge ;  
 Bot by them to knowlege ye may attayne  
 Of this lordis dethe and of his murtheringe. 130  
 Which while he lyvyd had fuyson of every thing,  
 Of knyghts, of squyers, chef lord of toure and toun,  
 Tyl fykill fortune began on hym to frowne.

Paregall to dukis, with kings he myght compare,  
 Surmountinge in honor all eris he did excede, 135  
 To all cuntreis aboute hym reporte me I dare.  
 Lyke to Eneas benygne in worde and dede,  
 Valiaunt as Hector in every marciall nede,  
 Provdyent, discrete, circumspect, and wyse, 139  
 Tyl the chauce ran agyne him of fortune's duble  
 dyse.

What nedethe me for to extoll his fame  
 With my rude pen enkankerd all with rust ?  
 Whos noble actis shew worsheply his name,  
 Transcendyng far myne homely muse, that must  
 Yet sumwhat wright supprised with hurtly lust,  
 Truly reportinge his right noble astate, 146  
 Immortally whiche is immaculate.

His noble blode never disteynyd was,  
 Trew to his prince for to defende his right,  
 Doubles hatinge, fals maters to compas, 150  
 Treytory and treson he bannesht out of syght,  
 With trowth to medle was all his hole delyght,  
 As all his kuntrey kan testefy the same :  
 To slo such a lord, alas, it was grete shame.

If the hole quere of the musis nyne 155  
 In me all onely wer sett and comprisyde,  
 Enbrethed with the blast of influence dyvnye,  
 As perfightly as could be thought or devysyd ;  
 To me also althouche it were promysyde  
 Of laureat Phebus holy the eloquence, 160  
 All were too litill for his magnyficence.

O younge lyon, bot tender yet of age,  
 Grow and encrease, remembre thyn astate,  
 God the assyst unto thyn herytage,  
 And geve the grace to be more fortunate, 165  
 Agayne rebellyouns arme to make debate.  
 And, as the lyounge, whiche is of bestis kinge,  
 Unto thy subjectis be kurteis and benygne.

I pray God sende the prosperous lyf and long,  
 Stabile thy mynde constant to be and fast, 170  
 Right to mayntein, and to resist all wronge :

All flattringe faytors abhor and from the cast,  
 Of foule detraction God kepe the from the blast :  
 Let double delinges in the have no place,  
 And be not light of credence in no case. 175

Wythe hevvy chere, with dolorous hart and mynd,  
 Eche man may sorow in his inward thought,  
 Thys lords death, whose pere is hard to fynd  
 Allgyf Englund and Fraunce were thorow saught.  
 Al kings, all princes, all dukes, well theyought 180  
 Bothe temporall and spirituall for to complayne  
 This noble man, that crewelly was slayne.

More specially barons, and those knyghtes bold,  
 And all other gentilmen with hym enterteynd  
 In fee, as menyall men of his housold, 185  
 Whom he as lord worsheply manteynd :  
 To sorowfull weping they ought to be constreynd,  
 As oft as thei call to ther remembraunce,  
 Of ther good lord the fate and dedely chauce.

O perlese prince of hevyn emperyal, 190  
 That with one worde formed al thing of noughte ;  
 Hevyn, hell, and erth obey unto thi kall ;  
 Which to thy resemblance wondersly hast wrought  
 All mankynd, whom thou full dere hast boght,  
 With thy blode precious our finauce thou dyd pay, 195  
 And us redemed, from the fendys pray :

To the pray we, as prince incomperable,  
 As thou art of mercy and pite the well,  
 Thou bringe unto thy joy eternynable  
 The sowle of this lorde from all daunger of hell, 200  
 In endles blis with the to byde and dwell  
 In thy palace above the orient,  
 Where thou art lorde, and God omnipotent.

O quene of mercy, O lady full of grace,  
 Maiden moste pure, and goddis moder dere, 205  
 To sorowfull harts chef comfort and solace,  
 Of all women O floure withouten pere,  
 Pray to thy son above the starris clere,  
 He to vouchesaf by thy mediatioun  
 To pardon thy servant, and bringe to salvacion. 210

In joy tryumphaut the heavenly yerarchy,  
 With all the hole sorte of that glorious place,  
 His soule mot receyve into ther company  
 Thorowe bounte of hym that formed all solace :  
 Well of pite, of mercy, and of grace, 215  
 The father, the son, and the holy goste  
 In Trinite one God of myghts moste.

†† I have placed the foregoing poem of Skelton's  
 before the following extract from Hawes, not only  
 because it was written first, but because I think  
 Skelton is in general to be considered as the earlier  
 poet ; many of his poems being written long before  
 Hawes's *Graunde Amour*.

## X.

## THE TOWER OF DOCTRINE.

THE reader has here a specimen of the descriptive powers of Stephen Hawes, a celebrated poet in the reign of Hen. VII., though now little known. It is extracted from an allegorical poem of his (written in 1505,) intitled, "The Hist. of Graunde Amoure & La Belle Pucel, called the Palace of Pleasure, &c." 4to. 1555. See more of Hawes in Ath. Ox. v. 1, p. 6, and Warton's Observ. v. 2, p. 105. He was also author of a book, intitled, "The Temple of Glass. Wrote by Stephen Hawes, gentleman of the bedchamber to K. Henry VII." Pr. for Caxton, 4to. no date.

The following Stanzas are taken from Chap. III. and IV. of the Hist. above mentioned. "How Fame departed from Graunde Amour and left him with Governauce and Grace, and howe he went to the Tower of Doctrine, &c." As we are able to give no small lyric piece of Hawes's, the reader will excuse the insertion of this extract.

I LOOKED about and saw a craggy roche,  
Farre in the west neare to the element,  
And as I dyd then unto it approche,  
Upon the toppe I sawe refulgent  
The royal tower of Morall Document, 5  
Made of fine copper with turrettes fayre and hye,  
Which against Phebus shone soe marvellously.

That for the very perfect brightnes  
What of the tower, and of the cleare sunne  
I could nothyng behold the goodlines 10  
Of that palaice, whereas Doctrine did wonne:  
Tyll at the last, with mysty wyndes donne,  
The radiant brightnes of golden Phebus  
Auster gan cover with clowde tenebrus.

Then to the tower I drewe nere and nere, 15  
And often mused of the great hyghnes  
Of the craggy roche which quadrant did appeare:  
But the fayre tower, (so much of ryches  
Was all about,) sexangled doubtles;  
Gargeyld with grayhoundes, and with many lyons, 20  
Made of fyne golde; with divers sundry dragons\*.

The little turrets with ymages of golde  
About was set, whiche with the wynde aye moved  
With prepre vices, that I did well beholde 25  
About the tower, in sundry wyse they hoved  
With goodly pypes, in their mouthes ituned,  
That with the wynd they pyped a daunce  
Iclipped *Amour de la hault plesance*.

V. 25, towers, PC.

\* Greyhoundes, Lions, Dragons, were at that time the royal supporters.

The toure was great of marveyulous wyndes,  
To whyche ther was no way to passe but one, 30  
Into the toure for to have an intres:  
A grace there was ychesyld all of stone  
Out of the rocke, on whyche men dyd gone  
Up to the toure, and in lykewyse dyd I  
With bothe the Grayhoundes in my company\*: 35

Tyll that I came unto a ryall gate,  
Where I sawe stondynge the goodly portres,  
Whyche axed me, from whence I came a-late;  
To whome I gan in every thyng expresse  
All myne adventure, chaunce, and buaynesse, 40  
And eke my name; I told her every dell:  
Whan she herde this she lyked me right well.

Her name, she sayd, was called Countenaunce;  
Into the 'base' courte she dyd me then lede,  
Where was a fountayne depured of plesance, 45  
A noble sprynge, a ryall conduyte-hede,  
Made of fyne golde enameled with reed;  
And on the toppe four dragons blewe and stoute  
Thys dulcet water in four partes dyd spoute.

Of whyche there flowed foure ryvers ryght clere, 50  
Sweter than Nylus† or Ganges was ther odoure:  
Tygrys or Eufates unto them no pere:  
I dyd than taste the aromatyke lycoure,  
Fragraunt of fume, and swete as any floure;  
And in my mouthe it had a marveyulous scent 55  
Of divers spyces, I knewe not what it ment.

And after thys further forth me brought  
Dame Countenaunce into a goodly Hall,  
Of jasper stones it was wonderly wrought:  
Thy wyndowes cleare depured all of crystall, 60  
And in the roufe on hye over all  
Of golde was made a ryght crafty vyne;  
Instede of grapes the rubies there did shyne.

The flore was paved with berall clarified,  
With pillers made of stoness precious, 65  
Like a place of pleasure so gayely glorified,  
It myght be called a palaice glorions,  
So muche delectable and solacious;  
The hall was hanged hye and circular  
With cloth of arras in the rycheest maner, 70

That treated well of a ful noble story,  
Of the doubty waye to the Tower Perillous;  
Howe a noble knyght shoulde wyne the victory  
Of many a serpente foule and odious.

V. 44, besy courte, PC.

V. 49, partyes, PC.

\* This alludes to a former part of the Poem.

† Nylus, PC.

‡ The story of the poem.

## XI.

## THE CHILD OF ELLE,

—is given from a fragment in the Editor's folio MS. : which, though extremely defective and mutilated, appeared to have so much merit, that it excited a strong desire to attempt a completion of the story. The reader will easily discover the supplemental stanzas by their inferiority, and at the same time he inclined to pardon it, when he considers how difficult it must be to imitate the affecting simplicity and artless beauties of the original.

Child was a title sometimes given to a knight. See Gloss.

On yonder hill a castle standes  
With walles and towres bedight,  
And yonder lives the Child of Elle,  
A younge and comely knighte.

The Child of Elle to his garden went, 5  
And stood at his garden pale,  
Whan, lo ! he beheld fair Emmelines page  
Come trippinge downe the dale.

The Child of Elle he hyed him thence, 10  
Y-wis he stooode not stille,  
And soone he mette faire Emmelines page  
Come climbing up the hille.

Nowe Christe thee save, thou little foot-page,  
Now Christe thee save and see ! 15  
Oh tell me how does thy ladye gaye,  
And what may thy tydinges bee ?

My lady she is all woe-begone,  
And the teares they falle from her eyne ;  
And aye she laments the deadlye feude  
Betweene her house and thine. 20

And here shee sends thee a silken scarfe  
Bedewde with many a teare,  
And biddes thee sometimes thinke on her,  
Who loved thee so deare.

And here she sends thee a ring of golde 25  
The last boone thou mayst have,  
And biddes thee weare it for her sake,  
When she is layd in grave.

For, ah ! her gentle heart is broke, 30  
And in grave soone must shee bee,  
Sith her father hath chose her a new new love,  
And forbiddes her to think of thee.

Her father hath brought her a carlish knight,  
Sir John of the north countraye,  
And within three dayes shee must him wedde, 35  
Or he vowes he will her slaye.

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,  
And greet thy ladye from mee,  
And tell her that I her owne true love  
Will dye, or sette her free. 40

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,  
And let thy fair ladye know  
This knight will I bee at her bowre windowe,  
Betide me weale or woe.

The boye he tripped, the boye he ranne, 45  
He neither stunt ne stayd  
Untill he came to fair Emmelines bowre  
Whan kneeling downe he sayd,

O ladye, I've been with thy own true love, 50  
And he greets thee well by mee ;  
This night will he be at thy bowre-windowe,  
And dye or sette thee free.

Nowe daye was gone and night was come,  
And all were fast asleepe,  
All save the ladye Emmeline, 55  
Who sate in her bowre to weepe :

And soone she heard her true loves voice  
Lowe whispering at the walle,  
Awake, awake, my deare ladye,  
Tis I thy true love call. 60

Awake, awake, my ladye deare,  
Come, mount this faire palfraye  
This ladder of ropes will lette thee downe,  
He carrye thee hance awaye.

Nowe nay, nowe nay, thou gentle knight, 65  
Nowe nay, this may not bee ;  
For aye shold I tint my maiden fame,  
If alone I should wend with thee.

O ladye, thou with a knighte so true 70  
Mayst safely wend alone,  
To my ladye mother I will thee bringe,  
Where marriage shall make us one.

" My father he is a baron bolde,  
Of lynage proude and hye ;  
And what would he saye if his daughter 75  
Awaye with a knight should fly ?

Ah ! well I wot, he never would rest,  
Nor his meate should doe him no goode,  
Until he had slayne thee, Child of Elle,  
And seene thy deare hearts bloode." 80

O ladye wert thou in thy saddle sette,  
And a little space him fro,  
I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,  
Nor the worst that he could doe.

O ladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette, 85  
And once without this walle,  
I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,  
Nor the worst that might befall.

Faire Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,  
And aye her heart was woe : 90  
At length he seized he lilly-white hand,  
And downe the ladder he drew :

And thrice he clasped her to his breste,  
And kist her tenderlie :  
The teares that fell from her fair eyes 95  
Ranne like the fountayne free.

Hee mounted himselfe on his steede so talle,  
And her on a fair palfraye,  
And slung his bugle about his necke,  
And roundlye they rode awaye. 100

All this beheard her owne damselle,  
In her bed whereas shee ley,  
Quoth shee, My lord shall knowe of this,  
Soe I shall have golde and fee.

Awake, awake, thou baron bolde ! 105  
Awake, my noble dame !  
Your daughter is fledde with the Child of Elle  
To doe the deede of shame.

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,  
And called his merrye men all : 110  
" And come thou forth, Sir John the knyghte,  
Thy ladye is carried to thrall."

Faire Emmeline scant had ridden a mile,  
A mile forth of the towne,  
When she was aware of her fathers men 115  
Come galloping over the downe :

And formost came the carlish knight,  
Sir John of the north countraye :  
" Nowe stop, nowe stop, thou false traitoure,  
Nor carry that ladye awaye. 120

For she is come of hye linèage,  
And was of a ladye borne,  
And ill it beseems thee a false churl's sonne  
To carrye her hence to scorne."

Nowe loud thou lyeest, Sir John the knight, 125  
Nowe thou doest lye of mee ;  
A knight mee gott, and a ladye me bore,  
Soe never did none by thee.

But light nowe downe, my ladye faire,  
Light downe, and hold my steed, 130  
While I and this discourteous knyghte  
Doe trye this arduous deede.

But light nowe downe, my deare ladye,  
Light downe, and hold my horse ;  
While I and this discourteous knight 135  
Doe trye our valour's force.

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,  
And aye her heart was woe,  
While twixt her love and the carlish knight 140  
Past many a baleful blowe.

The Child of Elle hee fought soe well,  
As his weapon he waved amaine,  
Thet soone he had slaine the carlish knight,  
And layd him upon the plaine.

And nowe the baron and all his men 145  
Full fast approached nye :  
Ah ! what may ladye Emmeline doe ;  
Twere nowe no boote to flye.

Her lover he put his horne to his mouth,  
And blew both loud and shrill, 150  
And soone he saw his owne merry men  
Come ryding over the hill.

" Nowe hold thy hand, thou bold baron,  
I pray thee hold thy hand,  
Nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts 155  
Fast knit in true love's band.

Thy daughter I have dearly loved  
Full long and many a day ;  
But with such love as holy kirke  
Hath freelye said wee may. 160

O give consent, shee may be mine,  
And bless a faithfull paire :  
My lands and livings are not small,  
My house and lineage faire :

My mother she was an earl's daughter, 165  
And a noble knyght my sire —  
The baron he frowned and turn'd away  
With mickle dole and ire.

Fair Emmeline sighed, faire Emmeline wept,  
And did all trembling stand : 170  
At lengthe she sprang upon her knee,  
And held his lifted hand.

Pardon, my lorde and father deare,  
This faire yong knyght and mee :  
Trust me, but for the carlish knyght, 175  
I never had fled from thee.

Oft have you called your Emmeline  
Your darling and your joye ;  
O let not then your harsh resolves  
Your Emmeline destroye. 180

The baron he stroakt his dark-brown cheekes,  
And turned his heade asyde  
To whipe awaye the starting teare  
He proudly strave to hyde.

In deepe revolving thought he stooode, 185  
And mused a little space :  
Then raised faire Emmeline from the grounde,  
With many a fond embrace.

Here take her, Child of Elle, he sayd,  
And gave her lillie white hand ; 190  
Here take my deare and only child,  
And with her half my land :

Thy father once mine honour wrongde  
In dayes of youthful pride ;  
Do thou the injurie repayre 195  
In fondnesse for thy bride.

And as thou love her, and hold her deare,  
Heaven prosper thee and thine :  
And nowe my blessing wend wi' thee,  
My lovely Emmeline. 200

\*\*\*  
††† From the word *kirke* in ver. 159, this hath been thought to be a Scottish Ballad, but it must be acknowledged that the line referred to is among the additions supplied by the Editor: besides, in the Northern counties of England, *kirk* is used in the common dialect for *church*, as well as beyond the Tweed.



XII.

EDOM O' GORDON,

A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

—was printed at Glasgow, by Robert and Andrew Foulis, mdccclv. 8vo, 12 pages.—We are indebted for its publication (with many other valuable things in these volumes) to Sir David Dalrymple, Bart. who gave it as it was preserved in the memory of a lady, that is now dead.

The reader will here find it improved, and enlarged with several fine stanzas, recovered from a fragment of the same ballad, in the Editor's folio MS. It is remarkable that the latter is entitled Captain Adam Carre, and is in the English idiom. But whether the author was English or Scotch, the difference originally was not great. The English Ballads are generally of the North of England, the Scottish are of the South of Scotland, and of consequence the country of Ballad-singers was sometimes subject to one crown, and sometimes to the other, and most frequently to neither. Most of the finest old Scotch songs have the scene laid within twenty miles of England, which is indeed all poetic ground, green hills, remains of woods, clear brooks. The pastoral scenes remain: of the rude chivalry of former ages happily nothing remains but the ruins of the castles, where the more daring and successful robbers resided. The House or Castle of the Rodes stood about a measured mile south from Duns, in Berwickshire: some of the ruins of it may be seen to this day. The Gordons were anciently seated in the same county: the two villages of East and West Gordon lie about ten miles from the castle of the Rodes\*. The fact, however, on which the Ballad is founded, happened in the North of Scotland, (see below,) yet it is but too faithful a specimen of the violences practised in the feudal times in every part of this Island, and indeed all over Europe.

From the different titles of this Ballad, it should seem that the old strolling bards or minstrels (who gained a livelihood by reciting these poems) made no scruple of changing the names of the personages they introduced, to humour their hearers. For instance, if a Gordon's conduct was blame-worthy in the opinion of that age, the obsequious minstrel would, when among Gordons, change the name to Car, whose clan or sept lay further West, and vice versa.—The foregoing observation, which I owed to Sir David Dalrymple, will appear the more perfectly well founded, if, as I have since been informed (from Crawford's Memoirs), the principal Commander of the expedition was a Gordon, and the immediate Agent a Car, or Ker; for then the reciter might, upon good grounds, impute the barbarity here deplored, either to a Gordon or a Car, as best suited his purpose. In the third volume the reader will find a similar instance. See the song of Gil

Morris, wherein the principal character introduced had different names given him, perhaps from the same cause.

It may be proper to mention, that in the folio MS. instead of the "Castle of the Rodes," it is the "Castle of Britton's-borrow," and also "Disactors" or "Draitoura-borrow," (for it is very obscurely written,) and "Capt. Adam Carre" is called the "Lord of Westerton-town." Uniformity required that the additional stanzas supplied from that copy should be clothed in the Scottish orthography and idiom: this has therefore been attempted, though perhaps imperfectly.

It fell about the Martinmas,  
Quhen the wind blew shril and cauld,  
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,  
We maun draw till a hauld.

And quhat a hauld sall we draw till, 5  
My mirry men and me?  
We wul gae to the house o' the Rodes,  
To see that fair ladie.

The lady stude on hir castle wa'  
Beheld baith dale and down: 10  
There she was ware of a host of men  
Cum ryding towards the toun.

O see ze nat, my mirry men a'!  
O see ze nat quhat I see?  
Methinks I see a host of men: 15  
I marvell quha they be.

She weend it had been hir luvely lord,  
As he cam ryding hame;  
It was the traitor Edom o' Gordon, 20  
Quha rekt nae sin nor shame.

She had nae sooner buskit hirsell,  
And putten on hir gown,  
But Edom o' Gordon and his men  
Were round about the toun.

They had nae sooner supper sett, 25  
Nae sooner said the grace,  
But Edom o' Gordon and his men  
Were light about the place.

The lady ran up to hir towir head,  
Sa fast as she could hie, 30  
To see if by hir faire speechès  
She could wi' him agree.

But quhan he see this lady skiff,  
And hir yates all locked fast,  
He fell into a rage of wrath, 35  
And his look was all aghast.

\* This Ballad is well known in that neighbourhood, where it is entitled Adam o' Gordon. It may be observed, that the famous freebooter, whom Edward I. fought with hand to hand, near Farnham, was named Adam Gordon.

Cum down to me, ze lady gay,  
Cum down, cum down to me :  
This night sall ye lig within mine armes,  
To-morrow my bride sall be. 40

I winnae cum down, ze fals Gordon,  
I winnae cum down to thee ;  
I winnae forsake my ain dear lord,  
That is sae far frae me.

Give owre your house, ze lady fair, 45  
Give owre your house to me,  
Or I sall brenn yoursel therein,  
Bot and your babies three.

I winnae give owre, ze false Gordòn, 50  
To nae sik traitor as zee :  
And if ze brenn my ain dear babes,  
My lord shall make ze drie.

But reach my pistoll, Glaud, my man \*,  
And charge ze weil my gun \* :  
For, but an I pierce that bluidy butcher,  
My babes we been undone. 55

She stude upon hir castle wa',  
And let twa bullets flee \* :  
She mist that bluidy butchers hart,  
And only raz'd his knee. 60

Set fire to the house, quo' fals Gordòn,  
All wood wi' dule and ire :  
Fals lady, ze sall rue this deid,  
As ze bren in the fire.

Wae worth, wae worth ze, Jock my man, 65  
I paid ze weil your fee ;  
Quhy pu' ze out the ground-wa' stane,  
Lets in the reek to me ?

And ein wae worth ze, Jock my man, 70  
I paid ze weil your hire ;  
Quhy pu' ze out the ground-wa' stane,  
To me lets in the fire ?

Ze paid me weil my hire, lady ;  
Ze paid me weil my fee :  
But now I'm Edom o' Gordons man, 75  
Mann either doe or die.

O than bespaik hir little son,  
Sate on the nurses knee :  
Sayes, Nither deare, gi' owre this house,  
For the reek it smithers me. 80

I wad gie a' my gowd, my childe,  
Sae wald I a' my fee,  
For ane blast o' the western wind,  
To blaw the reek frae thee.

O then bespaik hir dochter dear, 85  
She was baith jump and sma :  
O row me in a pair o' sheits,  
And tow me owre the wa.

They rowd hir in a pair o' sheits,  
And towd hir owre the wa :  
But on the point of Gordon's spear  
She gat a deadly fa. 90

O bonnie bonnie was hir mouth,  
And cherry were her cheiks,  
And clear clear was hir zellow hair,  
Whereon the reid bluid dreips. 95

Then wi' his spear he turnd hir owre,  
O gin hir face was wan !  
He sayd, Ze are the first that eir  
I wisht alive again. 100

He turnd hir owre and owre againe,  
O gin hir skin was whyte !  
I might ha spared that bonnie face  
To hae been sum mans delyte.

Busk and boun, my merry men a', 105  
For ill dooms I doe guess :  
I cannae luik in that bonnie face,  
As it lyes on the grass.

Thame, luiks to freits, my master deir,  
Then freits will follow thame :  
Let it neir be said brave Edom o' Gordon  
Was daunted by a dame. 110

But quhen the lady see the fire  
Cum flaming owre hir head,  
She wept and kist her children twain,  
Sayd, Bairns, we been but dead. 115

The Gordon then his bougill blew,  
And said, ' Awa', awa' ;  
This house o' the Rhodes is a' in flame,  
I hault it time to ga.' 120

O then bespyed hir ain dear lord,  
As hee cam owr the lee ;  
He sied his castle all in blaze  
Sa far as he could see.

Then sair, O sair, his mind misgave, 125  
And all his hart was wae ;  
Put on, put on, my wighty men,  
So fast as ze can gae.

Put on, put on, my wighty men,  
Sa fast as ze can drie ;  
For he that is hindmost of the thrang  
Sall neir get guid o' me. 130

Than sum they rade, and some they rin,  
Fou fast out-owr the bent ;  
But eir the foremost could get up, 135  
Baith lady and babes were brent.

He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,  
And wept in teenefu' muid :  
O traitors, for this cruel deid  
Ze sall weep teirs o' bluid. 140

\* These three lines are restored from Foulis's edition, and the fol. MS., which last reads "the bullets" in ver. 56.

V. 98, 102, O Gin, &c. a Scottish idiom to express great admiration. V. 109, 110, Thame, &c. i. e. Them that look after omens of ill luck, ill luck will follow.

And after the Gordon he is gane,  
 Sa fast as he might drie;  
 And soon i' the Gordon's foul hartis bluid  
 He's wroken his dear ladie.

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†† Since the foregoing ballad was first printed, the subject of it has been found recorded in Abp. Spotswood's History of the Church of Scotland, p. 259; who informs us, that

"Anno 1571. In the north parts of Scotland, Adam Gordon (who was deputy for his brother the Earl of Huntley) did keep a great stir; and, under colour of the queen's authority, committed divers oppressions, especially upon the Forbes..... Having killed Arthur Forbes, brother to the Lord

Forbes.... Not long after, he sent to summon the house of Tavoy, pertaining to Alexander Forbes. The lady refusing to yield without direction from her husband, he put fire unto it, and burnt her therein, with children and servants, being twenty-seven persons in all.

"This inhuman and barbarous cruelty made his name odious, and stained all his former doings; otherwise he was held very active and fortunate in his enterprizes."

This fact, which had escaped the Editor's notice, was in the most obliging manner pointed out to him by an ingenious writer who signs his name H. H (Newcastle, May 9,) in the Gentleman's Magazine for May, 1775, p. 219.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

## SERIES THE FIRST.

### BOOK II.

#### I

## BALLADS THAT ILLUSTRATE SHAKSPEARE.

Our great dramatic poet having occasionally quoted many ancient ballads, and even taken the plot of one, if not more, of his plays from among them, it was judged proper to preserve as many of these as could be recovered, and, that they might be the more easily found, to exhibit them in one collective view. This second book is therefore set apart for the reception of such ballads as are quoted by Shakspeare, or contribute in any degree to illustrate his writings: this being the principal point in view, the candid reader will pardon the admission of some pieces that have no other kind of merit.

The design of this book being of a dramatic tendency, it may not be improperly introduced with a few observations on the origin of the English Stage, and on the conduct of our first Dramatic Poets; a subject which, though not unsuccessfully handled by several good writers already\*, will yet perhaps admit of some further illustration.

#### ON THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH STAGE, &c.

It is well known that dramatic poetry in this and most other nations of Europe owes its origin, or at least its revival, to those religious shows, which in the dark ages were usually exhibited on the more solemn festivals. At those times they were wont to represent in the churches the lives and miracles

of the saints, or some of the more important stories of Scripture. And as the most mysterious subjects were frequently chosen, such as the Incarnation, Passion, and Resurrection of Christ, &c. these exhibitions acquired the general name of Mysteries. At first they were probably a kind of dumb shows, intermingled, it may be, with a few short speeches; at length they grew into a regular series of connected dialogues, formally divided into acts and scenes. Specimens of these in their most improved state (being at best but poor artless compositions) may be seen among Dodsley's Old Plays and in Osborne's Harleian Miscel. How they were exhibited in their most simple form, we may learn from an ancient novel, often quoted by our old dramatic Poets,\* entitled "a Merye Jest of a Man that was called Howleglas,"† &c., being a translation from the Dutch language, in which he is named *Ulenpiegle*. Howleglass, whose waggish tricks are the subject of this book, after many adventures comes to live with a priest, who makes him his parish-clerk. This priest is described as keeping a Leman or concubine, who had but one eye, to whom Howleglass owed a grudge for revealing his rogueries to his master. The story thus proceeds: "And than in the meane season, while Howleglas, was parysh clarke, at Easter they should play the

\* Bp. Warburton's Shakspeare, vol. v. p. 338.—Pref. to Dodsley's Old Plays.—Riccoboni's Act. of Theat. of Europe, &c. &c. These were all the author had seen when he first drew up this Essay.

\* See Ben Johnson's Poetaster, act iii. sec. 4, and his Masque of The Fortunate Isles. Whalley's edit. vol. ii. p. 40, vol. vi. p. 190.

† Howleglass is said in the preface to have died in 150000. At the end of the book, in 150000.

Resurrection of our Lorde : and for because than the men wer not learned, nor could not read, the priest toke his leman, and put ber in the grave for an Aungell : and this seing Howleglas, toke to him ij of the symplest persons that were in the towne, that played the ij Maries ; and the Person [i. e. Parson or Rector] played Christe, with a baner in his hand. Than saide Howleglas to the symple persons, When the Aungell asketh you, whome you seke, you may saye, The parsons leman with one iye. Than it fortuneth that the tyme was come that they must playe, and the Aungell asked them whom they sought, and than sayd they, as Howleglas had shewed and lerned them afore, and than answered they, We seke the priests leman with one iye. And than the prieste might heare that he was mocked. And when the priestes leman herd that, she arose out of the grave, and would have smyten with her fist Howleglas upon the cheke, but she missed him and smote one of the simple persons that played one of the three Maries ; and he gave her another ; and than toke she him by the heare [hair] ; and that seing his wyfe, came running hastily to smite the priestes leman ; and than the priest seing this, caste down hys baner and went to helpe his woman, so that the one gave the other sore strokes, and made great noyse in the church. And than Howleglas seyng them lryng together by the eares in the bodi of the church, went his way out of the village, and came no more, there (c)."

As the old Mysteries frequently required the representation of some allegorical personage, such as Death, Sin, Charity, Faith, and the like, by degrees the rude poets of those unlettered ages began to form complete dramatic pieces consisting entirely of such personifications. These they entitled Moral Plays, or Moralities. The Mysteries were very inartificial, representing the Scripture stories simply according to the letter. But the Moralities are not devoid of invention ; they exhibit outlines of the dramatic art : they contain something of a fable or plot, and even attempt to delineate characters and manners. I have now before me two that were printed early in the reign of Henry VIII ; in which I think one may plainly discover the seeds of Tragedy and Comedy : for which reason I shall give a short analysis of them both.

One of them is entitled "Every Man" (d). The subject of this piece is the summoning of Man out of the world by Death ; and its moral, that nothing will then avail him but a well-spent life and the comforts of religion. This subject and moral are opened in a monologue spoken by the Messenger (for that was the name generally given by our ancestors to the Prologue on their rude stage :) then God (e) is represented ; who, after some general complaints on the degeneracy of mankind, calls for Deth, and orders him to bring before his tribunal Every-man, for so is called the personage who represents the Human Race. Every-man appears, and receives the summons with all the marks of confusion and terror. When Death is withdrawn, Every-Man applies for relief in this distress to Fellowship, Kindred, Goods, or Riches, but they successively

renounce and forsake him. In this disconsolate state he betakes himself to Good Dedes, who, after upbraiding him with his long neglect of her (f), introduces him to her sister Knowledge, and she leads him to the "holy man Confession," who appoints him penance : this he inflicts upon himself on the stage, and then withdraws to receive the sacraments of the priest. On his return he begins to wax faint, and, after Strength, Beauty, Discretion, and Five Wits (g) have all taken their final leave of him, gradually expires on the stage ; Good Dedes still accompanying him to the last. Then an Aungell descends to sing his *Requiem* ; and the Epilogue is spoken by a person, called Doctour, who recapitulates the whole, and delivers the moral :

"¶ This memoriall men may have in mynde,  
Ye herers, take it of worth old and yonge,  
And forsake Pryde, for he deceyveth you in thende,  
And remembre Beauté, Five Witts, Strength and  
They all at last do Every Man forsake ; [Discretion,  
Save his Good Dedes there dothe he take ;  
But beware, for and they be small,  
Before God he hath no helpe at all," &c.

From this short analysis it may be observed, that "Every Man" is a grave solemn piece, not without some rude attempts to excite terror and pity, and therefore may not improperly be referred to the class of Tragedy. It is remarkable that in this old simple drama the fable is conducted upon the strictest model of the Greek tragedy. The action is simply one, the time of action is that of the performance, the scene is never changed, nor the stage ever empty. Every-Man, the hero of the piece, after his first appearance never withdraws, except when he goes out to receive the sacraments, which could not well be exhibited in public ; and during his absence Knowledge descants on the excellence and power of the priesthood, somewhat after the manner of the Greek chorus. And indeed, except in the circumstance of Every-Man's expiring on the stage, the Sampson Agonistes of Milton is hardly formed on a severer plan (h).

The other play is entitled "Hick-Scorner" (i), and bears no distant resemblance to Comedy : its chief aim seems to be to exhibit characters and manners, its plot being much less regular than the foregoing. The Prologue is spoken by Pity represented under the character of an aged pilgrim ; he is joined by Contemplacyon and Perseverance, two holy men, who, after lamenting the degeneracy of the age, declare their resolution of stemming the torrent. Pity then is left upon the stage, and presently found by Frewyll, representing a lewd debauchee, who, with his dissolute companion Imaginacion, relate their manner of life, and not without humour describe the stews and other places of base resort. They are presently joined by Hick-Scorner, who is drawn as a libertine returned from travel, and agreeably to his name, scoffs at religion. These three are described as extremely vicious, who

(f) The before-mentioned are male characters.

(g) i. e. The Five Senses. These are frequently exhibited as five distinct personages upon the Spanish stage ; (see Riccoboni, p. 98,) but our moralist has represented them all by one character.

(h) See more of Every-Man, in *Series the Second*, Pref. to B, ii. Note.

(i) "Imprinted by me Wynkyn de Worde," no date ; in 4to. bl. let. This play has also been reprinted by Mr. Hawkins in his "Origin of the English Drama," vol. i. p. 69.

(c) ¶ IMPRINTED . . BY WYLLIAM COPLAND : without date, 4to. bl. let. among Mr. Garrick's Old Plays, K. vol. X.  
(d) This play has been reprinted by Mr. Hawkins in his 3 vols. of Old Plays, entitled, "The Origin of the English Drama," 12mo. Oxford, 1773. See vol. I. p. 37.  
(e) The second person of the Trinity seems to be meant.

glory in every act of wickedness: at length two of them quarrel, and Pity endeavours to part the fray; on this they fall upon him, put him in the stocks, and there leave him. Pity, thus imprisoned, descants, in a kind of lyric measure on the profligacy of the age, and in this situation is found by Perseverance and Contemplation, who set him at liberty, and advise him to go in search of the delinquents. As soon as he is gone, Frewill appears again; and, after relating in a very comic manner some of his rogueries and escapes from justice, is rebuked by the two holy men, who after a long altercation, at length convert him and his libertine companion Imaginacioun from their vicious course of life: and then the play ends with a few verses from Perseverance by way of epilogue. This and every morality I have seen conclude with a solemn prayer. They are all of them in rhyme; in a kind of loose stanza, intermixed with distichs.

It would be needless to point out the absurdities in the plan and conduct of the foregoing play: they are evidently great. It is sufficient to observe, that, bating the moral and religious reflection of Pity, &c. the piece is of a comic cast, and contains a humorous display of some of the vices of the age. Indeed the author has generally been so little attentive to the allegory, that we need only substitute other names to his personages, and we have real characters and living manners.

We see then that the writers of these moralities were upon the very threshold of real tragedy and comedy; and therefore we are not to wonder that tragedies and comedies in form soon after took place, especially as the revival of learning about this time brought them acquainted with the Roman and Grecian models.

II. At what period of time the moralities had their rise here, it is difficult to discover. But plays of miracles appear to have been exhibited in England soon after the Conquest. Matthew Paris tells us that Geoffrey, afterwards Abbot of St. Albans, a Norman, who had been sent for over by Abbot Richard to take upon him the direction of the school of that monastery, coming too late, went to Dunstable and taught in the abbey there; where he caused to be acted (probably by his scholars) a miracle play of St. Catharine, composed by himself. (a). This was long before the year 1119, and probably within the 11th century. The above play of St. Catharine was, for aught that appears, the first spectacle of this sort that was exhibited in these kingdoms: and an eminent French writer thinks it was even the first attempt towards the revival of Dramatic Entertainments in all Europe; being long before the Representations of Mysteries in France; for these did not begin till the year 1398 (b).

But whether they derived their origin from the above exhibition or not, it is certain that Holy Plays,

(a) *Apud Dunestepham.... quendam ludum de sancta Katerina (quem miracula vulgariter appellamus) fecit. Ad quæ decoranda, pntis a sacrista sancti Albani, ut sibi Capas Chorales accommodarentur, et obtinuit. Et fuit ludus ille de sancta Katerina.* Vitæ Abbatis ad fin. Hist. Mat. Paris, fol. 1639, p. 55.—We see here that Plays of Miracles were become common enough in the time of Mat. Paris, who flourished about 1340. But that indeed appears from the more early writings of Fitz-Stephens: quoted below.

(b) *Vid. Abrégé Chron. de l'Hist. de France. par M. Hénault, à l'ann. 1179.*

representing the miracles and sufferings of the Saints, were become common in the reign of Henry II; and a lighter sort of Interludes appear not to have been then unknown (c). In the subsequent age of Chaucer, "Plays of Miracles" in Lent were the common resort of idle gossips (d).

They do not appear to have been so prevalent on the continent, for the learned historian of the council of Constance (e) ascribes to the English the introduction of plays into Germany. He tells us that the Emperor, having been absent from the council for some time, was at his return received with great rejoicings, and that the English fathers in particular did, upon that occasion, cause a sacred comedy to be acted before him on Sunday Jan. 31, 1417; the subjects of which were:—The Nativity of our Saviour: the Arrival of the Eastern Magi; and the Massacre by Herod. Thence it appears, says this writer, that the Germans are obliged to the English for the invention of this sort of spectacles, unknown to them before that period.

The fondness of our ancestors for dramatic exhibitions of this kind, and some curious particulars relating to this subject, will appear from the Household Book of the fifth Earl of Northumberland, A. D. 1512: (f) whence I shall select a few extracts, which show that the exhibiting scripture dramas on the great festivals entered into the regular establishment, and formed part of the domestic regulations of our ancient nobility; and, what is more remarkable, that it was as much the business of the chaplain in those days to compose Plays for the family, as it is now for him to make sermons.

"My Lordes Chapleyns in Household vj. viz. The Almonar, and if he be a maker of Interludys, than he to have a servaunt to the intent for writynge of the Part; and ells to have non. The maister of gramer, &c." Sect. V. p. 44.

"Item, my lordes usith and accustomyth to gyf yerely if is lordship kepe a chapell and be at home, them of his lordships chapell, if they doo play the play of the Nativite uppon cristynges day in the mornynge in my lordes chapell befor his lordship—xxs." Sect. XLIV. p. 343.

"Item, . . . to them of his lordship chappell and other his lordships servaunts that doith play the play befor his lordship uppon Shrof-Tewsdays at night yerely in reward—xs." Ibid. p. 345.

"Item, . . . to them . . . that playth the play of

(c) See Fitz-Stephens's Description of London, preserved by Stow, (and reprinted with notes, &c. by the Rev. Mr. Pegge, in 1774, 4to.) *Londonia pro spectaculis theatralibus, pro ludis scenicis, ludos habet sanctiores, representationes miraculorum, &c.* He is thought to have written in the reign of Hen. II., and to have died in that of Richard I. It is true, at the end of this book we find mentioned *Henricum regem tertium*; but this is doubtless Henry the Second's son, who was crowned during the life of his father, in 1170, and is generally distinguished as *Rex juvenis, Rex Alnus*, and sometimes they were jointly named *Rexes Angliae*. From a passage in his Chap. *De Religione*, it should seem that the body of St. Thomas Becket was just then a new acquisition to the Church of Canterbury.

(d) See Prologue to Wife of Bath's Tale, v. 6137. Tyr-whitt's Ed.

(e) M. L'Enfant. *Vid. Hist. du Conc. de Constance*, vol. II. p. 440.

(f) "The regulations and establishments of the household of Hen. Alg. Percy, 6th Earl of Northumb. Lond. 1770." 8vo. Whereof a small impression was printed by order of the late Duke and Duchess of Northumberland to bestow in presents to their friends.—Although begun in 1512, some of the Regulations were composed so late as 1525.

Reuerrrection upon eatur day in the mornnyng in  
a y lordis 'chapel' befor his lordshipe—xxs." Ibid.

"Item, My lorde useth and accustomyth yerly to  
gyf hym which is ordynede to be the Master of the  
Revells yerly in my lordis hous in cristmas for the  
overseyinge and orderinge of his lordships playes,  
interludes and dresinge that is plaid befor his lord-  
ship in his hous in the xijth dayes of Cristenmas and  
they to have in rewarde for that caus yerly—xxs."  
Ibid. p. 346.

"Item, My lorde useth and accustomyth to gyf  
every of the iij. Parsones that his lordship admyted  
as his Players to com to his lordship yerly at Cris-  
tynmas ande at all other such tymes as his lordship  
shall comande them for playing of playe and inter-  
ludes affor his lordship in his lordships hous for  
every of their fees for an hole yere" . . . Ibid. p. 351.

"Item, to be payd . . . for rewards to Players for  
playes playd at Christynmas by stranegeres in my  
house after xxd.(g) every play, by estimation somme  
—xxxij. s. iij."(h). Sect. I. p. 22.

"Item, My lorde usith, and accustometh to gif  
verely when his lordshipp is at home, to every erlis  
Players that comes to his lordshipe betwixt Cristyn-  
mas ande Candemas, if he be his special lorde &  
frende & Kynaman—xxs." Sect. XLIII. p. 340.

"Item, My lorde usith and accustomyth to gyf  
yerely, when his lordship is at home to every lordis  
Players, that comyth to his lordshipe betwixt Cry-  
stynmas and Candilmas—xs." Ibid.

The reader will observe the great difference in  
the rewards here given to such Players as were  
retainers of noble personages, and such as are styled  
Strangers, or, as we may suppose, only strolers.

The profession of a common player was about this  
time held by some in low estimation. In an old  
satire, entitled "Cock Lorrales Bote"(i) the author  
enumerating the most common trades or callings, as  
"carpenters, coopers, joyners," &c. mentions

"Players, purse-cutters, money-batterers,  
Golde-washers, tomblers, jogelers,  
Pardoners, &c." Sign. B. vj.

III. It hath been observed already, that plays of  
Miracles, or Mysteries, as they were called, led to  
the introduction of Moral Plays or Moralities, which  
prevailed so early, and became so common, that,  
towards the latter end of King Henry VIIIth's reign,  
John Rastel, brother-in-law to Sir Thomas More,  
conceived a design of making them the vehicle of  
science and natural philosophy. With this view he  
published "A new Interlude and a Mery of the  
Nature of the Four Elements declarynge many proper  
points of Philosophy Naturall, and of Dyvers  
Straunge Landys,(a) &c. It is observable that the

poet speaks of the discovery of America as then  
recent;

— "Within this xx yere  
Westwarde be founde new landes  
That we never harde tell of before this," &c,

The West Indies were discovered by Columbus  
in 1492, which fixes the writing of this play to  
about 1510 (two years before the date of the above  
Household Book.) The play of "Hick Scorne" was  
probably somewhat more ancient, as he still more  
imperfectly alludes to the American discoveries,  
under the name of "the Newe founde Ilonde."  
(Sign. A. vij.)

It is observable that in the olden moralities, as in  
that last mentioned, Every-man, &c., is printed no  
kind of stage direction for the exits and entrances of  
the personages, no division of acts and scenes. But  
in the moral interlude of "Lusty Juventus,"(b)  
written under Edward VI., the exits and entrances  
began to be noted in the margin:(c) at length in  
Queen Elizabeth's reign moralities appeared formally  
divided into acts and scenes, with a regular pro-  
logue, &c. One of these is reprinted by Dodsley.

Before we quit this subject of the very early  
printed plays, it may just be observed, that, although  
so few are now extant, it should seem many were  
printed before the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as at  
the beginning of her reign, her Injunctions in 1559  
are particularly directed to the suppressing of "many  
pamphlets, playes, and ballads; that no manner of  
person shall enterprize to print any such, &c." but  
under certain restrictions. Vid. Sect. V.

In the time of Hen. VIII., one or two dramatic  
pieces had been published under the classical names  
of comedy and tragedy,(d) but they appear not to have  
been intended for popular use: it was not till the  
religious ferments had subsided that the public had  
leisure to attend to dramatic poetry. In the reign of  
Elizabeth, tragedies and comedies began to appear  
in form, and, could the poets have persevered, the  
first models were good. "Corboduc," a regular  
tragedy, was acted in 1561;(e) and Gascoigne, in  
1566, exhibited "Jocasta," a translation from Eur-  
ipides, as also "The Supposes," a regular comedy,  
from Ariosto: near thirty years before any of Shake-  
speare's were printed.

The people however still retained a reliah for their

certain points of cosmographie—and of dyvers straunge  
regions—and of the new founde landys, and the maner of  
the people." This part is extremely curious, as it shows  
what notions were entertained of the new American dis-  
coveries by our own countrymen.

(b) Described in Series the Second, preface to book ii.  
The Dramatis Personae of this piece are, "¶. Messenger,  
Lusty Juventus, Good Counsaill, Knowledge, Satan the devyll,  
Hypocrisie, Fellowship, Abominable-lyving an harlot, God's  
mercifull promises."

(c) I have also discovered some few *Exeats* and *Intrats*  
in the very old interlude of the "Four Elements."

(d) Bishop Bale had applied the name of Tragedy to his  
Mystery of "God's Promises," in 1538. In 1540 John  
Palsgrave, B. D. had republished a Latin comedy, called  
"Aclostus," with an English version. Hollinghed tells us  
(vol. iii. p. 650), that so early as 1530 the king had "a good  
comedy of Plautus plaid" before him at Greenwich; but  
this was in Latin, as Mr. Farmer informs us in his curious  
"Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare," 8vo. p. 31.

(e) See Ames, p. 316.—This play appears to have been  
first printed under the name of "Corboduc;" then under  
that of "Ferrer and Porrer," in 1569; and again under  
"Gorboduc," 1590.—Ames calls the first edition quarto,  
Langbaine, octavo, and Tauner 12mo.

(g) This was not so small a sum then as it may now appear;  
for in another part of this MS. the price ordered to be given  
for a fat ox is but 13s. 4d. and for a lean one 8s.

(h) At this rate the number of plays acted must have been  
twenty.

(i) Pr. at the Sun in Fleet-st. by W. de Worde, no date,  
b. l. 4to.

(a) Mr. Garrick has an imperfect copy, (Old Plays, i. vol.  
iii.). The dramatis personae are, "¶. The Messenger (or  
Prologue). Nature naturate; Humanyte; Studyous Desire;  
Sensuall Appetite; The Taverner; Experyence; Ygnor-  
ance (Also yf ye lyste ye may bryng in a dysgy-  
synge)." Afterwards follows a table of the matters handled  
in the interlude; among which are, "¶. Of certeyn con-  
clusions prouvyng the yerthe must nedes be rounde, and  
that yt is in circumference above xxi M. myle."—"¶. Of

old mysteries and moralities (*f*), and the popular dramatic poets seem to have made them their models. From the graver sort of moralities our modern Tragedy appears to have derived its origin; as our Comedy evidently took its rise from the lighter interludes of that kind. And as most of these pieces contain an absurd mixture of religion and buffoonery, an eminent critic (*g*) has well deduced from thence the origin of our unnatural Tragi-comedies. Even after the people had been accustomed to tragedies and comedies, moralities still kept their ground: one of them entitled "The New Custom" (*h*) was printed so late as 1573: at length they assumed the name of masques, (*i*) and, with some classical improvements, became in the two following reigns the favourite entertainments of the court.

IV. The old mysteries, which ceased to be acted after the reformation, appear to have given birth to a Third Species of stage exhibition, which, though now confounded with tragedy and comedy, were by our first dramatic writers considered as quite distinct from them both: these were historical plays, or Histories, a species of dramatic writing, which resembled the old mysteries in representing a series of historical events simply in the order of time in which they happened, without any regard to the three great unities. These pieces seem to differ from tragedies, just as much as historical poems do from Epic: as the *Pharsalia* does from the *Æneid*.

What might contribute to make dramatic poetry take this form was, that soon after the mysteries ceased to be exhibited, was published a large collection of poetical narratives, called "The Mirror for Magistrates," (*a*) wherein a great number of the most eminent characters in English history are drawn relating their own misfortunes. This book was popular, and of a dramatic cast; and therefore, as an elegant writer (*b*) has well observed, might have its influence in producing historical plays. These narratives probably furnished the subjects, and the ancient mysteries suggested the plan.

There appears indeed to have been one instance of an attempt at an Historical Play itself, which was perhaps as early as any mystery on a religious subject; for such, I think, we may pronounce the representation of a memorable event in English history, that was expressed in actions and rhymes. This was the old Coventry play of "Hock Tuesday," (*c*) founded on the story of the massacre of the Danes, as it happened on St. Brice's night, November 13, 1002. (*d*) The play in question was performed by certain men of Coventry, among the other shows and entertainments at Kenilworth Castle, in July 1575, prepared

for Queen Elizabeth, and this the rather "because the matter mentioneth how valiantly our English women, for the love of their country, behaved themselves."

The writer, whose words are here quoted, (*e*) hath given a short description of the performance: which seems on that occasion to have been without recitation or rimes, and reduced to mere dumb-show; consisting of violent skirmishes and encounters, first between Danish and English "lance-knights on horse back," armed with spear and shield; and afterwards between "hosts" of footmen: which at length ended in the Danes being "beaten down, overcome, and many led captive by our English women." (*f*)

This play, it seems, which was wont to be exhibited in their city yearly, and which had been of great antiquity and long continuance there, (*g*) had of late been suppressed, at the instance of some well meaning but precise preachers, of whose "sourness" herein the townsmen complain; urging that their play was "without example of ill manners, papistry, or any superstition;" (*h*) which shows it to have been entirely distinct from a religious mystery. But having been discontinued, and as appears from the narrative, taken up of a sudden after the sports were begun, the players apparently had not been able to recover the old rhymes, or to procure new ones, to accompany the action; which if it originally represented "the outrage and importable insolency of the Danes, the grievous complaint of Huna, king Ethelred's chieftain in wars," his counselling and contriving the plot to dispatch them; concluding with the conflicts above mentioned, and their final suppression—"expressed in actions and rhymes after their manner," (*i*) one can hardly conceive a more regular model of a complete drama; and, if taken up soon after the event, it must have been the earliest of the kind in Europe.†

Whatever this old play, or "storial show," (*k*) was at the time it was exhibited to Queen Elizabeth, it had probably our young Shakespeare for a spectator, who was then in his twelfth year, and doubtless attended with all the inhabitants of the surrounding country at these "princely pleasures of Kenelworth," (*l*) whence Stratford is only a few miles distant. And as the Queen was much diverted with the Coventry play, "whereat her Majesty laught well," and rewarded the performers with 2

(*e*) Ro. Laneham, whose Letter, containing a full description of the Shows, &c. is reprinted at large in Nicholls's Progresses of Q. Elizabeth, &c. vol. i. 4to, 1788.—That, writer's orthography, being peculiar and affected, is not here followed.

Laneham describes this play of HOCK TUESDAY, which was "presented in an historical case by certain good-hearted men of Coventry" (p. 32), and which was "wont to be play'd in their citie yearly" (p. 33), as if it were peculiar to them, terming it "their old storial show" (p. 32).—And so it might be as represented and expressed by them "after their manner" (p. 33): although we are also told by Bevil Higgons, that St. Brice's Eve was still celebrated by the Northern English in commemoration of this massacre of the Danes, the women beating brass instruments, and singing old rhymes, in praise of their cruel ancestors. See his Short View of Eng. History, 8vo, p. 17. (The Preface is dated 1734).

(*g*) Laneham, p. 37. (*g*) Ibid p. 32.  
(*h*) Ibid. (*h*) Ibid. p. 32. (*i*) Ibid. p. 32.  
† The Rhymes, &c. prove this play to have been in English, whereas Mr. Thos. Warton thinks the Mysteries composed before 1236 were in Latin. Malone's Shakspeare, vol. ii. pt. ii. p. 9.

(*k*) Laneham, p. 32. (*l*) See Nicholls's Progresses, vol. i. p. 57.

(*f*) The general reception the old Moralities had upon the stage will account for the fondness of all our first poets for allegory. Subjects of this kind were familiar with every one.

(*g*) Bp. Warburton. Shakspeare, vol. v.

(*h*) Reprinted among Dodsley's Old Plays, vol. I.

(*i*) In some of these appeared characters full as extraordinary as in any of the old Moralities. In Ben Jonson's Masque of Christmas, 1616, one of the personages is Minceed Pye.

(*a*) The first part of which was printed in 1566.

(*b*) Catal. of Royal and Noble Authors, vol. p. 1667.

(*c*) This must not be confounded with the mysteries acted on Corpus Christi day by the Franciscans at Coventry, which were also called Coventry Plays, and of which an account is given from T. Warton's Hist. of Eng. Poetry, &c. in Malone's Shakspeare, vol. ii. part ii. pag. 13, 14.

(*d*) Not 1612, as printed in Laneham's Letter, mentioned below.

bucks. and 5 marks in money: who, "what rejoicing upon their ample reward, and what triumphing upon the good acceptance, vaunted their play was never so dignified, nor ever any players before so beatified:" but especially if our young bard afterwards gained admittance into the castle to see a play, which the same evening, after supper, was there "presented of a very good theme, but to set forth by the actors' well handling, that pleasure and mirth made it seem very short, though it lasted two good hours and more (m)," we may imagine what an impression was made on his infant mind. Indeed the dramatic cast of many parts of that superb entertainment, which continued nineteen days, and was the most splendid of the kind ever attempted in this kingdom; the addresses to the Queen in the personated characters of Sybille, a savage man, and Sylvanus, as she approached or departed from the castle; and, on the water, by Arion, a Triton, or the Lady of the Lake, must have had a very great effect on a young imagination, whose dramatic powers were hereafter to astonish the world.

But that the historical play was considered by our old writers, and by Shakespeare himself, as distinct from tragedy and comedy, will sufficiently appear from various passages in their works. "Of late days," says Stow, "in place of those stage plays (n) hath been used comedies, tragedies, enterludes and histories both true and fayned (o)." — Beaumont and Fletcher, in the prologue to "The Captain," say,

"This is nor Comedy, nor Tragedy,  
Nor History." —

Polonius in "Hamlet" commends the actors, as the best in the world, "either for tragedie, comedie, historie, pastorall," &c. And Shakespeare's friends, Heminge and Condell, in the first folio edit. of his plays, in 1623 (p), have not only entitled their book "Mr. William Shakespeare's comedies, histories, and tragedies:" but in their table of contents have arranged them under those three several heads; placing in the class of histories, "K. John, Richard II, Henry IV, 2 pts. Henry V, Henry VI, 3 pts. Rich. III, and Henry VIII;" to which they might have added such of his other plays as have their subjects taken from the old Chronicles, or Plutarch's lives.

Although Shakespeare is found not to have been the first who invented this species of drama (q), yet he cultivated it with such superior success, and threw upon this simple inartificial tissue of scenes such a blaze of genius that his histories maintain their ground in defiance of Aristotle and all the critics of the classic school, and will ever continue to interest and instruct an English audience.

Before Shakespeare wrote, historical plays do not appear to have attained this distinction, being not mentioned in Q. Elizabeth's licence in 1574 (r) to James Burbage and others, who are only empowered "to use, exerceyse, and occupie, the arte and facultye

of playenge comedies, tragedies, enterludes, stage-playes, and such other like." — But when Shakespeare's histories had become the ornaments of the stage, they were considered by the public, and by himself, as a formal and necessary species, and are thenceforth so distinguished in public instruments. They are particularly inserted in the licence granted by K. James I, in 1603 (s), to W. Shakespeare himself, and the players his fellows; who are authorized "to use and exercise the arte and faculty of playing comedies, tragedies, histories, interludes, morales, pastorals, stage-plaies, and such like."

The same merited distinction they continued to maintain after his death, till the theatre itself was extinguished; for they are expressly mentioned in a warrant in 1622, for licensing certain "late comedians of Q. Anne deceased, to bring up children in the qualitie and exercise of playing comedies, histories, interludes, morales, pastorals, stage-plaies, and such like." The same appears in an admonition issued in 1637 (t) by Philip Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, then Lord Chamberlain, to the master and wardens of the company of printers and stationers; wherein is set forth the complaint of his Majesty's servants the players, that "diverse of their books of comedyes and tragedyes, chronicle-histories, and the like," had been printed and published to their prejudice, &c.

This distinction, we see, prevailed for near half a century; but after the Restoration, when the stage revived for the entertainment of a new race of auditors, many of whom had been exiled in France, and formed their taste from the French theatre, Shakespeare's histories appear to have been no longer relished; at least the distinction respecting them is dropt in the patents that were immediately granted after the king's return.

This appears not only from the allowance to Mr. William Beeston in June 1660 (u), to use the house in Salisbury-court "for a play-house, wherein comedies, tragedies, tragi-comedies, pastoralls, and interludes, may be acted," but also from the fuller grant (dated August 21, 1760) (v) to Thomas Killigrew, Esq. and Sir William Davenant, knt. by which they have authority to erect two companies of players, and to fit up two theatres "for the representation of tragydies, comedyes, playes, operas, and all other entertainments of that nature."

But while Shakespeare was the favourite dramatic poet, his histories had such superior merit, that he might well claim to be the chief, if not the only historic dramatist that kept possession of the English stage; which gives a strong support to the tradition mentioned by Gildon (w), that, in a conversation with Ben Jonson, our bard vindicated his historical plays, by urging, that, as he had found "the nation in general very ignorant of history, he wrote them

(s) *Ibid.* p. 40.

(t) *Ibid.* p. 40. Here Histories, or Historical Plays, are found totally to have excluded the mention of Tragedies; a proof of their superior popularity. In an Order for the King's Comedians to attend K. Charles I. in his summer's progress, 1636, (*Ibid.* p. 144.) Histories are not particularly mentioned: "as so neither are tragedies: they being briefly directed to 'act playes, comedyes, and interludes, without any leitt,' &c. (f) *Ibid.* p. 130.

(u) This is believed to be the date by Mr. Malone, vol. ii. pt. ii. p. 239. (v) *Ibid.* p. 244.

(w) See Malone's *Shakesp.* vol. vi. p. 427. This ingenious writer well, with his known liberality, excuse the difference of opinion here entertained concerning the above tradition.

(m) Laneham, p. 28, 29. This was on Sunday evening, July 9.

(n) The Creation of the World, acted at Skinners well in 1492.

(o) See Stow's Survey of London, 1603, 4to, p. 94, (said in the title-page to be "written in the year 1598.") See also Warton's Observations on Spenser, vol. ii, p. 109.

(p) The same distinction is continued in the 2d. and 3d. folios, &c.

(q) See Malone's *Shakesp.* vol. I. part ii. p. 31.

(r) See Malone's *Shakesp.* vol. I. pt. ii. p. 37.



in order to instruct the people in this particular." This is assigning not only a good motive, but a very probable reason for his preference of this species of composition; since we cannot doubt but his illiterate countrymen would not only want such instruction when he first began to write, notwithstanding the obscure dramatic chroniclers who preceded him; but also that they would highly profit by his admirable lectures on English history so long as he continued to deliver them to his audience. And, as it implies no claim to his being the *first* who introduced our chronicles on the stage, I see not why the tradition should be rejected.

Upon the whole we have had abundant proof, that both Shakespeare and his contemporaries considered his histories, or historical plays, as of a legitimate distinct species, sufficiently separate from tragedy and comedy; a distinction which deserves the particular attention of his critics and commentators; who, by not adverting to it, deprive him of his proper defence and best vindication for his neglect of the Unities, and departure from the classical dramatic forms. For, if it be the first canon of sound criticism to examine any work by whatever rule the author prescribed for his own observance, then we ought not to try Shakespeare's Histories by the general laws of tragedy or comedy. Whether the rule itself be vicious or not, is another inquiry; but certainly we ought to examine a work only by those principles according to which it was composed. This would save a deal of impertinent criticism.

V. We have now brought the inquiry as low as was intended, but cannot quit it, without entering into a short description of what may be called the Economy of the ancient English stage.

Such was the fondness of our forefathers for dramatic entertainments, that not fewer than nineteen play-houses had been opened before the year 1633, when Prynne published his *Histriomastix* (a). From this writer it should seem that "tobacco, wine and beer (b)," were in those days the usual accommodations in the theatre, as within our memory at Sadler's Wells.

With regard to the players themselves, the several companies were (as hath been already shown (c)) re-

(a) He speaks in p. 402, of the Playhouses in Bishopsgate-street, and on Ludgate-hill, which are not among the seventeen enumerated in the Preface to Dodaleys's *Old Plays*. Nay, it appears from Rymer's MSS. that twenty-three Playhouses had been at different periods open in London: and even six of them at one time. See Malone's *Shakesp.* vol. i. pt. ii. p. 46.

(b) So, I think, we may infer from the following passage, viz. How many are there, who, according to their several qualities, spend 2d. 3d. 4d. 6d. 12d. 18d. 2s. and sometimes 4s. or 5s. at a play-house day by day, if coach-hire, boat-hire, tobacco, wine, beere, and such like vaine expences, which playes do usually occasion, be cast into the reckoning?" Prynne's *Histriom.* p. 222.

But that tobacco was smoked in the playhouses, appears from Taylor the water-poet, in his proclamation for tobacco's propagation. "Let play-houses, drinking-schools, taverns, &c. be continually haunted with the contaminous vapours of it; nay (if it be possible) bring it into the Churches, and there choak up their preachers." (*Works*, p. 253.) And this was really the case at Cambridge: James I. sent a letter, in 1607, against "taking tobacco" in St. Mary's. So I learn from my friend Dr. Farmer.

A gentleman has informed me, that once going into a church in Holland, he saw the male part of the audience sitting with their hats on, smoking tobacco, while the preacher was holding forth in his morning gown.

(c) See the extracts above, in p. 139 from the E. of Northumb. Household Book.

tainers, or menial servants to particular noblemen, (d) who protected them in the exercise of their profession; and many of them were occasionally Strollers, that travelled from one gentleman's house to another. Yet so much were they encouraged, that, notwithstanding their multitude, some of them acquired large fortunes. Edward Allen, master of the play-house called the Globe, who founded Dulwich college, is a known instance. And an old writer speaks of the very inferior actors, whom he calls the hirelings, as living in a degree of splendour, which was thought enormous in that frugal age (e).

At the same time the ancient prices of admission were often very low. Some houses had penny-benches (f). The "two-penny gallery" is mentioned in the prologue to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Woman-Hater* (g). And seats of three-pence and a groat seem to be intended in the passage of Prynne above referred to. Yet different houses varied in their prices: that play-house called the Hope had seats of five several rates from six-pence to half-a-crown (h). But

(d) See the Pref. to Dodley's *Old Plays*.—The author of an old invective against the Stage, called, *A third Blast of Retrait from Plales*, &c. 1580, 12mo, says, "Alas! that private affection should so rage in the nobilitie, that to pleasure their servants, and to uphold them in their vanity, they should restrain the magistrats from executing their office!... They [the nobility] are thought to be covetous by permitting their servants... to live at the devotion or almes of other men, passing from countrie to countrie, from one gentleman's house to another, offering their service, which is a kind of beggerie. Who indeede, to speake more truelie, are become beggers for their servants. For comonlie the good-will, men beare to their Lordes, makes them draw the strings of their purses to extend their liberalitie." Vid. pag. 75, 76, &c.

(e) Stephen Gosson, in his *Schoole of Abuse*, 1579, 12mo. fo. 23, says thus of what he terms in his margin *Playermen*: Over lashing in apparel is so common a fault, that the very hyerlings of some of our Players, which stand at revision of v. s. by the week, jet under gentlemen's noses in suits of silke, exercising themselves to prating on the stage, and common scoffing when they come abroad, where they look askeance over the shoulder at every man, of whom the Sunday before they begged an almes. I speake not this, as though every one that professeth the qualitie so abused himselfe, for it is well knownen, that some of them are sober, discrete, properly learned, honest householders and citizens, well-thought on among their neighbours at home," (he seems to mean Edw. Allen above mentioned) "though the pryde of their shadowes (I meane those hang-byes, whom they succour with stipend) cause them to be somewhat ill-talked of abroad.

In a subsequent period we have the following satirical fling at the showy exterior and supposed profits of the actors of that time.—Vid. Greene's *Groatworth of Wit*, 1625, 4to. "What is your profession?"—"Truly, sir, I am a Player." "A Player?.... I took you rather for a Gentleman of great living; for, if by outward habit men should be censured, I tell you, you would be taken for a substantial man." "So I am where I dwell.... What, though the world once went hard with me, when I was fayne to carry my playing-fardle a foot-backe: *tempora mutantur*.... for my very share in playing apparrell will not be sold for two hundred pounds.... Nay more, I can serve to make a pretty speech, for I was a country author, passing at a Moral, &c." See Roberto's Tale, sign. D. 3. b.

(f) So a MS. of Oldys, from Tom Nash, an old pamphlet-writer. And this is confirmed by Taylor the Water-poet, in his *Praise of Beggerie*, p. 69.

"Yet have I seen a begger with his many, [sc. vermin] Come at a play-house, all in for one penny."

(g) So in the Belman's Night-walks by Decker, 1616, 4to. "Pay thy two-pence to a Player, in this gallery thou mayest sit by a harlot."

(h) Induct. to Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew-fair*. An ancient satirical piece, called *The Blacke Book*, Lond. 1604, 4to. talks of "The six-penny Roomes in Playhouses;" and leaves a legacy to one whom he calls "Arch-tobacco taker of England, in ordinaries, upon stages both common and private."

a shilling seems to have been the usual price(*i*) of what is now called the Pit, which probably had its name from one of the play-houses having been a Cock-pit(*k*).

The day originally set apart for theatrical exhibition appears to have been Sunday; probably because the first dramatic pieces were of a religious cast. During a great part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the playhouses were only licenced to be opened on that day(*l*); but before the end of her reign, or soon after, this abuse was probably removed.

The usual time of acting was early in the afternoon(*m*), plays being generally performed by daylight(*n*). All female parts were performed by men, no English actress being ever seen on the public stage(*o*), before the Civil Wars.

(i) Shakesp. *Prod. to Hen. viii.*—Besum. and Fletch. *Prod. to the Captain, and to the Mad-lover.*

(k) This etymology hath been objected to by a very ingenious writer (see Malone's *Shakesp.* vol. i. pt. ii. p. 59), who thinks it questionable, because, in St. Mary's church at Cambridge, the arge that is under the pulpit, and surrounded by the galleries, is (*now*) called the pit; which, he says, no one can suspect to have been a cock-pit, or that a playhouse phrase could be applied to a church.—But whoever is acquainted with the licentiousness of boys, will not think it impossible that they should thus apply a name so peculiarly expressive of its situation: which from frequent use might at length prevail among the senior members of the university; especially when those young men became seniors themselves. The name of pit, so applied at Cambridge, must be deemed to have been a cant phrase, until it can be shown that the area in other churches was usually so called.

(l) So Ste. Gosson, in his *Schoole of Abuse*, 1579, 12mo. speaking of the players, says, "These, because they are allowed to play every Sunday, make illi or v. Sundayes at least every week, fol. 24.—So the author of a *Second and Third Blast of Retrait from Plaies*, 1580, 12mo. "Let the magistrate but repel them from the libertie of plaicing on the Sabbath-daie. . . . To plaie on the Sabbath is but a privilege of suferance, and might with ease be repelled, were it thoroughly followed." pag. 61, 62. So again, "Is not the Sabbath of al other daies the most abused? . . . Wherefore abuse not so the Sabbath-daie, my brethren; leave not the temple of the Lord." . . . "Those unsaverie morsels of unseemlie sentences passing out of the mouth of a rustenlie plaier, doth more content the hungrie humors of the rude multitude, and carrieth better relish in their mouthes, than the bread of the words, &c." Vid. pag. 63, 65, 66, &c. I do not recollect that exclamations of this kind occur in Fyrrne, whence I conclude that this enormity no longer subsisted in his time.

It should also seem, from the author of the *Third Blast* above quoted, that the churches still continued to be used occasionally for theatres. Thus, in p. 77, he says, that the players, (who, as hath been observed, were servants of the nobility,) "under the title of their maisters, or as retainers, are privileged to roave abroad, and permitted to publish their mametree in everie temple of God, and that throughout England, unto the horrible contempt of praler."

(m) "He entertaines us" (says Overbury in his character of an Actor) "in the best leasure of our life, that is, betweene n eales; the most unfit time either for study, or bodily exercise."—Even so late as in the reign of Cha. II, Plays generally began at 3 in the afternoon.

(n) See *Biogr. Brit.* i. 117, n. D.

(o) I say "no English Actress—on the public stage," because Fyrrne speaks of it as an unusual enormity, that "they had French-women actors in a play not long since peronated in Blackfriars Playhouse." This was in 1620, *id.* page 215. And though female parts were performed by men or boys on the public stage, yet in masques at court,

Lastly, with regard to the playhouse furniture and ornaments, a writer of King Charles the Second's time(*p*), who well remembered the preceding age, assures us, that in general "they had no other scenes nor decorations of the stage, but only old tapestry, and the stage strewed with rushes, with habits accordingly(*q*)."

Yet Coryate thought our theatrical exhibitions, &c. splendid when compared with what he saw abroad. Speaking of the theatre for comedies at Venice, he says, "The house is very beggarly and base, in comparison of our stately playhouses in England: neyther can their actors compare with ours for apparrell, shewes, and musicke. Here I observed certaine things that I never saw before: for I saw women act, a thing that I never saw before, though I have heard that it hath been sometimes used in London: and they performed it with as good a grace, action, gesture, and whatsoever convenient for a player, as ever I saw any masculine actor(*r*)."

It ought, however, to be observed, that, amid such a multitude of playhouses as subsisted in the Metropolis before the Civil Wars, there must have been a great difference between their several accommodations, ornaments, and prices; and that some would be much more showy than others, though probably all were much inferior in splendour to the two great theatres after the Restoration.

\* \* The preceding Essay, although some of the materials are new arranged, hath received no alteration deserving notice, from what it was in the Second edition, 1767, except in Section iv, which in the present impression hath been much enlarged.

This is mentioned, because, since it was first published, the History of the English Stage hath been copiously handled by Mr. Thomas Warton in his "History of English Poetry, 1774, &c." 3 vols. 4to. (wherein is inserted whatever in these volumes fell in with his subject); and by Edmond Malone, Esq. who, in his "Historical Account of the English Stage," (*Shakesp.* vol. i. pt. ii. 1790,) hath added greatly to our knowledge of the economy and usages of our ancient theatres.

the queen and her ladies made no scruple to perform the principal parts, especially in the reigns of James I. and Charles I.

Sir William Davenant, after the Restoration, introduced women, scenery, and higher prices. See Cibber's *Apology for his own Life*.

(p) See a short Discourse on the English Stage, subjoined to Flecknor's "Love's Kingdom," 1674, 12mo.

(q) It appears from an Epigram of Taylor the Water-poet, that one of the principal Theatres in his time, viz. The Globe on the Bankside, Southwark, (which Ben Jonson calls the Glory of the Bank, and Fort of the whole parish,) had been covered with thatch till it was burnt down in 1613.—(See Taylor's Sculler, *Epig.* 22, p. 31. Jonson's *Execration on Vulcan*.)

Puttenham tells us they used Vizards in his time, "partly to supply the want of players. when there were more parts than there were persons, or that it was not thought meet to trouble. . . princes chambers with too many folkes." *Art of Eng. Poets.* 1589, p. 26. From the last clause. It should seem that they were chiefly used in the Masques at Court.

(r) Coryate's *Crudities*, 4to, 1611, p. 247.

## I.

## ADAM BELL, CLYM OF THE CLOUGH, AND WILLIAM OF CLOUDESLEY,

— were three noted outlaws, whose skill in archery rendered them formerly as famous in the North of England, as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties. Their place of residence was in the forest of Englewood, not far from Carlisle, (called corruptly in the ballad Englishwood, whereas Engle- or Ingle-wood signifies wood for firing.) At what time they lived does not appear. The author of the common ballad on "The pedigree, education, and marriage, of Robin Hood," makes them contemporary with Robin Hood's father, in order to give him the honour of beating them: viz.

The father of Robin a forrester was,  
And he shot in a lusty long-bow  
Two north-country miles and an inch at a shot,  
As the Pindar of Wakefield does know:  
  
For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough,  
And William a Clowdeslee  
To shoot with our Forester for forty mark;  
And our Forester beat them all three.  
Collect. of Old Ballads, 1727, 1 vol. p. 67.

This seems to prove that they were commonly thought to have lived before the popular hero of Sherwood.

Our northern archers were not unknown to their southern countrymen: their excellence at the long-bow is often alluded to by our ancient poets. Shakspeare, in his comedy of "Much adoe about nothing," act 1, makes Benedicke confirm his resolves of not yielding to love, by this protestation, "If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat", and shoot at me, and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and called Adam:" meaning Adam Bell, as Theobald rightly observes, who refers to one or two other passages in our old poets wherein he is mentioned. The Oxford editor has also well conjectured, that "Abraham Cupid," in *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 1, should be "Adam Cupid," in allusion to our archer. Ben Jonson has mentioned Clym o' the Clough in his *Alchemist*, act i, sc. 2. And Sir William Davenant, in a mock poem of his, called "The Long Vacation in London," describes the attorneys and proctors, as making matches to meet in Finsbury fields.

"With loynes in canvass bow-case tyde †:  
Where arrowes stick with mickle pride; . . .  
Like ghosts of Adam Bell and Clymme.  
Sol sets for fear they'll shoot at him.

Works, 1673, fol. p. 291.

I have only to add further concerning the principal hero of this ballad, that the Bells were noted rogues in the north so late as the time of Queen Elizabeth. See in Rymer's *Fœdera*, a letter from

Lord William Howard to some of the officers of state, wherein he mentions them.

As for the following stanzas, which will be judged from the style, orthography, and numbers, to be of considerable antiquity, they were here given (corrected in some places by a MS. copy in the Editor's old folio) from a black-letter 4to. *Imprinted at London in Lothburge by William Copland* (no date). That old quarto edition seems to be exactly followed in "Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry, &c. Lond. 1791," 8vo., the variations from which, that occur in the following copy, are selected from many others in the folio MS. above mentioned, and when distinguished by the usual inverted 'comma' have been assisted by conjecture.

In the same MS. this ballad is followed by another, entitled *Younge Clowdeslee*, being a continuation of the present story, and reciting the adventures of William of Clowdesley's son: but greatly inferior to this both in merit and antiquity.

## PART THE FIRST.

MERY it was in the grene forest  
Amonge the levès grene,  
Whereas men hunt east and west  
Wyth bowes and arrowes kene;

To raise the dere out of theyr denne; 5  
Suche sightes hath ofte bene sene;  
As by thre yemen of the north countrèy,  
By them it is I meane.

The one of them hight Adam Bel, 10  
The other Clym of the Clough\*,  
The thyrd was William of Clowdesley,  
An archer good ynough.

They were outlawed for venyson,  
These yemen everychone; 15  
They swore them brethren upon a day  
To Englyshe wood for to gone.

Now lith and lysten, gentylmen,  
That of myrthes loveth to here: 20  
Two of them were single men,  
The third had a wedded fere.

Wyllyam was the wedded man,  
Muche more than was hys care:  
He sayde to hys brethren upon a day,  
To Carleile he would fare,

For to speke with fayre Alyce his wife, 25  
And with his chyldren thre.  
By my trowth, sayde Adam Bel,  
Not by the counsell of me:

For if ye go to Carlile, brother, 35  
And from thys wyld wode wende,  
If that the justice may you take,  
Your lyfe were at an ende.

\* Bottles formerly were of leather; though perhaps a wooden bottle might be here meant. It is still a diversion in Scotland to hang up a cat in a small cask, or firkin, half filled with soot: and then a parcel of clowns on horseback try to beat out the ends of it, in order to show their dexterity in escaping before the contents fall upon them.

† i. e. Each with a canvass bow-case tied round his loins.

V. 24, *Carleil*, in P.C. *passim*.

\* *Clym of the Clough* means Clem. (Clement) of the Cliff: for so Clough signifies in the North.

If that I come not to-morowe, brother,  
By pryme to you agayne,  
Truste you then that I am 'taken,'  
Or else that I am alyne. 35

He toke hys leave of hys brethgen two,  
And to Carlile he is gon:  
There he knocked at his owne windowe  
Shortlye and anone. 40

Wher be you, fayre Alyce, he sayd,  
My wyfe and chyliden thre?  
Lyghtly let in thyne owne husbände,  
Wyllyam of Cloudealee.

Alas! then sayde fayre Alyce, 45  
And syghed wonderous sore,  
Thys place hath ben besette for you  
Thys halfe a yere and more.

Now am I here, sayde Cloudealee,  
I would that in I were. 50  
Now fetche us meate and drynke ynowhe,  
And let us make good chere.

She fetched hym meate and drynke plentye,  
Lyke a true wedded wyfe;  
And pleased hym with that she had, 55  
Whome she loved as her lyfe.

There lay an old wyfe in that place,  
A lytle besyde the fyre,  
Whych Wyllyam had found of charytye  
More than seven yere. 60

Up she rose, and forth shee goes,  
Evill mote shee speede therefore;  
For shee had sett no foote on ground  
In seven yere before.

She went unto the justice hall, 65  
As fast as she could hye:  
Thys night, shee sayd, is come to town  
Wyllyam of Cloudealee.

Thereof the justice was full fayne,  
And so was the shirife also: 70  
Thou shalt not trausile hither, dame, for nought,  
Thy meed thou shalt have ere thou go.

They gave to her a ryght good gounne,  
Of scarlate, 'and of graine:'  
She toke the gyft, and home she wente, 75  
And couched her doune agayne.

They raysed the towne of mery Carleile  
In all the haste they can;  
And came thronging to Wyllyames house,  
As fast as they might gone. 80

There they besette that good yemàn  
Round about on every syde:  
Wyllyam hearde great noyse of folkes,  
That thither-ward fast hyed.

Alyce opened a backe wyndowe,  
And loked all aboute, 85  
She was ware of the justice and shirife bothe,  
Wyth a full great route.

Alas! treason, cryed Alyce,  
Ever wo may thou be! 90  
Goe into my chamber, my husband, she sayd,  
Swete Wyllyam of Cloudealee.

He toke hys sward and hys bucler,  
Hys bow and hys chyliden thre,  
And wente into hys strongest chamber, 95  
Where he thought surest to be.

Fayre Alyce, like a lover true,  
Took a pollaxe in her hande:  
Said, He shall dye that cometh in  
Thys dore, whyle I may stand. 100

Cloudealee bente a right good bowe.  
That was of a trusty tre,  
He smot the justice on the brest,  
That hys arowe burst in thre.

'A' curse on his harte, saide William, 105  
Thys day thy cote dyd on!  
If it had ben no better then myne,  
It had gone nere thy bone.

Yelde tne Cloudealee, sayd the justise,  
And thy bowe and thy arrowes the fro. 110  
'A' curse on hys hart, sayd fair Alyce,  
That my husband councelleth so.

Set fyre on the house, saide the sherife,  
Syth it wyll no better be,  
And brenne we therin William, he saide, 115  
Hys wife and chyliden thre.

They fyled the house in many a place,  
The fyre flew up on hye;  
Alas! then cryed fayre Alyce, 120  
I se we here shall dye.

William openyd a backe wyndow,  
That was in hys chamber hie,  
And there with sheetes he did let downe  
His wife and children thre.

Have you here my treasure, sayde William, 125  
My wyfe and my chyliden thre:  
For Christes love do them no harme,  
But wreke you all on me.

Wyllyam shot so wonderous well,  
Tyll hys arrowes were all agoe, 130  
And the fyre so fast upon hym fell,  
That hys bowstryng brent in two.

The sparkles brent and fell upon  
Good Wyllyam of Cloudealee:  
Than was he a wofull man, and sayde, 135  
Thys is a cowardes death to me.

Leever had I, said Wylliam,  
With my sworde in the route to renne,  
Then here among myne enemyes wode  
Thus cruelly to bren. 140

He toke hys sward and hys buckler,  
And among them all he ran,  
Where the people were most in prece,  
He smote downe many a man.

There myght no man abyde hys stroakes, 145  
So fersly on them he ran :  
Then they threw wyndgeon and dores on him,  
And so toke that good yemàn.

There they hym bounde both hand and fote,  
And in a deepe dungeon him cast : 150  
Now, Cloudele, sayd the justice,  
Thou shalt be hanged in hast.

'A payre of new gallowes, sayd the sherife,  
Now shal I for thee make ;'  
And the gates of Carleil shal be shutte : 155  
No man shal come in therat.

Then shall not helpe Clym of the Cloughe,  
Nor yet shall Adam Bell,  
Though they came with a thousand mo,  
Nor all the devels in hell. 160

Early in the mornyng the justice uprose,  
To the gates first can he gone,  
And commaunded to be shut full close  
Lightlil everychone.

Then went he to the markett place, 165  
As fast as he coude hye ;  
There a payre of new gallowes he set up  
Besyde the pyllyrye.

A lytle boy 'among them asked,'  
What meant that gallow-tre ? 170  
They sayde to hange a good yemàn,  
Called Wylliam of Cloudele.

That lytle boye was the towne swyne-heard,  
And kept fayre Alyces swyne ;  
Of he had seene William in the wodde, 175  
And geun hym there to dyne.

He went out att a crevis of the wall,  
And lightly to the woode dyd gone ;  
There met he with these wightye yemen  
Shortly and anone. 180

Alas ! then sayd the lytle boye,  
Ye tary here all too longe ;  
Cloudelee is taken, and dampned to death,  
And readye for to longe.

Alas ! then sayd good Adam Bell, 185  
That ever we saw thys daye !  
He had better have tarryed with us,  
So ofte as we dyd him praye.

He myght have dwelt in greene forèste,  
Under the shadowes greene, 190  
And have kepte both hym and us att reste,  
Out of all trouble and teene.

Adam bent a ryght good bow,  
A great hart sone hee had slayne ;  
Take that, chyldre, he sayde, to thy dynner, 195  
And bring me myne arrowe agayne.

Now go we hence, sayd these wightye yeomen,  
Tarrye we no longer here ;  
We shall hym borowe by God his grace,  
Though we buy itt full dere. 200

To Caerleil wente these bold yemen,  
All in a mornyng of maye.  
Here is a fyt\* of Cloudele,  
And another is for to saye.

## PART THE SECOND.

And when they came to mery Carleile,  
All in 'the' mornyng tyde,  
They founde the gates shut them untill  
About on every syde.

Alas ! then sayd good Adam Bell, 5  
That ever we were made men !  
These gates be shut so wonderous fast,  
We may not come therein.

Then bespake him Clym of the Clough,  
Wyth a wyle we wyl us in bryng ; 10  
Let us saye we be messengers,  
Streight come now from our king.

Adam said, I have a letter written,  
Now let us wysely werke,  
We wyl saye we have the kynges seale ; 15  
I holde the porter no clerke.

Then Adam Bell bete on the gates  
With strokes great and stronge :  
The porter marvelled, who was therat,  
And to the gates he thronge. 20

Who is there now, sayde the porter,  
That maketh all thys knockinge ?  
We betow messengers, quoth Clym of the Clough,  
Be come ryght from our kyng.

We have a letter, sayd Adam Bel, 25  
To the justice we must itt bryng ;  
Let us in our message to do,  
That we were agayne to the kyng.

Here commeth none in, sayd the porter,  
By hym that dyed on a tre, 30  
Tyll a false thefe be hanged,  
Called Wylliam of Cloudele.

Then spake the good yemàn Clym of the Clough,  
And swore by Mary fre, 35  
And if that we stande long wythout,  
Lyke a thefe hanged shalt thou be.

V. 151, sic. MS. *hys Justice*, PC.—V. 153, 4, are contracted from the fol. MS. and PC.—V. 170, yonge men, PC.

V. 190, sic MS. *shadowes sheene*, PC.—V. 197, jolly yemen, MS. *wight yonge men*, PC.

\* See Gloss.

Lo! here we have the kynges seale:  
What, Lurden, art thou wode?  
The porter went\* it had been so,  
And lyghtly dyd off hys hode. 40

Welcome is my lordes seale, he saide;  
For that ye shall come in.  
He opened the gate full shortlye:  
An euyl openyng for him.

Now are we in, sayde Adam Bell, 45  
Wherof we are full faine;  
But Christ he knowes, that barowed hell,  
How we shall com out agayne.

Had we the keys, said Clim of the Clough, 50  
Ryght wel then shoulde we spede,  
Then might we come out wel ynough  
When we se tyme and nede.

They called the porter to counsell,  
And wrang his necke in two, 55  
And caste hym in a depe dungeon,  
And toke hys keys hym fro.

Now am I porter, sayd Adam Bel, 60  
Se brother the keys are here,  
The worst porter to merry Carleile  
That 'the' had thys hundred yere.

And now wyll we our bowes bend,  
Into the towne wyll we go,  
For to delyuer our dere brother,  
That lyeth in care and wo.

Then they bent theyr good ewe bowes, 65  
And loked theyr stringes were round†,  
The markett place in mery Carleile  
They beset that stound.

And, as they loked them besyde, 70  
A paire of new galowes 'they' see,  
And the justice with a quest of squyers,  
That judged William hanged to be.

And Cloudeale lay ready there in a cart, 75  
Fast bound both fote and hand;  
And a stronge rop about hys necke,  
All readye for to hange.

The justice called to hym a ladde, 80  
Cloudealees clothes hee shold have,  
To take the measure of that yemän,  
Therafter to make hys grave.

I have sene as great merraille, said Cloudeale,  
As betweyne thys and pryme,  
He that maketh a grave for mee,  
Hymse'fe may lye therin.

Thou speakest proude, said the justice, 85  
I will thee hange with my hande.  
Full wel herd this his brethren two,  
There styll as they dyd stande.

Then Cloudeale cast his eyen asyde, 90  
And saw hys 'brethren twaine'  
At a corner of the market place,  
Redy the justice for to slaine.

I se comfort, sayd Cloudeale, 95  
Yet hope I well to fare,  
If I might have my handes at wyll  
Ryght lytle wolde I care,

Then spake good Adam Bell  
To Clym of the Clough so free,  
Brother, se you marke the justyce wel,  
Lo! yonder you may him se: 100

And at the shyryfe shote I wyll  
Strongly wyth an arrowe kene;  
A better shote in mery Carleile  
Thys seven yere was not sene.

They loosed their arrowes both at once, 105  
Of no man had they dread;  
The one hyt the justice, the other the sheryfe,  
That both theyr sides gan blede.

All men voyded; that them stode nye, 110  
When the justice fell to the grounde,  
And the sherife nye him by;  
Eyther had his deathe wounde.

All the citezens fast gan flye,  
They durst no longer abyde:  
There lyghtly they losed Cloudealee, 115  
Where he with ropes lay tyde.

Wylliam start to an officer of the towne,  
Hys axe 'from' hys hand he wronge,  
On eche syde he smote them downe,  
Hee thought he taryed to long. 120

Wylliam sayde to his brethren two,  
Thys daye let us lyve and die,  
If ever you have nede, as I have now,  
The same shall you finde by me.

They shot so well in that tyde, 125  
Theyr stringes were of silke ful sure,  
That they kept the stretes on every side;  
That batayle did long endure.

They fought together as brethren true, 130  
Lyke hardy men and bolde,  
Many a man to the ground they threw  
And many a herte made colde.

But when their arrowes were all gon,  
Men precead to them full fast,  
They drew theyr swordes then anone, 135  
And theyr bowes from them cast.

They went lyghtly on theyr way,  
Wyth swordes and buclers bound;  
By that it was mydd of the day,  
They made many a wound. 140

V. Lordeyne, PC.

\* i. e. weened, thought, (which last is the reading of the folio MS.)—Calais, or Rouen, was taken from the English by showing the governor, who could not read, a letter with the king's seal, which was all he looked at.

† So Ascham in his *Torophilus* gives a precept: "The stringe must be rounde;" (p. 149, ed. 1781.) otherwise, we may conclude from mechanical principles, the arrow will not fly true.

V. 105, loosed thre, PC.—Ver 108, can bled. MS.

There was an out-horne\* in Carleil blowen,  
And the belles backward dyd ryng,  
Many a woman sayde, Alas!  
And many theyr handes dyd wryng.

The mayre of Carleile forth com was, 145  
Wyth hym a ful great route:  
These yemen dred hym full sore,  
Of theyr lyves they stode in great doute.

The mayre came armed a full great pace, 150  
With a pollaxe in hys hande;  
Many a strong man wyth him was,  
There in that stowre to stande.

The mayre smot at Cloudelee with his bil,  
Hys bucler he brast in two, 155  
Full many a yeman with great evyll,  
Alas! Treason they cryed for wo.  
Kepe well the gates fast, they bad,  
That these traytours therout not go.

But al for nought was that they wrought, 160  
For so fast they downe were layde,  
Tyll they all thre, that so manfulli fought,  
Were gotten without, abraide.

Have here your keys, sayd Adam Bel,  
Myne office I here forsake, 165  
And yf you do by my counsell  
A new porter do ye make.

He threw theyr keys at theyr heads,  
And bad them well to thryvet,  
And all that letteth any good yeman  
To come and comfort his wyfe. 170

Thus be these good yeman gon to the wod,  
As lyghtly as lefe on lynde;  
The lough and be mery in theyr mode,  
Theyr enemyes were farr behynd.

When they came to Englyshe wode, 175  
Under the trusty tre,  
There they found bowes full good,  
And arrowes full great plentye.

So God me help, sayd Adam Bell,  
And Clym of the Clough so fre, 180  
I would we were in mery Carleile,  
Before that fayre meynye.

They set them downe, and made good chere,  
And eate and dranke full well.  
A second fyt of the wightye yeomen: 185  
Another I wyll you tell.

## PART THE THIRD.

As they sat in Englyshe wood,  
Under the green-wode tre,  
They thought they herd a woman wepe,  
But her they mought not se.

V. 148, For of, MS.—V. 175, merry green wood, MS.—  
V. 185, see part i. v. 197.

\* Outhorne is an old term signifying the calling forth of  
subjects to arms by the sound of a horn. See Cole's Lat.  
Dict. Bailey, &c.

† This is spoken ironically.

Sore then syghed the fayre Alyce. 5  
'That ever I sawe thys day!'  
For nowe is my dere husband alayne.  
Alas! and wel-a-way!

Myght I have spoken wyth hys dere brethren,  
Or with eyther of them twayne, 10  
To show them what him befell,  
My hart were out of payne.

Cloudelele walked a lytle beside,  
He looked under the grene wood lynde,  
He was ware of his wife, and chyl dren three, 15  
Full wo in harte and mynde.

Welcome, wyfe, then sayde Wyllyam,  
Under 'this' trusty tre:  
I had wende yesterday, by swete saynt John,  
Thou sholdest me never 'have' se. 20

"Now well is me that ye be here,  
My harte is out of wo."  
Dame, he sayde, be mery and glad,  
And thanke my brethren two.

Herof to speake, said Adam Bell, 25  
I-wis it is no bote:  
The meate, that we must suppe withall,  
It runneth yet fast on fote.

Then went they downe into a launde,  
These noble archares all thre; 30  
Eche of them slew a hart of greece,  
The best that they coldse.

Have here the best, Alyce, my wyfe,  
Sayde Wyllyam of Cloudelele;  
By cause ye so bouldly stode by me 35  
When I was alayne full nye.

Then went they to suppere  
Wyth suche meate as they had;  
And thanked God of ther fortune:  
They were both mery and glad. 40

And when they had supped well,  
Certayne withouten lease,  
Cloudelele sayd, We wyll to our kyng,  
To get us a charter of peace.

Alyce shal be at our sojournyng 45  
In a nunnery here besyde;  
My tow sonnes shall wyth her go,  
And there they shall abyde.

Myne eldest son shall go wyth me;  
For hym have 'you' no care: 50  
And he shall bring you worde agayn,  
How that we do fare.

Thus be these yemen to London gone,  
As fast as they myght 'be',  
Tyll they came to the kynges pallace, 55  
Where they woulde nedes be.

And whan they came to the kynges courte,  
Unto the pallace gate,  
Of no man wold they aske no leave,  
But boldly went in therat. 60

V. 20, never had se, PC. and MS.—V. 50, have I no care, PC.  
\* I. e. he hasten.

They preceded prestly into the hall,  
Of no man had they drede :  
The porter came after, and dyd them call,  
And with them began to chyde.

The usher sayde, Yemen, what wold ye have ? 65  
I pray you tell to me :  
You myght thus make offycers abent :  
Good syrs, of whence be ye ?

Syr, we be out-lawes of the forest  
Certayne withouten lease ; 70  
And hether we be come to the kyng,  
To get us a charter of peace.

And when they came before the kyng,  
As it was the lawe of the lande,  
The kneledowne without lettyng, 75  
And ech held up his hand.

The sayed, Lord, we besече the here,  
That ye wyll graunt us grace ;  
For we have slayne your fat falow dere  
In many a sondry place. 80

What be your nams, then said our king,  
Anone that you tell me ?  
They sayd, Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,  
And Wylyyam of Cloudele

Be ye those theves, then sayd our kyng, 85  
That men have tolde of to me ?  
Here to God I make an avowe,  
Ye shal be hanged al thre.

Ye shal be dead without mercy,  
As I am kyng of this lande. 90  
He commanded his officers everichone,  
Fast on them to lay hande.

There they toke these good yemen,  
And arrested them al thre :  
So may I thryve, sayd Adam Bell, 90  
Thys game lyketh not me.

But, good lord, we besече you now,  
That yee graunt us grace,  
Insomuche as ' frely ' we be to you come,  
' As frely ' we may fro you passe, 100

With such weapons, as we have here,  
Tyll we be out of your place ;  
And yf we lyve this hundreth yere,  
We wyll aske you no grace.

Ye speake proudly, sayd the kyng ; 105  
Ye shall be hanged all thre.  
That were great pitye, then sayd the quene,  
If any grace myght be.

My lord, when I came fyrst into this lande  
To be your wedded wyfe,  
The fyrst boone that I wold aske, 110  
Ye wold graunt it me belyfe :

And I asked you never none tyll now ;  
Therefore, good lord, graunt it me.  
Now aske it, madam, sayd the kyng, 115  
And graunted it shal be.

V. 111, 119, str. MS. bowne. P.C.

Then, good my lord, I you besече,  
These yemen graunt ye me.  
Madame, ye myght have asked a boone,  
That shuld have been worth them all thre. 120

Ye myght have asked towres, and townes,  
Parkes and forestes plenté.  
None soe pleasant to my pay, shee sayd ;  
Nor none so lefe to me.

Madame, sith it is your desyre, 125  
Your sakyng graunted shal be ;  
But I had lever have given you  
Good market townes thre.

The quene was a glad woman,  
And sayde, Lord, gramarcy ; 130  
I dare undertake for them,  
That true men shal they be.

But, good my lord, speke som mery word,  
That comfort they may se.  
I graunt you grace, then sayd our king ; 135  
Washe, felos, and to meate go ye.

They had not setten but a whyle  
Certayne without lesyng,  
There came messengers out of the north  
With letters to our kyng. 140

And when the came before the kyng,  
They knelt downe on theyr kne ;  
And sayd, Lord, your officers grete you well,  
Of Carleile in the north cuntré.

How fareth my justice, sayd the kyng, 145  
And my sherife also ?  
Syr, they be slayne without leasyng,  
And many an officer mo.

Who hath them slayne ? sayd the kyng ;  
Anone that thou tell me. 156  
" Adam Bell, and Clime of the Clough,  
And Wylyyam of Cloudele."

Alas, for rewth ! then sayd our kyng :  
My hart is wonderous sore ;  
I had lever than a thousande pounde, 155  
I had knowne of thys before ;

For I have graunted them grace,  
And that forthynketh me :  
But had I knowne all thys before,  
They had been hanged all thre. 160

The kyng hee opened the letter anone,  
Himselfe he red it thro,  
And founde how these outlawes had slain  
Thre hundred men and mo :

Fyrst the justice, and the sheryfe, 165  
And the mayre of Carleile towne ;  
Of all the constables and catchpolls  
Alyve were ' scant ' left one :

The baylyes, and the bedyls both,  
And the sergeauntes of the law, 170  
And forty fosters of the fe,  
These outlawes had yslaw :

V. 130, God a mercy, MS.—V. 160, left but one, MS. not one. P.C.



And broke his parks, and slayne his dere;  
Of all they chose he best;  
So perelous out-lawes, as they were,  
Walked not by easts nor west. 173

When the kyng this letter had red,  
In hys harte he syghed sore:  
Take up the tables anone he bad,  
For I may eat no more. 180

The kyng called hys best archars  
To the buttes wyth hym to go:  
I wyll se these felowes shote, he said.  
In the north have wrought this wo.

The kynges bowmen buske them blyve,  
And the quenes archers also;  
So dyd these thre wyghte yemen;  
With them they thought to go. 185

There twyse, or thryse they shote about  
For to assay theyr hande;  
There was no shote these yemen shot,  
That any prycke\* myght stand. 190

Then spake Wyllyam of Cloudealè;  
By him that for me dyed,  
I hold hymn never no good archar,  
That shoteth at buttes so wyde. 195

'At what a butte now wold ye shote?'  
I pray thee tell to me.  
At suche a but, syr, he said,  
As men use in my countree. 200

Wyllyam wente into a fyeld,  
And 'with him' his two brethren:  
There they set up two hasell rodde  
Twenty score paces betwene.

I hold him an archar, said Cloudealè,  
That yonder wande cleveith in two.  
Here is none suche, sayd the kyng,  
Nor no man can so do. 205

I shall assaye, syr, sayd Cloudealè,  
Or that I farther go.  
Cloudealy with a bearyng arowe  
Clave the wand in two. 210

Thou art the best archer, then said the king,  
Forsothe that ever I se.  
And yet for your love, sayd Wyllyam,  
I wyll do more maystery. 215

I have a sonne is seven yere olde,  
He is to me full deare;  
I wyll hym tye to a stake;  
All shall se, that be here; 220

And lay an apple upon hys head,  
And go syxe score paces hym fro,  
And I my selfe with a brode aròw  
Shall cleve the apple in two.

Now haste the, then sayd the kyng, 225  
By hym that dyed on a tre,  
But yf thou do not, as thou heest sayde,  
Hanged shalt thou be.

And thou touche his head or gowne,  
In syght that men may se, 230  
By all the sayntes that be in heaven,  
I shall hange you all thre.

That I have promised, said William,  
That I wyll never forsake.  
And there even before the kyng  
In the earth he drove a stake: 235

And bound therto his eldest sonne,  
And bad hym stand styll thereat;  
And turned the childe's face him fro,  
Because he should not start. 240

An apple upon his head he set,  
And then his bowe he bent:  
Syxe score paces they were meaten,  
And thether Cloudealè went.

There he drew out a fayr brode arrowe, 245  
Hys bowe was great and longe,  
He set that arrowe in his bowe,  
That was both styffe and stronge.

He prayed the people, that wer there,  
That they 'all still wold' stand, 250  
For he that shoteth for such a wager  
Behoveth a stedfast hand.

Muche people prayed for Cloudealè,  
That his lyfe saved myght be,  
And whan he made hym redy to shote,  
There was many weeping se. 255

'But' Cloudealè clefte the apple in two,  
'His sonne he did not nee.'  
Over Gods forbode, sayde the kinge,  
That thou shold shote at me. 260

I geve thee eightene pence a day,  
And my bowe shalt thou bere,  
And over all the north countre  
I make the chyfe rydère.

And I thyrtene pence a day, said the quene, 265  
By God, and by my fay;  
Come feche thy payment when thou wylt,  
No man shall say the nay.

Wyllyam, I make the a gentleman  
Of clothyng, and of fe: 270  
And thy two brethren, yemen of my chambre,  
For they are so semely to se.

Your sonne, for he is tandre of age,  
Of my wyne-seller he shall be;  
And when he cometh to mans estate,  
Better avauced shall he be. 275

\* Ver. 185, bly the, MS.—Ver. 202, 203, 212, to PC.—Ver. 204, i. e. 400 yards.—Ver. 206, sic MS. none that can, PC.  
Ver. 222, i. e. 120 yards.  
\* i. e. mark.

Ver. 243, sic, MS. out met. PC.—Ver. 252, steedye, MS.  
Ver. 265, And I geve the xvij pence, PC.

And, Wyllyam, bring me your wife, said the quene,  
 Me longeth her sore to se:  
 She shall be my chefe gentlewoman,  
 To governe my nurserye. 280

The yemen thanked them all curteously.  
 To some byshop wyl we wend,  
 Of all the synnes, that we have done,  
 To be assoyld at his hand.

So forth be gone these good yemen, 28<sup>a</sup>  
 As fast as they might 'he';  
 And after came and dwelled with the kynge,  
 And dyed good men all thre.

Thus endeth the lives of these good yemen;  
 God send them eternall blysse; 290  
 And all, that with a hand-bowe shoteth:  
 That of heven may never mysse. Amen.

## II.

## THE AGED LOVER RENOUNCETH LOVE.

The grave-digger's song in *Hamlet*, act v. is taken from three stanzas of the following poem, though greatly altered and disguised, as the same were corrupted by the ballad-singers of Shakespeare's time: or perhaps so designed by the poet himself, the better to suit the character of an illiterate clown. The original is preserved among Surrey's Poems, and is attributed to Lord Vaux, by George Gascoigne, who tells us, it "was thought by some to be made upon his death-bed;" a popular error which he laughs at. (See his *Epist. to Yong Gent.* prefixed to his *Poiesies*, 1575, 4to.) It is also ascribed to Lord Vaux in a manuscript copy preserved in the British Museum\*. This lord was remarkable for his skill in drawing feigned manners, &c. for so I understand an ancient writer. "The Lord Vaux his commendation lyeth chiefly in the facilitie of his meetre, and the aptnesse of his descriptions such as he taketh upon him to make, namely in sundry of his songs, wherein he sheweth the *counterfait action* very lively and pleasantly." *Arte of Eng. Poesie*, 1589, p. 51. See another song by this poet in *Series the Second*, No. VIII.

I loth that I did love,  
 In youth that I thought swete,  
 As time requires: for my behove  
 Me thinkes they are not mete.  
 My lustes they do me leave, 5  
 My fancies all are fled;  
 And tract of time begins to weave  
 Gray heares upon my hed.  
 For Age with steling steps 10  
 Hath clawde me with his crowch,  
 And lusty 'Youthe' awaye he leapes,  
 As there had bene none such.  
 My muse doth not delight  
 Me, as she did before:  
 My hand and pen are not in plight, 15  
 As they have bene of yore.  
 For Reason me denies,  
 'All' youthly idle rime;  
 And day by day, to me she cries,  
 Leave off these toyes in tyme. 20

The wrinkles in my brow,  
 The furrowes in my face  
 Say, Limping age will 'lodge' him now,  
 Where youth must geve him place.

The harbenger of death, 25  
 To me I se him ride,  
 The cough, the cold, the gasping breath,  
 Doth bid me to provide

A pikeax and a spade,  
 And eke a shrowding shete, 30  
 A house of clay for to be made  
 For such a guest most mete.

Me thinkes I heare the clarke,  
 That knoles the carefull knell;  
 And bids me leave my 'wearye' warke, 35  
 Ere nature me compell.

My keepers† knit the knot,  
 That youth doth laugh to scorne,  
 Of me that 'shall bee cleane' forgot, 40  
 As I had 'ne'er' bene borne.

Thus must I youth geve up,  
 Whose badge I long did weare:  
 To them I yeld the wanton cup,  
 That better may it beare.

Lo, here the bared skull; 45  
 By whose balde signe I know,  
 That stouping age away shall pull  
 'What' youthful yeres did sow.

For Beautie with her band,  
 These croked cares had wrought, 50  
 And shipped me into the land,  
 From whence I first was brought.

And ye that bide behinde,  
 Have ye none other trust:  
 As ye of claye were cast by kinde, 55  
 So shall ye 'turne' to dust.

Ver. 282. And sayd to some Bishopp wee will wend, MS. Ver. 6, be PC. [printed copy in 1557.]—V. 10. Crowch perhaps should be clouch, clutch, grasp.—V. 11, Life away she PC.—V. 16, This P.C.

\* Harl. MSS. num. 1763. § 25. The readings gathered from that copy are distinguished here by inverted commas. The text is printed from the "Songs, &c. of the Earl of Surrey and others, 1557, 4to.

Ver. 23, So Ed. 1583; 'tis hedge in Ed. 1557. hath caught him MS.—V. 30, wyndyng-sheete. MS.—V. 33, bell. MS.—V. 33, worull. PC.—V. 38, did PC.—V. 39, cleane shal be. PC.—V. 40, not PC.—V. 45, bare-hedde. MS. and some PCC.—V. 48, Which. PC.—That MS. What is conject.—V. 56, wast. PC.

† he i. e. he, hasten. See the Glossary  
 † Alluding perhaps to Eccles. xii. 3.

## III.

## JEPHTHAH JUDGE OF ISRAEL.

IN Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, act ii. the hero of the play takes occasion to banter Polonius with some scraps of an old ballad, which has never appeared yet in any collection : for which reason, as it is but short, it will not perhaps be unacceptable to the reader ; who will also be diverted with the pleasant absurdities of the composition. It was retrieved from utter oblivion by a lady, who wrote it down from memory, as she had formerly heard it sung by her father. I am indebted for it to the friendship of Mr. Steevens.

It has been said, that the original ballad, in black-letter, is among Anthony à Wood's Collections in the Ashmolean Museum. But, upon application lately made, the volume which contained this song was missing, so that it can only now be given as in the former edition.

The banter of *Hamlet* is as follows :

"*Hamlet*. 'O Jephtha, Judge of Israel,' what a treasure hadst thou !

"*Polonius*. What a treasure had he, my lord ?

"*Ham*. Why, 'One faire daughter, and no more, The which he loved passing well.'

"*Polon*. Still on my daughter.

"*Ham*. Am not I i' th' right, old Jephtha ?

"*Polon*. If you call me Jephtha, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

"*Ham*. Nay, that follows not.

"*Polon*. What follows then, my lord ?

"*Ham*. Why, 'As by lot, God wot : ' and then you know, 'It came to passe, As most like it was.' The first row of the pious chanson will shew you more."

Edit. 1793, vol. xv. p. 133.

Have you not heard these many years ago,

Jephtha was judge of Israel ?

He had one only daughter and no mo,

The which he loved passing well :

And, as by lott,

God wot,

It so came to pass,

As Gods will was,

That great wars there should be,

And none should be chosen chief but he.

And when he was appointed judge,

And chieftain of the company,

A solemn vow to God he made ;

If he returned with victory,

At his return

To burn

The first live thing,

That should meet with him then,

Off his house, when he should return agen.

It came to pass, the wars was oer,

And he returned with victory ;

His dear and only daughter first of all

Came to meet her father foremostly :

And all the way,

She did play

On tabret and pipe,

Full many a stripe,

With note so high,

For joy that her father is come so nigh.

But when he saw his daughter dear

Coming on most foremostly,

He wrung his hands, and tore his hair,

And cried out most piteously ;

Oh ! it's thou, said he,

That have brought me

Low,

And troubled me so,

That I know not what to do.

For I have made a vow, he sed,

The which must be replenished :

"What thou hast spoke

Do not revoke :

What thou hast said,

Be not afraid ;

Altho' it be I ;

Keep promises to God on high.

But, dear father, grant me one request,

That I may go to the wilderness,

Three months there with my friends to stay ;

There to bewail my virginity ;

And let there be,

Said she,

Some two or three

Young maids with me."

So he sent her away,

For to mourn, for to mourn, till her dying day.

## IV.

## A ROBYN JOLLY ROBYN.

In his "Twelfth Night," Shakespeare introduces the clown singing part of the two first stanzas of the following song ; which has been recovered from an ancient MS. of Dr. Harrington's at Bath, preserved among the many literary treasures transmitted to the

ingenious and worthy possessor by a long line of most respectable ancestors. Of these only a small part hath been printed in the "Nugæ Antiquæ," 3 vols, 12mo ; a work which the public impatiently wishes to see continued.

The song is thus given by Shakespeare, act iv. sc. 2. (Malone's edit. iv. 93.)

*Clown.* "Hey Robin, jolly Robin." [singing.]  
"Tell me how thy lady does."

*Malvolio.* Fool.—

*Clown.* "My lady is unkind, perdy."

*Malvolio.* Fool.—

*Clown.* "Alas, why is she so?"

*Malvolio.* Fool, I say.—

*Clown.* "She loves another."—Who calls, ha?

Dr. Farmer has conjectured that the song should begin thus:

"Hey, jolly Robin, tell to me  
How does thy lady do?  
My lady is unkind perdy—  
Alas, why is she so?"

But this ingenious emendation is now superseded by the proper readings of the old song itself, which is here printed from what appears the most ancient of Dr. Harrington's poetical MSS, and which has, therefore, been marked No. I. (scil. p. 68.) That volume seems to have been written in the reign of King Henry VIII, and as it contains many of the poems of Sir Thomas Wyatt, hath had almost all the contents attributed to him by marginal directions written with an old but later hand, and not always rightly, as, I think, might be made appear by other good authorities. Among the rest, this song is there attributed to Sir Thomas Wyatt also; but the discerning reader will probably judge it to belong to a more obsolete writer.

In the old MS. to the 3d and 5th stanzas is prefixed this title, *Response*, and to the 4th and 6th, *Le Plaintiff*; but in the last instance so evidently wrong, that it was thought better to omit these titles,

and to mark the changes of the dialogue by inverted commas. In other respects the MS. is strictly followed, except where noted in the margin—Yet the first stanza appears to be defective, and it should seem that a line is wanting, unless the four first words were lengthened in the tune.

A Rosyn,  
Jolly Robyn,  
Tell me how thy leman doeth,  
And thou shalt knowe of myn.

"My lady is unkynde perde."  
Alack! why is she so? 5  
"She loveth an other better than me:  
And yet she will say no."

I fynde no such doublenes:  
I fynde women true. 10  
My lady loveth me dowltes,  
And will change for no newe.

"Thou art happy while that doeth last;  
But I say, as I fynde,  
That women's love is but a blast, 15  
And torneth with the wynde,"

Suche folkes can take no harme by love,  
That can abide their torn.  
"But I alas can no way prove 20  
In love but lake and morn."

But if thou wilt avoyde thy harme  
Lerne this lessen of me,  
At others fieres thy selfe to warme,  
And let them warme with the .

## V.

## A SONG TO THE LUTE IN MUSICKE.

This sonnet (which is ascribed to Richard Edwards,\* in the "Paradise of Dainty Devises," fo. 31, b.) is by Shakespeare made the subject of some pleasant ridicule in his "Romeo and Juliet," act iv. sc. 5, where he introduces Peter putting this question to the musicians.

"Peter.... why 'Silver Sound'? 'why 'Musicke with her silver sound'? what say you, Simon Catling?"

"1. Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound."

"Pet. Pretty! what say you, Hugh Rebecke?"

"2. Mus. I say, silver sound, because musicians sound for silver."

"Pet. Pretty too! what say you, James Soundpost?"

"3. Mus. Faith, I know not what to say,

"Pet.... I will say it for you: It is 'musicke with her silver sound,' because musicians have no gold for sounding."

Edit. 1793, vol. xiv. p. 529.

This ridicule is not so much levelled at the song itself (which for the time it was written is not inelegant) as at those forced and unnatural explanations often given by us painful editors and expositors of ancient authors.

This copy is printed from an old quarto MS. in the Cotton Library (Vesp. A. 25), entitled, "Divers things of Hen. viij's time:" with some corrections from The Paradise of Dainty Devises, 1596.

Where gripinge grefes the hart would wounde,  
And dolefulle dumps the mynde oppresse,  
There musicke with her silver sound  
With spede is wont to send redresse: 5  
Of troubled mynds, in every sore,  
Swete musicke hathe a salve in store.

In joye yt makes our mirthe abounde,  
In woe yt cheres our hevvy sprites;  
Be strawghted heads relyef hath founde,  
By musickes pleasaunte swete delighates:  
Our senses all, what shall I say more?  
Are subjecte unto musicks lore.

\* Concerning him, see Wood's Athen. Oxon. and Tanner's Biblioth.; also Sir John Hawkins's Hist. of Music, &c.

The Gods by musicke have theire prayse ;  
 The lyfe, the soul therein doth joye :  
 For, as the Romayne poet sayes, 15  
 In seas, whom pyrats would destroy,  
 A dolphin saved from death most sharpe  
 Arion playing on his harpe.

O heavenly gyft, that rules the mynd,  
 Even as the sterne dothe rule the shippe ! 20  
 O musicke, whom the Gods assinde  
 To comforte manne, whom cares would nippe !  
 Since thow both man and beste doest move,  
 What beste ys he, wyll the disprove ?

## VI.

## KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR-MAID,

—is a story often alluded to by our old dramatic writers. Shakespeare, in his *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii, sc. 1, makes Mercutio say,

—“ Her (Venus's) purblind son and heir,  
 Young Adam\* Cupid, he that shot so true,  
 When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid.”

As the 13th line of the following ballad seems here particularly alluded to, it is not improbable that Shakespeare wrote it “shot so trim,” which the players or printers, not perceiving the allusion, might alter to “true.” The former, as being the more humorous expression, seems most likely to have come from the mouth of Mercutio †.

In the 2d part of *Hen. IV.* act v, sc. 3, Falstaff is introduced effectually saying to Pistoll,

“ O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news ?  
 Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.”

These lines, Dr. Warburton thinks, were taken from an old bombast play of “King Cophetua. No such play is, I believe, now to be found ; but it does not therefore follow that it never existed. Many dramatic pieces are referred to by old writers ‡, which are not now extant, or even mentioned in any list. In the infancy of the stage, plays were often exhibited that were never printed

It is probably in allusion to the same play that Ben Jonson says, in his *Comedy of “Every Man in his Humour,”* act iii. sc. 4,

“ I have not the heart to devour thee, an' I might  
 be made as rich as King Cophetua.”

At least there is no mention of King Cophetua's riches in the present ballad, which is the oldest I have met with on the subject.

It is printed from Rich. Johnson's “*Crown Garland of Goulde[n] Roses,*” 1612, 12mo. (where it is entitled simply “*A Song of a Beggar and a King* :) corrected by another copy.

I READ that once in Africa  
 A princely wight did raine,  
 Who had to name Cophetua,  
 As poets they did faine :  
 From natures lawes he did decline, 5  
 For sure he was not of my mind,  
 He cared not for women-kinde,  
 But did them all disdaine.

But, marks, what hapned on a day,  
 As he out of his window lay, 10  
 He saw a beggar all in gray,  
 The which did cause his paine.

The blinded boy, that shootes so trim,  
 From heaven downe did he ;  
 He drew a dart and shot at him, 15  
 In place where he did lye :  
 Which soone did pierse him to the quicke,  
 And when he felt the arrow pricke,  
 Which in his tender heart did sticke 20  
 He looketh as he would dye.  
 What sudden chance is this, quoth he,  
 That I to love must subject be,  
 Which never thereto would agree,  
 But still did it defie ?

Then from the window he did come, 25  
 And laid him on his bed,  
 A thousand heapes of care did runne  
 Within his troubled head :  
 For now he meanes to crave her love,  
 And now he seekes which way to proove 30  
 How he his fancie might remoove,  
 And not this beggar wed.  
 But Cupid had him so in snare,  
 That this poor beggar must prepare 35  
 A salve to cure him of his care,  
 Or els he would be dead.

And, as he musing thus did lye,  
 He thought for to devise  
 How he might have her companye,  
 That so did 'maze his eyes. 40  
 In thee, quoth he, doth rest my life ;  
 For surely thou shalt be my wife,  
 Or else this hand with bloody knife  
 The Gods shall sure suffice.  
 Then from his bed he soon arose, 45  
 And to his pallace gate he goes ;  
 Full little then this begger knowes  
 When she the king espies.

The Gods preserve your majesty,  
 The beggers all gan cry : 50  
 Vouchsafe to give your charity  
 Our childrens food to buy.  
 The king to them his purse did cast,  
 And they to part it made great haste ;  
 This silly woman was the last 55  
 That after them did hye.

\* See above, Preface to Song I. Book ii. of this vol. p. 158.

† Since this conjecture first occurred, it has been discovered that “shot so trim” was the genuine reading. See Shakespeare ed. 1793, xiv. 393.

‡ See *Mercutio Wit's Treas.* f. 233. *Arte of Eng. Poes.* 1609, p. 51, 111, 143, 160.

The king he cal'd her back againe,  
And unto her he gave his chaine;  
And said, With us you shal remaine  
Till such time as we dye:

60

For thou, quoth he, shalt be my wife,  
And honoured for my queene;  
With thee I meane to lead my life,  
As shortly shall be seene:

65

Our wedding shall appointed be,  
And every thing in its degree:  
Come on, quoth he, and follow me,  
Thou shalt go shift thee cleane.  
What is thy name, faire maid? quoth he.  
Penelophon\*, O king, quoth she:  
With that she made a lowe courtesy;  
A trim one as I weene.

70

Thus hand in hand along they walke  
Unto the king's pallace:  
The king with courteous comly talke  
This begger doth imbrace:

75

The begger bluseth scarlet red,  
And straight againe as pale as lead,  
But not a word at all she said,  
She was in such amaze.

80

At last she spake with trembling voyce,  
And said, O king, I doe rejoyce  
That you wil take me for your choyce,  
And my degree's so base.

And when the wedding day was come,  
The king commanded strait  
The noblemen both all and some  
Upon the queene to wait.

85

And she behaved herself that day,  
As if she had never walkt the way:  
She had forgot her gown of gray,  
Which she did weare of late.  
The proverbe old is come to passe,  
The priest, when he begins his masse,  
Forgets that ever clerke he was;  
He knowth not his estate.

90

Here you may read, Cophetua,  
Though long time fancie-fed,  
Compelled by the blinded boy  
The begger for to wed:  
He that did lovers lookes disdaine,  
To do the same was glad and faine,  
Or else he would himselfe have alaine,  
In storie, as we read.

100

Disdaine no whit, O lady deere,  
But pittie now thy servant heere,  
Least that it hap to thee this yeare,  
As to that king it did.

105

And thus they led a quiet life  
During their princely raigne;  
And in a tombe were buried both,  
As writers sheweth plaine.  
The lords they tooke it grievously,  
The ladies tooke it heavily,  
The commons cryed pitiously,  
Their death to them was paine,  
Their fame did sound so passingly  
That it did pierce the starry sky,  
And throughout all the world did flye  
To every princes realme\*.

110

115

120

## VII.

## TAKE THY OLD CLOAK ABOUT THEE.

—is supposed to have been originally a Scotch ballad. The reader here has an ancient copy in the English idiom, with an additional stanza (the 2d) never before printed. This curiosity is preserved in the Editor's folio MS. but not without corruptions, which are here removed by the assistance of the Scottish Edit. Shakespeare, in his Othello, act ii. has quoted one stanza, with some variations, which are here adopted: the old MS. readings of that stanza are however given in the margin.

This winters weather itt waxeth cold,  
And frost doth freeze on every hill,  
And Boreas blowes his blasts soe bold,  
That all our cattall are like to spill;  
Bell my wiffe, who loves noe strife,  
Shew sayd unto me quietlye,  
Rise up, and save cow Cumberbocks life,  
Man, put thine old cloake about thee.

5

HE.

O Bell, why dost thou flyte 'and scorne?'  
Thou kenst my cloak is very thin:  
It is soe bare and overworne  
A cricke he theron cannot renn:  
Then Ile no longer borrowe nor lend,  
'For once Ile new appareld bee,  
To-morrow Ile to towne and spend,'  
For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

10

15

SHE.

Cow Cumberbocks is a very good cove,  
Shew ha beene alwayes true to the payle  
Shew has helpt us to butter and cheese, I trow,  
And other things shew will not fayle;  
I wold be loth to see her pine,  
Good husband, counsell take of mee,  
It is not for us to go soe fine,  
Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

20

\* Shakespeare (who alludes to this ballad in his "Love's Labour lost," act iv. sc. 1.) gives the Beggar's name *Zenelophon*, according to all the old editions: but this seems to be a corruption; for *Penelophon*, in the text, sounds more like the name of a woman.—The story of the King and the Beggar is also alluded to in K. Rich. II. act v. sc. 3

V. 90, l. e. tramped the streets.—V. 105, Here the Poet addresses himself to his mistress.—V. 112, Sheweth was anciently the plur. numb.

\* An ingenious friend thinks the two last stanzas should change place.

Hx.

My cloake it was a very good cloake 25  
 Itt hath been alwayes true to the weare,  
 But now it is not worth a groat;  
 I have had it four and forty yeere:  
 Sometime itt was of cloth in graine,  
 'Tis now but a sigh clout as you may see, 30  
 It will neither hold out winde nor raine;  
 And Ile have a new cloake about mee.

Shx.

It is four and forty yeeres agoe  
 Since the one of us the other did ken,  
 And we have had betwixt us towe 35  
 Of children either nine or ten;  
 Wee have brought them up to women and men;  
 In the feare of God I trow they bee;  
 And why wilt thou thyselfe misken?  
 Man, take thine old cloake about thee. 40

Hx.

O Bell my wiffe, why dost thou 'floute!'  
 Now is nowe, and then was then:  
 Seeke now all the world throughout,  
 Thou kenst not clownes from gentlemen.

They are cladd in blacke, greene, yellowe, or gray,  
 Soe far above their owne degree: 46  
 Once in my life Ile 'doe as they,'  
 For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

Shx.

King Stephen was a worthy peere,  
 His breeches cost him but a crowne, 50  
 He held them sixpence all too deere;  
 Therefore he calld the taylor Lowne.  
 He was a wight of high renowne.  
 And thouse but of a low degree:  
 Itt's pride that puttis this counrye downe, 55  
 Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

Hx.

'Bell my wife she loves not strife,  
 Yet she will lead me if she can;  
 And oft, to live a quiet life,  
 I am forced to yield, though I me good-man;' 60  
 Itt's not for a man with a woman to threape,  
 Unless he first gave oer the plea:  
 As wee began wee now will leave,  
 And Ile take mine old cloake about mee.

## VIII.

## WILLOW, WILLOW WILLOW.

It is from the following stanzas that Shakespeare has taken his song of the "Willow," in his *Othello*, act iv. sc. 3, though somewhat varied and applied by him to a female character. He makes Desdemona introduce it in this pathetic and affecting manner:

"My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:  
 She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,  
 And did forsake her. She had a song of—Willow.  
 An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,  
 And she died singing it."

Ed. 1793, vol. xv. p. 613.

This is given from a black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, thus entitled, "A Lover's Complaint, being forsaken of his Love." To a pleasant tune.

A roone soule sat sighing under a sicamore tree;  
 O willow, willow, willow!  
 With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee:  
 O willow, willow, willow!  
 O willow, willow, willow! 5  
 Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

He sigh'd in his singing, and after each grone,  
 Come willow, &c.  
 I am dead to all pleasure, my true-love is gone;  
 O willow, &c. 10  
 Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

My love she is turned; untrue she doth prove:  
 O willow, &c.  
 She renders me nothing but hate for my love.  
 O willow, &c. 15  
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

V. 41, fytte, MS.

O pity me, (cried he,) ye lovers, each one;  
 O willow, &c.  
 Her heart's hard as marble; she rues not my mone.  
 O willow, &c. 20  
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.  
 The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace;  
 O willow, &c.  
 The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his face:  
 O willow, &c. 25  
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.  
 The mute birds sate by him, made tame by his mones:  
 O willow, &c. [stones]  
 The salt tears fell from him, which softened the  
 O willow, &c. 30  
 Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!  
 Let nobody blame me, her scornes I do prove;  
 O willow, &c.  
 She was borne to be faire; I, to die for her love.  
 O willow, &c. 35  
 Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.  
 O that beauty should harbour a heart that's so hard!  
 Sing willow, &c.  
 My true love rejecting without all regard.  
 O willow, &c. 40  
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.  
 Let love no more boast him in palace or bower,  
 O willow, &c.  
 For women are trothles, and flete in an houre.  
 O willow, &c.  
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c. 45

V. 49, King Harry..a very good king, MS. V. 50, I trow his hose cost but, MS. V. 51, He thought them 12d to deere, MS. V. 52, clowne, MS. V. 53, He was king and wore the crowne, MS.

But what helps complaining? In vaine I complaine:  
 O willow, &c.  
 I must patiently suffer her scorne and disdaine.  
 O willow, &c. 50  
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Come, all you forsaken, and sit down by me,  
 O willow, &c. [she.  
 He that 'plaines of his false love, mine's falsar than  
 O willow, &c. 55  
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The willow wreath weare I, since my love did fleet;  
 O willow, &c.  
 A garland for lovers forsaken most meete.  
 O willow, &c. 60  
 Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!

## PART THE SECOND.

Lowe lay'd by my sorrow, begot by disdaine;  
 O willow, willow, willow!  
 Against her to cruell, still still I complaine,  
 O willow, willow, willow!  
 O willow, willow, willow! 5  
 Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!

O love too injurious, to wound my poore heart!  
 O willow, &c.  
 To suffer the triumph, and joy in my smart.  
 O willow, &c. 10  
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O willow, willow, willow! the willow garland,  
 O willow, &c.  
 A sign of her falsenesse before me doth stand:  
 O willow, &c. 15  
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

As here it doth bid to despair and to dye,  
 O willow, &c.  
 So hang it, friends, ore me in grave where I lye:  
 O willow, &c. 20  
 Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

In grave where I rest mee, hang this to the view,  
 O willow, &c.  
 Of all that doe knowe her, to blaze her untrue.  
 O willow, &c. 25  
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

With these words engraven, as epitaph meet,  
 O willow, &c. [sweet."  
 "Here lyes one, drank poyson for potion most  
 O willow, &c. 30  
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Though she thus unkindly hath scorned my love,  
 O willow, &c.  
 And carelesly smiles at the sorrowes I prove;  
 O willow, &c. 35  
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

I cannot against her unkindly exclaim,  
 O willow, &c. [name:  
 Cause once well I loved her, and honoured her  
 O willow, &c. 40  
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The name of her sounded so sweets in mine eare,  
 O willow, &c.  
 It rays'd my heart lightly, the name of my deare;  
 O willow, &c. 45  
 Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

As then 'twas my comfort, it now is my grieve;  
 O willow, &c.  
 It now brings me anguish; then brought me reliefe.  
 O willow, &c. 50  
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Farewell, faire false hearted: plaints end with my  
 O willow, willow, willow! [breath!  
 Thou dost loeth me, I love thee, though cause of my  
 death.  
 O willow, willow, willow! 55  
 O willow, willow, willow!  
 Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

## IX.

## SIR LANCELOT DU LAKE.

This ballad is quoted in Shakespeare's second part of Henry IV. act ii. The subject of it is taken from the ancient romance of King Arthur, (commonly called *Morte Arthur*), being a poetical translation of chap. cviii., cix., cx., in part 1st, as they stand in ed. 1634, 4to. In the older editions the chapters are differently numbered.—This song is given from a printed copy, corrected in part by a fragment in the editor's folio MS.

In the same play of 2 Henry IV. Silence hums a scrap of one of the old ballads of Robin Hood. It is taken from the following stanza of "Robin Hood and the Pindar of Wakefield."—

All this beheard three wighty yeomen,  
 Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John:  
 With that they espy'd the jolly Pindar  
 As he sate under a throne.

That ballad may be found on every stall, and therefore is not here reprinted.

When Arthur first in court began,  
 And was approved king,  
 By force of armes great victors wanne,  
 And conquest home did bring.

Then into England straight he came 5  
 With fifty good and able  
 Knights, that resorted unto him,  
 And were of his round table:

And he had justs and turnaments,  
 Wherein were many prest, 10  
 Wherein some knights did far excell,  
 And eke surmount the rest.



But one Sir Lancelot du Lake, Who was approved well, He for his deeds and feats of armes All others did excell.	15	Their horses backes brake under them, The knights were both astound : To avoyd their horses they made haste And light upon the ground.	70
When he had rested him a while, In play, and game, and sportt, He said he wold goe prove himselfe In some adventurous sort.	20	They tooke them to their shields full fast. They swords they drew out than, With mighty strokes most eagerlye Each at the other ran.	75
He armed rode in a forrest wide, And met a damsell faire, Who told him of adventures great, Wherto he gave great eare.		They wounded were, and bled full sore. They both for breath did stand, And leaning on their swords awhile, Quoth Tarquine, Hold thy hand,	80
Such wold I find, quoth Lancelott : For that cause came I hither. Thou seemst, quoth shee, a knight full good, And I will bring thee thither.	25	And tell to me what I shall aske, Say on, quoth Lancelot tho. Thou art, quoth Tarquine, the best knight That ever I did know ;	
Wheras a mighty knight doth dwell, That now is of great fame : Therefore tell me what wight thou art, And what may be thy name.	30	And like a knight that I did hate : Soe that thou be not hee, I will deliver all the rest, And eke accord with thee.	85
" My name is Lancelot du Lake." Quoth she, it likes me than : Here dwelles a knight who never was Yet matcht with any man :	35	That is well said quoth Lancelott ; But sith it must be soe, What knight is that thou hatest thus ? I pray thee to me show.	90
Who has in prison threescore knights And four, that he did wound ; Knights of King Arthurs court they be, And of his table round.	40	His name is Launcelot du Lake, He slew my brother deere ; Him I suspect of all the rest : I would I had him here.	95
She brought him to a river side, And also to a tree, Whereon a copper bason hung, And many shields to see.		Thy wish thou hast, but yet unknowne, I am Lancelot du Lake, Now knight of Arthurs Table Round ; King Hauds son of Schuwake ;	100
He struck soe hard, the bason broke ; And Tarquin soon he spied : Who drove a horse before him fast, Whereon a knight lay tyed.	45	And I desire thee do thy worst. Ho, ho, quoth Tarquin tho, One of us two shall end our lives Before that we do go.	
Sir knight, then sayd Sir Lancelott, Bring me that horse-load hither, And lay him downe, and let him rest ; Weel try our force together :	60	If thou be Lancelot du Lake, Then welcome shalt thou bee : Wherefore see thou thyself defend, For now defye I thee.	105
For, as I understand, thou hast, Soe far as thou art able, Done great despites and shame unto The knights of the Round Table.	55	They buckled then together so, Like unto wild boares rashing* ; And with their swords and shields they ran At one another slashing :	110
If thou be of the Table Round, Quoth Tarquin speedilye, Both thee and all thy fellowship I utterly defye.	60	The ground besprinkled was wyth blood : Tarquin began to yield ; For he gave backe for wearinesse, And lowe did beare his shield.	115
That's over much, quoth Lancelott tho, Defend thee by and by. They sett their speares unto their steeds, And each att other flie.			
They coucht their speares, (their horses ran, 65 As though there had beene thunder) And strucke them each immidst their shields, Wherswith they broke in sunder.			

V. 18, to sportt, M.S. V. 29, *Whers* is often read by our  
old writers for *wherous*; here it is just the contrary.

\* Rashing seems to be the old hunting term to express  
the stroke made by the wild-boar with his fangs. To rase  
has apparently a meaning-something similar. See Mr. Stee-  
vens's Note on K. Lear. act iii, sc. 7. (ed. 1793, vol. xiv. p.  
193,) where the quartos read,

" Nor thy fierce sister  
In his anointed flesh rase boarish fangs."  
So in K. Richard III, act iii, sc. 2, (vol. x. p. 567, 563.)  
" He dreamt  
To night the Boar had razed off his helm."

This soone Sir Lancelot espyde,  
He leapt upon him then,  
He pull'd him downe upon his knee,  
And rushing off his helm.

120

Forthwith he stricke his necke in two,  
And, when he had soe done,  
From prison threescore knights and four  
Delivered everye one,

## X.

## CORYDON'S FAREWELL TO PHILLIS,

—is an attempt to paint a lover's irresolution, but so poorly executed, that it would not have been admitted into this collection, if it had not been quoted in Shakespeare's *Twelfth-Night*, act ii. sc. 3. —It is found in a little ancient miscellany, entitled "*The Golden Garland of Princely Delights*," 12mo. bl. let.

In the same scene of the *Twelfth-night*, Sir Toby sings a scrap of an old ballad, which is preserved in the Pepy's collection, [vol. i. pp. 33, 496.]; but as it is not only a poor dull performance, but also very long, it will be sufficient here to give the first stanza:

## THE BALLAD OF CONSTANT SUSANNA.

There dwelt a man in Babylon  
Of reputation great by fame;  
He took to wife a faire woman,  
Susanna she was calld by name:  
A woman fair and vertuous;

Lady, lady:  
Why should we not of her learn thus  
To live godly?

If this song of Corydon, &c. has not more merit, it is at least an evil of less magnitude.

FAREWELL, dear love; since thou wilt needs be gone,  
Mine eyes do shew, my life is almost done.  
Nay I will never die, so long as I can spie

There be many mo, though that she doe goe,  
There be many mo, I fear not:  
Why then let her goe, I care not.

5

Farewell, farewell; since this I find is true  
I will not spend more time in wooing you:  
But I will seek elsewhere, if I may find love there:  
Shall I bid her goe? what and if I doe?  
Shall I bid her goe and spare not?  
O no, no, no, I dare not.

10

Ten thousand times farewell;—yet stay a while:—  
Sweet, kiss me once; sweet kisses time beguile:  
I have no power to move. How now am I in love? 15  
Wilt thou needs be gone? Go then, all is one.  
Wilt thou needs be gone? Oh, hie thee!  
Nay stay, and do no more deny me.

Once more adieu, I see loath to depart  
Bids oft adieu to her, that holds my heart. 20  
But seeing I must lose thy love, which I did choose,  
Goe thy way for me, since that may not be.  
Goe thy ways for me. But whither?  
Goe, oh, but where I may come thither.

20

What shall I doe? my love is now departed. 25  
She is as fair, as she is cruel-hearted. [repeated,  
She would not be intreated, with prayers oft  
If she come no more, shall I die therefore?  
If she come no more, what care I?  
Faith, let her goe, or come, or tarry. 30

30

## XI.

## GERNUTUS THE JEW OF VENICE.

In the "*Life of Pope Sixtus V*," translated from the Italian of Greg. Leti, by the Rev. Mr. Farnsworth, folio," is a remarkable passage to the following effect.

"It was reported in Rome, that Drake had taken and plundered St. Domingo in Hispaniola, and carried off an immense booty. This account came in a private letter to Paul Secchi, a very considerable merchant in the city, who had large concerns in those parts, which he had insured. Upon receiving this news, he sent for the insurer Sampson Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew whose interest it was to have such a report thought false, gave many reasons why it could not possibly be true, and at last worked himself into such a passion, that he said, I'll lay you a pound of flesh it is a

lye. Secchi, who was of a fiery hot temper, replied, I'll lay you a thousand crowns against a pound of your flesh that it is true. The Jew accepted the wager, and articles were immediately executed betwixt them, that, if Secchi won, he should himself cut the flesh with a sharp knife from whatever part of the Jew's body he pleased. The truth of the account was soon confirmed; and the Jew was almost distracted, when he was informed, that Secchi had solemnly sworn he would compel him to an exact performance of his contract. A report of this transaction was brought to the Pope, who sent for the parties, and, being informed of the whole affair, said, when contracts are made, it is but just they should be fulfilled, as this shall: take a knife, therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of flesh from any

part you please of the Jew's body. We advise you however, to be very careful; for, if you cut but a scruple more or less than your due, you shall certainly be hanged."

The editor of that book is of opinion, that the scene between Shylock and Antonio in the "Merchant of Venice" is taken from this incident. But Mr. Warton, in his ingenious "Observations on the Faerie Queen, vol. i. page 128," has referred it to the following ballad. Mr. Warton thinks this ballad was written before Shakspeare's play, as being not so circumstantial, and having more of the nakedness of an original. Besides, it differs from the play in many circumstances, which a mere copyist, such as we may suppose the ballad-maker to be, would hardly have given himself the trouble to alter. Indeed he expressly informs us, that he had his story from the Italian writers. See the "Connoisseur," vol. i. No. 16.

After all, one would be glad to know what authority "Leti" had for the foregoing fact, or at least for connecting it with the taking of St. Domingo by Drake; for this expedition did not happen till 1585, and it is very certain that a play of the "Jews, representing the greediness of worldly chusers, and bloody minds of usurers," had been exhibited at the play-house called the "Bull," before the year 1579, being mentioned in Steph. Gosson's "Schoole of Abuse\*," which was printed in that year.

As for Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice," the earliest edition known of it is in quarto, 1600; though it had been exhibited in the year 1598, being mentioned, together with eleven others of his plays, in Meres's "Wits Treasury," &c. 1598, 12mo. fol. 282. See Malone's Shakesp.

The following is printed from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys collection†, entitled, "A new Song, shewing the crueltie of 'Gernutus, a Jewe,' who, lending to a merchant an hundred crowns, would have a pound of his fleashe, because he could not pay him at the time appointed. To the tune of Black and Yellow."

#### THE FIRST PART.

In Venice towne not long agoe  
A cruel Jew did dwell,  
Which lived all on usurie  
As Italian writers tell.

Gernutus called was the Jew, 5  
Which never thought to dye,  
Nor ever yet did any good  
To them in streets that lie.

His life was like a barrow hogge, 10  
That liveth many a day,  
Yet never once doth any good,  
Until men will him slay.

Or like a filthy heap of dung, 15  
That lyeth in a whoard;  
Which never can do any good,  
Till it be spread abroad.

So feres it with the usurer, 20  
He cannot sleep in rest,  
For feres the thiefe will him pursue  
To plucke him from his nest.

\* V. Warton, ubi supra.  
† Compared with the Ashmole Copy.

His heart doth thinke on many a wile,  
How to deceive the poore;  
His mouth is almost ful of mucke,  
Yet still he gapes for more.

His wife must lend a shilling, 25  
For every weeke a penny,  
Yet bring a pledge, that is double worth,  
If that you will have any.

And see, likewise, you keepe your day, 30  
Or else you loose it all:  
This was the living of the wife,  
Her cow she did it call.

Within that citie dwelt that time 35  
A marchant of great fame,  
Which being distressed in his need,  
Unto Gernutus came:

Desiring him to stand his friend  
For twelve month and a day,  
To lend to him an hundred crownes:  
And he for it would pay 40

Whatsoever he would demand of him,  
And pledges he should have.  
No, (quoth the Jew with flearing lookes,)  
Sir, aske what you will have.

No penny for the loane of it 45  
For one year you shall pay;  
You may doe me as good a turne,  
Before my dying day.

But we will have a merry jeast, 50  
For to be talked long:  
You shall make me a bond, quoth he,  
That shall be large and strong:

And this shall be the forfeiture;  
Of your owne fleashe a pound.  
If you agree, make you the bond, 55  
And here is a hundred crownes.

With right good will! the marchant says:  
And so the bond was made.  
When twelve month and a day drew on  
That backe it should be payd. 60

The marchants ships were all at sea,  
And money came not in;  
Which way to take, or what to doe  
To thinke he doth begin:

And to Gernutus strait he comes 65  
With cap and bended knee,  
And sayde to him, Of curtesie  
I pray you beare with mee.

My day is come, and I have not 70  
The money for to pay:  
And little good the forfeiture  
Will doe you, I dare say,

V. 22. Cow, &c. seems to have suggested to Shakspeare Shylock's argument for usury taken from Jacob's manage-  
of Laban's sheep, act i, to which Antonio replies:  
"Was this inserted to make interest good?  
Or are your gold and silver ewes and rams?  
"Shy. I cannot tell. I make it breed as fast."

With all my heart, Gernutus sayd,  
 Command it to your minde :  
 In thinges of bigger waight then this 75  
 You shall me ready finde.

He goes his way ; the day once past  
 Gernutus doth not slacke  
 To get a sergiant presently ;  
 And clapt him on the backe : 80

And layd him into prison strong,  
 And sued his bond withall ;  
 And when the judgement day was come,  
 For judgement he did call.

The marchants friends came thither fast 85  
 With many a weeping eye,  
 For other means they could not find,  
 But he that day must dye.

## THE SECOND PART.

" Of the Jews crueltie ; setting forth the merci-  
 fulnesse of the Judge towards the Marchant. To  
 the tune of Blacke and Yellow."

SOME offered for his hundred crownes  
 Five hundred for to pay ;  
 And some a thousand, two or three,  
 Yet still he did deny.

And at the last ten thousand crownes 5  
 They offered, him to save.  
 Gernutus sayd, I will no gold :  
 My forfeite I will have.

A pound of fleshe is my demand,  
 And that shall be my hire. 10  
 Then sayd the judge, Yet, good my friend,  
 Let me of you deaire

To take the flesh from such a place,  
 As yet you let him live :  
 Do so, and lo ! a hundred crownes 15  
 To thee here will I give.

No : no : quoth he ; no : judgement here :  
 For this it shall be tride,  
 For I will have my pound of fleshe  
 From under his right side. 20

It grieved all the companie  
 His crueltie to see,  
 For neither friend nor foe could helpe  
 But he must spoyled bee.

The bloudie Jew now ready is 25  
 With whetted blade in hand\*,  
 To spoyle the bloud of innocent,  
 By forfeit of his bond.

And as he was about to strike  
 In him the deadly blow : 30  
 Stay (quoth the judge) thy crueltie ;  
 I charge the to do so.

\* The passage in Shakespeare bears so strong a resem-  
 blance to this, as to render it probable that the one suggested  
 the other. See act iv. sc. 2.

" Bass. Why dost thou what thy knife so earnestly ? &c."

Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have,  
 Which is of flesh a pound :  
 See that thou shed no drop of blood,  
 Nor yet the man confound. 35

For if thou doe, like murderer  
 Thou here shalt hanged be :  
 Likewise of flesh see that thou cut  
 No more than longes to thee : 40

For if thou take either more or lesse  
 To the value of a mite,  
 Thou shalt be hanged presently,  
 As is both law and right.

Gernutus now waxt franticke mad, 45  
 And wotes not what to say ;  
 Quoth he at last, Ten thousand crownes,  
 I will that he shall pay ;

And so I graunt to set him free.  
 The judge doth answere make ; 50  
 You shall not have a penny given ;  
 Your forfeiture now take.

At the last he doth demaund  
 But for to have his owne.  
 No, quoth the judge, doe as you list, 55  
 Thy judgement shall be showne.

Either take your pound of flesh, quoth he,  
 Or cancell me your bond.  
 O cruell judge, then quoth the Jew,  
 That doth against me stand ! 60

And so with griping grieved mind  
 He biddeth them fare-well.  
 ' Then ' all the people prays'd the Lord,  
 That ever this heard tell.

Good people, that doe heare this song, 65  
 For trueth I dare well say,  
 That many a wretch as ill as hee  
 Doth live now at this day ;

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle  
 Of many a wealthy man,  
 And for to trap the innocent  
 Deviseth what they can. 70

From whome the Lord deliver me,  
 And every Christian too,  
 And send to them like sentence eke 75  
 That meaneth so to do.

\* \* Since the first edition of this book was printed,  
 the Editor hath had reason to believe that both  
 Shakespeare and the Author of this ballad are in-  
 debted for their story of the Jew (however they  
 came by it) to an Italian Novel, which was first  
 printed at Milan in the year 1554, in a book entitled,  
*Il pecorone, nel quale si contengono Cinquanta Novelle  
 antiche*, &c. re-published at Florence about the year  
 1748, or 9.—The Author was Ser. Giovanni Fioren-  
 tino, who wrote in 1378; thirty years after the  
 time in which the scene of Boccace's Decameron is  
 laid. (Vid. Manni Istoria del Decameron di Giov.  
 Boccac. 4to Fior. 1744.)

That Shakespeare had his plot from the Novel it-

self, is evident from his having some incidents from it, which are not found in the ballad: and I think it will also be found that he borrowed from the ballad some hints that were not suggested by the novel. (See above, pt. 2, ver. 25, &c. where, instead of that spirited description of *the whetted blade*, &c. the Prose Narrative coldly says, "The Jew had prepared a razor, &c." See also some other passages in the same piece.) This however is spoken with diffidence, as I have at present before me only the abridgement

of the novel which Mr. Johnson has given us at the end of his commentary on Shakespeare's play. The translation of the Italian story at large is not easy to be met with, having I believe never been published, though it was printed some years ago with this title, "The Novel, from which the Merchant of Venice, written by Shakespeare is taken, translated from the Italian. To which is added, a translation of a novel from the Decamerone of Boccaccio, London, Printed for M. Cooper, 1755, 8vo."

## XII.

## THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

This beautiful sonnet is quoted in the Merry Wives of Windsor, act.iii. sc. 1, and hath been usually ascribed (together with the reply) to Shakespeare himself by the modern editors of his smaller poems. A copy of this madrigal, containing only four stanzas (the 4th and 6th being wanting,) accompanied with the first stanza of the answer, being printed in "The Passionate Pilgrime, and Sonnets to sundry Notes of Musick, by Mr. William Shakespeare, Lond. printed for W. Jaggard, 1599." Thus was this sonnet, &c. published as Shakespeare's in his lifetime.

And yet there is good reason to believe that (not Shakespeare, but) Christopher Marlow wrote the song, and Sir Walter Raleigh the "Nymph's Reply:" for so we are positively assured by Isaac Walton, a writer of some credit, who has inserted them both in his Compleat Angler\*, under the character of "that smooth song, which was made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago; and . . . an Answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days. . . . Old fashioned poetry, but choicely good."—It also passed for Marlow's in the opinion of his contemporaries; for in the old poetical miscellany, entitled, "England's Helicon," it is printed with the name of Chr. Marlow subjoined to it; and the reply is signed Ignoto, which is known to have been a signature of Sir Walter Raleigh. With the same signature Ignoto, in that collection, is an imitation of Marlow's, beginning thus:

"Come live with me, and be my dear,  
And we will revel all the year,  
In plains and groves, &c.

Upon the whole I am inclined to attribute them to Marlow, and Raleigh; notwithstanding the authority of Shakespeare's Book of Sonnets. For it is well known that as he took no care of his own compositions, so was he utterly regardless what spurious things were fathered upon him. Sir John Oldcastle, the London Prodigal, and the Yorkshire Tragedy, were printed with his name at full length in the title-pages, while he was living, which yet were afterwards rejected by his first editors Heminge and Condell, who were his intimate friends, (as he mentions both in his will,) and therefore no doubt had good authority for setting them aside†.

\* First printed in the year 1653, but probably written some time before.

† Since the above was written, Mr. Malone, with his usual discernment, hath rejected the stanzas in question from the other sonnets, &c. of Shakespeare, in his correct edition of the Passionate Pilgrim, &c. See his Shakesp. vol. x, p. 340

The following sonnet appears to have been (as it deserved) a great favourite with our earlier poets: for, besides the imitation above mentioned, another is to be found among Donne's Poems, entitled, "The Bait," beginning thus:

"Come live with me, and be my love,  
And we will some new pleasures prove  
Of golden sands, &c."

As for Chr. Marlow, who was in high repute for his dramatic writings, he lost his life by a stab received in a brothel, before the year 1593. See A. Wood, i. 138.

Come live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and vallies, dale and field,  
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses  
With a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Imbrodered all with leaves of mirtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;  
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold;  
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw, and ivie buds,  
With coral clasps, and amber studs:  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight each May morning;  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me and be my love.

## THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

If that the World and Love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,  
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,  
And Philomel becometh dumb,  
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
To wayward winter reckoning yield : 10  
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
Is fancies spring, but sorrows fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies, 15  
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,  
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivie buds,  
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs ;  
All these in me no means can move  
To come to thee, and be thy love. 26

But could youth last, and love still breed,  
Had joyes no date, nor age no need ;  
Then those delights my mind might move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

## XIII.

## TITUS ANDRONICUS'S COMPLAINT.

THE reader has here an ancient ballad on the same subject as the play of "Titus Andronicus," and it is probable that the one was borrowed from the other : but which of them was the original, it is not easy to decide. And yet, if the argument offered above in page 227, for the priority of the ballad of the Jew of Venice may be admitted, somewhat of the same kind may be urged here ; for this ballad differs from the play in several particulars, which a simple ballad-writer would be less likely to alter than an inventive tragedian. Thus, in the ballad, is no mention of the contest for the empire between the two brothers, the composing of which makes the ungrateful treatment of Titus afterwards the more flagrant : neither is there any notice taken of his sacrificing one of Tamora's sons, which the tragic poet has assigned as the original cause of all her cruelties. In the play, Titus loses twenty-one of his sons in war, and kills another for assisting Bassianus to carry off Lavinia : the reader will find it different in the ballad. In the latter she is betrothed to the emperor's son : in the play to his brother. In the tragedy, only two of his sons fall into the pit, and the third, being banished, returns to Rome with a victorious army, to avenge the wrongs of his house : in the ballad, all three are entrapped and suffer death. In the scene, the emperor kills Titus, and is, in return, stabbed by Titus's surviving son. Here Titus kills the emperor, and afterwards himself.

Let the reader weigh these circumstances, and some others, wherein he will find them unlike, and then pronounce for himself.—After all, there is reason to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakespeare, with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally written by him ; for, not to mention that the style is less figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with discredit in the Induction to Ben Johnson's " Bartholomew Fair, in 1614," as one that had then been exhibited " five-and-twenty or thirty years : " which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the year 1589, at which time Shakespeare was but 25 ; an earlier date than can be found for any other of his pieces\* : and if it does not clear him entirely of it, shows at least it was a first attempt.

\* Mr. Malone thinks 1591 to be the year when our author commenced a writer for the stage. See in his *Shaksp.* the ingenious " Attempt to ascertain the order in which the plays of Shakespeare were written."

† Since the above was written, Shakespeare's memory has been fully vindicated from the charge of writing the above play by the best critics. See what has been urged by Steevens and Malone in their excellent editions of Shakespeare, &c.

The following is given from a copy in "The Golden Garland," entitled as above ; compared with three others, two of them in black letter in the Pepys collection, entitled "The Lamentable and Tragical History of Titus Andronicus, &c." "To the Tune of Fortune," printed for E. Wright. Unluckily, none of these have any dates.

You noble minds, and famous martiall wights,  
That in defence of native country fights,  
Give care to me, that ten yeeres fought for Rome,  
Yet reapt disgrace at my returning home.

In Rome I lived in fame fulle threescore yeeres, 5  
My name beloved was of all my peeres ;  
Fulle five-and-twenty valiant sonnes I had,  
Whose forward vertues made their father glad.

For when Rome's foes their warlike forces bent,  
Against them stille my sonnes and I were sent ; 10  
Against the Goths full ten yeeres weary warre  
We spent, receiving many a bloody scarre.

Just two-and-twenty of my sonnes were slaine  
Before we did returne to Rome againe :  
Of five-and-twenty sonnes, I brought but three 15  
Alive, the stately towers of Rome to see.

When wars were done, I conquest home did bring  
And did present my prisoners to the king,  
The queene of Gotha, her sons, and eke a Moore,  
Which did such murders, like was nere before. 20

The emperour did make this queene his wife,  
Which bred in Rome debate and deadly strife ;  
The Moore, with her two sonnes did growe soe proud,  
That none like them in Rome might be allowd.

The Moore soe pleas'd this new-made empress' eie, 25  
That she consented to him secretlye  
For to abuse her husbands marriage bed,  
And soe in time a blackamore she bred.

Then she, whose thoughts to murder were inclinde,  
Consented with the Moore of bloody minde 30  
Against my selfe, my kin, and all my friendes,  
In cruell sort to bring them to their endes.

Soe when in age I thought to live in peace,  
Both care and griefe began then to increase :  
Amongst my sonnes I had one daughter brighte, 35  
Which joy'd, and pleased best my aged sight ;

My deare Lavinia was betrothed than  
To Cesars sonne, a young and noble man :  
Who, in a hunting by the emperours wife,  
And her two sonnes, bereaved was of life. 40

He being alaine, was cast in cruel wise,  
Into a darksome den from light of skies :  
The cruell Moore did come that way as then  
With my three sonnes, who fell into the den,

The Moore then fetcht the emperour with speed, 45  
For to accuse them of that murderous deed .  
And when my sonnes within the den were found,  
In wrongfull prison thy were cast and bound.

But nowe, behold ? what wounded most my mind,  
The empresses two sonnes of savage kind 50  
My daughter ravished without remorse,  
And took away her honour, quite perforce.

When they had tasted of soe sweete a flowre,  
Fearing this sweete should shortly turne to sowre,  
They cutt her tongue, whereby she could not tell 55  
How that dishonoure unto her befell.

Then both her hands they basely cutt off quite,  
Whereby their wickednesse she could not write ;  
Nor with her needle on her sampler sowe  
The bloudye workers of her direfull woe. 60

My brother Marcus found her in the wood,  
Staining the grassie ground with purple bloud,  
That trickled from her stumpe, and bloudlesse armes :  
Noe tongue at all she had to tell her harmes.

But when I sawe her in that woefull case, 65  
With teares of bloud I wet mine aged face :  
For my Lavinia I lamented more  
Then for my two-and-twenty sonnes before.

When as I sawe she could not write nor speake,  
With grief mine aged heart began to breake ; 70  
We spred an heape of sand upon the ground,  
Whereby those bloudy tyrants out we found.

For with a staffe, without the helpe of hand,  
She writt these wordes upon the plat of sand :  
" The lustfull sonnes of the proud emperesse 75  
Are doers of this hateful wickednesse."

I tore the milk-white hairs from off mine head,  
I curst the houre, wherein I first was bred,

I wisht this hand, that fought for countrie's fame,  
In cradle rockt, had first been stricken lame. 80

The Moore delighting still in villainy  
Did say, to sett my sonnes from prison free  
I should unto the king my right hand give,  
And then my three imprisoned sonnes should live.

The Moore I caus'd to strike it off with speede, 85  
Whereat I grieved not to see it bleed,  
But for my sonnes would willingly impart,  
And for their ransome send my bleeding heart.

But as my life did linger thus in paine,  
They sent to me my bootlesse hand againe, 90  
And therewithal the heades of my three sonnes,  
Which filld my dying heart with fresher moanes.

Then past reliefe, I upp and downe did goe,  
And with my tears writ in the dust my woe :  
I shot my arrowes\* towards heaven his 95  
And for revenge to hell did often crye.

The empresse then, thinking that I was mad,  
Like Furies she and both her sonnes were clad,  
(She nam'd Revenge, and Rape and Murder they)  
To undermine and heare what I would say. 100

I fed their foolish veines † a certaine space,  
Untill my friendes did find a secret place,  
Where both her sonnes unto a post were bound,  
And just revenge in cruell sort was found.

I cut their throates, my daughter held the pan 105  
Betwixt her stumpe, wherein the bloud it ran :  
And then I ground their bones to powder small,  
And made a paste for pyes straight therewithall.

Then with their fleashe I made two mighty pyes,  
And at a banquet served in stately wise : 110  
Before the empresse set this loathsome meat ;  
So of her sonnes own flesh she well did eat.

Myselfe bereav'd my daughter then of life,  
The empresse then I slewe with bloudy knife,  
And stabb'd the emperour immediatlie, 115  
And then myself : even so did Titus die.

Then this revenge against the Moore was found,  
Alive they sett him halfe into the ground,  
Whereas he stood untill such time he starv'd.  
And soe God send all murderers may be serv'd 120

## XIV.

## TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY

The first stanza of this little sonnet, which an eminent critic\* justly admires for its extreme sweetness, is found in Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," act iv. sc. 1. Both the stanzas are preserved in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Bloody Brother," act v. sc. 2. Sewel and Gildon have printed it among Shakespeare's smaller poems ; but they have done the same by twenty other pieces that were never writ by him, their book being a wretched heap of inaccuracies and mistakes. It is not found in Jag-

\* Dr. Warburton in his *Shakesp.*

gard's old edition of Shakespeare's "Passionate Pilgrim", &c.

\* If the ballad was written before the play, I should suppose this to be only a metaphorical expression, taken from that in the Psalms, "They shoot out their arrows, even bitter words." Ps. 64. 3.

† I. e. encouraged them in their foolish humours, or fancies.

‡ Mr. Malone in his improved edition of Shakespeare's *SONNETS*, &c. hath substituted this instead of Marlow's *Madrigal*, printed above ; for which he hath assigned reasons, which the reader may see in his vol. x. p. 340.

TAKK, oh take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworne;  
And those eyes, the breake of day,  
Lights, that do misleade the morne :  
But my kisses bring againe,  
Seales of love, but seal'd in vaine.

5

Hide, oh hide those hills of snowe,  
Which thy frozen bosom beares,  
On whose tops the pinkes that growe  
Are of those that April weares ;  
But first set my poor heart free,  
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

10

## XV.

## KING LEIR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

The reader has here an ancient ballad on the subject of King Lear, which (as a sensible female critic has well observed\*) bears so exact an analogy to the argument of Shakespeare's play, that his having copied it could not be doubted, if it were certain that it was written before the tragedy. Here is found the hint of Lear's madness, which the old chronicles† do not mention, as also the extravagant cruelty exercised on him by his daughters. In the death of Lear they likewise very exactly coincide.—The misfortune is, that there is nothing to assist us in ascertaining the date of the ballad but what little evidence arises from within ; this the reader must weigh, and judge for himself.

It may be proper to observe, that Shakspeare was not the first of our Dramatic Poets who fitted the story of *Leir* to the stage. His first 4to edition is dated 1608 ; but three years before that had been printed a play entitled "The true Chronicle History of *Leir* and his three daughters *Gonorill*, *Ragan*, and *Cordella*, as it hath been divers and sundry times lately acted, 1605, 4to."—This is a very poor and dull performance, but happily excited Shakspeare to undertake the subject, which he has given with very different incidents. It is remarkable, that neither the circumstances of *Leir*'s madness, nor his retinue of a select number of knights, nor the affecting deaths of *Cordelia* and *Leir*, are found in that first dramatic piece ; in all which Shakspeare concurs with this ballad.

But to form a true judgment of Shakspeare's merit, the curious reader should cast his eye over that previous sketch, which he will find printed at the end of the twenty plays of Shakspeare, republished from the quarto impressions by George Steevens, Esq. with such elegance and exactness as led us to expect that fine edition of all the works of our great Dramatic Poet, which he hath since published.

The following ballad is given from an ancient copy in the "Golden Garland," bl. let. entitled, "A lamentable Song of the Death of King *Leir* and his Three Daughters. To the tune of When flying Fame."

KING *Leir* once ruled in this land  
With princely power and peace ;  
And had all things with hearts content,  
That might his joys increase.  
Amongst those things that nature gave,  
Three daughters fair had he,  
So princely seeming beautiful,  
As fairer could not be.

5

So on a time it pleas'd the king  
A question thus to move,  
Which of his daughters to his grace  
Could shew the dearest love :  
For to my age you bring content,  
Quoth he, then let me hear,  
Which of you three in plighted troth  
The kindest will appear.

10

To whom the eldest thus began ;  
Dear father, mind, quoth she,  
Before your face, to do you good,  
My blood shall render'd be :  
And for your sake my bleeding heart  
Shall here be cut in twain,  
Ere that I see your reverend age  
The smallest grief sustain.

20

And so will I, the second said ;  
Dear father, for your sake,  
The worst of all extremities  
I'll gently undertake :  
And serve your highness night and day  
With diligence and love ;  
That sweet content and quietness  
Discomforts may remove.

25

In doing so, you glad my soul,  
The aged king reply'd ;  
But what sayst thou, my youngest girl,  
How is thy love ally'd ?  
My love (quoth young *Cordelia* then)  
Which t' your grace I owe,  
Shall be the duty of a child,  
And that is all I'll show.

35

40

And wilt thou shew no more, quoth he,  
Than doth thy duty bind ?  
I well perceive thy love is small,  
When as no more I find.  
Henceforth I banish thee my court,  
Thou art no child of mine ;  
Nor any part of this my realm  
By favour shall be thine.

45

Thy elder sisters loves are more  
Than well I can demand,  
To whom I equally bestow  
My kingdome and my land,  
My pompal state and all my goods,  
That lovingly I may  
With those thy sisters be maintain'd  
Until my dying day.

50

55

\* Mrs. Lennox. Shakspeare illustrated, vol. iii. p. 302.  
† See Jeffery of Monmouth, Hollinghed, &c. who relate *Leir*'s history in many respects the same as the ballad.



Thus flattering speeches won renown, By these two sisters here ; The third had causeless banishment, Yet was her love more dear :	60	But there of that he was deny'd Which she had promis'd late : For once refusing, he should not Come after to her gate.	
For poor Cordelia patiently Went wandring up and down, Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid, Through many an English town :		Thus twixt his daughters, for relief He wandred up and down ; Being glad to feed on beggars food, That lately wore a crown.	125
Untill at last in famous France She gentler fortunes found ; Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd The fairest on the ground :	65	And calling to remembrance then His youngest daughters words, That said the duty of a child Was all that love affords :	130
Where when the king her virtues heard, And this fair lady seen, With full consent of all his court He made his wife and queen.	70	But doubting to repair to her, Whom he had banish'd so, Grew frantick mad ; for in his mind He bore the wounds of woe :	135
Her father King Leir this while With his two daughters staid : Forgetful of their promis'd loves, Full soon the same decay'd ;	75	Which made him rend his milk-white locks, And tresses from his head, And all with blood bestain his cheeks, With age and honour spread.	140
And living in Queen Ragan's court, The eldest of the twain, She took from him his chiefest means, And most of all his train.	80	To hills and woods and watry founts He made his hourly moan, Till hills and woods and senseless things, Did seem to sigh and groan.	
For whereas twenty men were wont To wait with bended knee : She gave allowance but to ten, And after scarce to three ;		Even thus possess'd with discontents, He pass'd o're to France, In hopes from fair Cordelia there, To find some gentler chance ;	145
Nay, one she thought too much for him ; So took she all away, In hope that in her court, good king, He would no longer stay.	85	Most virtuous dame? which when she heard Of this her father's grief, As duty bound, she quickly sent Him comfort and relief :	150
Am I rewarded thus, quoth he, In giving all I have Unto my children, and to beg For what I lately gave ?	90	And by a train of noble peers, In brave and gallant sort, She gave in charge he should be brought To Aganippus' court ;	155
I'll go unto my Gonorell : My second child, I know, Will be more kind and pitiful, And will relieve my woe.	95	Whose royal king, with noble mind So freely gave consent, To muster up his knights at arms, To fame and courage bent.	160
Full fast he hies then to her court ; Where when she heard his moan Return'd him answer, That she griev'd, That all his means were gone :	100	And so to England came with speed, To repossesse King Leir, And drive his daughters from their thrones By his Cordelia dear.	165
But no way could relieve his wants ; Yet if that he would stay Within her kitchen, he should have What scullions gave away.		Where she, true-hearted noble queen, Was in the battel slain ; Yet he good king, in his old days, Possess'd his crown again.	
When he had heard, with bitter tears, He made his answer then ; In what I did let me be made Example to all men.	105	But when he heard Cordelia's death, Who died indeed for love Of her dear father, in whose cause She did this battle move ;	70
I will return again, quoth he, Unto my Ragan's court ; She will not use me thus, I hope, But in a kinder sort.	110	He swooning fell upon her breast, From whence he never parted : But on her bosom left his life, That was so truly hearted.	175
Where when he came, she gave command To drive him thence away : When he was well within her court (She said) he would not stay.	115	The lords and nobles when they saw The end of these events, The other sisters unto death They doomed by consents ;	180
Then back again to Gonorell The woeful king did hie, That in her kitchen he might have What scullion boys set by.	120	And being dead, their crowns they left Unto the next of kin : Thus have you seen the fall of pride, And disobedient sin.	

## XVI.

## YOUTH AND AGE

—is found in the little collection of Shakespeare's Sonnets, entitled the "Passionate Pilgrime\*," the greatest part of which seems to relate to the amours of Venus and Adonis, being little effusions of fancy, probably written while he was composing his larger Poem on that subject. The following seems intended for the mouth of Venus, weighing the comparative merits of youthful Adonis and aged Vulcan. In the "Garland of Good Will" it is reprinted, with the addition of four more such stanzas, but evidently written by a meaner pen.

CRABBED Age and Youth  
Cannot live together;  
Youth is full of plesance,  
Age is full of care:  
Youth like summer morn,  
Age like winter weather,

5

Youth like summer brave,

Age like winter bare:

Youth is full of sport,

Ages breath is short;

10

Youth is nimble, Age is lame:

Youth is hot and bold,

Age is weak and cold;

Youth is wild, and Age is tame.

Age, I do abhor thee,

Youth, I do adore thee;

15

O, my love, my love is young:

Age, I do defie thee;

Oh sweet shepheard, hie thee,

For methinks thou stayst too long.

20

\* See Malone's Shakesp. vol. x, p. 325.

## XVII.

## THE FROLICKSOME DUKE, OR THE TINKER'S GOOD FORTUNE.

The following ballad is upon the same subject, as the Induction to Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew: whether it may be thought to have suggested the hint to the Dramatic poet, or is not rather of later date, the reader must determine.

The story is told† of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy; and is thus related by an old English writer: "The said duke, at the marriage of Eleonora, sister to the king of Portugall, at Bruges in Flanders, which was solemnised in the deepe of winter; when as by reason of unseasonable weather he could neither hawke nor hunt, and was now tired with cards, dice, &c. and such other domestick sports, or to see ladies dance; with some of his courtiers, he would in the evening walke disguised all about the towne. It so fortun'd, as he was walking late one night, he found a countrey fellow dead drunke, snorting on a bulke; he caused his followers to bring him to his palace, and there stripping him of his old clothes, and attyring him after the court fashion, when he awakened he and they were all ready to attend upon his excellency, and persuade him that he was some great duke. The poor fellow admiring how he came there, was served in state all day long: after supper he saw them dance, heard musicke, and all the rest of those court-like pleasures: but late at night, when he was well tiptled, and again fast asleepe, they put on his old robes, and so conveyed him to the place where they first found him. Now the fellow had not made them so good sport the day before, as he did now, when he returned to himself: all the jest was to see how he looked upon it. In conclusion, after some little admiration, the poore man told his friends he had seen a vision; constantly believed it; would not otherwise be persuaded, and so the

jest ended." Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, pt ii. sec. 2. memb. 4. 2d. ed. 1624, fol.

This ballad is given from a black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, which is entitled as above "To the tune of Fond boy."

Now as fame does report a young duke keeps a court,  
One that pleases his fancy with frolicksome sport:  
But amongst all the rest, here is one I protest,  
Which will make you to smile when you hear the true jest:

A poor tinker he found, lying drunk on the ground, 5  
As secure in a sleep as if laid in a swoond.

The duke said to his men, William, Richard and Ben,  
Take him home to my palace, we'll sport with him then.

O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon convey'd  
To the palace, altho' he was poorly arrai'd: 10  
Then they stript off his cloaths, both his shirt, shoes  
and hose,  
And they put him to bed for to take his repose.

Having pull'd off his shirt, which was all over durt,  
They did give him clean holland, this was no great hurt:

On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown, 15  
They did lay him to sleep the drink out of his crown.  
In the morning when day, then admiring he lay,  
For to see the rich chamber both gaudy and gay.

Now he lay something late, in his rich bed of state,  
Till at last knights and squires they on him did wait; 20

And the chamberlain bare, then did likewise declare,  
He desired to know what apparel he'd ware:  
The poor tinker amaz'd, on the gentleman gaz'd,  
And admir'd how he to this honour was rais'd.

\* Mentioned above, song xi. b. ii.

† By Ludov. Vives in Epis. and by Pont. Heuter. Rerum Burgund. l. 4.

Tho' he seem'd something mute, yet he chose a rich  
suit, 25  
Which he straitways put on without longer dispute :  
With a star on his side, which the tinker oft ey'd,  
And it seem'd for to swell him 'no' little with pride;  
For he said to himself, Where is Joan my sweet  
wife?

Sure she never did see me so fine in her life. 30

From a convenient place, the right duke his good  
Did observe his behaviour in every case. [grace  
To a garden of state, on the tinker they wait,  
Trumpets sounding before him : thought he, this is  
great : 34  
Where an hour or two, pleasant walks he did view,  
With commanders and squires in scarlet and blew.

A fine dinner was drest, both for him and his guests,  
He was plac'd at the table above all the rest,  
In a rich chair 'or bed,' lin'd with fine crimson red,  
With a rich golden canopy over his head : 40  
As he sat at his meat, the musick play'd sweet,  
With the choicest of singing his joys to compleat.

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine,  
Rich canary with sherry and tent superfine.  
Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off his bowl, 45  
Till at last he began for to tumble and roul [snore,  
From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping did  
Being seven times drunker than ever before.

Then the duke did ordain, they should strip him  
again,  
And restore him his old leather garments again : 50

'Twas a point next the worst, yet perform it they  
must,  
And they carry'd him strait, where they found him  
at first ;  
Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he might ;  
But when he did waken, his joys took their flight.

For his glory 'to him' so pleasant did seem, 55  
That he thought it to be but a meer golden dream ;  
Till at length he was brought to the duke, where he  
sought  
For a pardon, as fearing he had set him at nought ;  
But his highness he said, Thou'rt a jolly bold blade,  
Such a frolick before I think never was plaid. 60

Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and cloak,  
Which he gave for the sake of this frolicksome joak ;  
Nay, and five-hundred pound, with ten acres of  
ground,  
Thou shalt never, said he, range the counteries round,  
Crying old brass to mend, for I'll be thy good friend. 65  
Nay, and Joan thy sweet wife shall my duchess  
attend.

Then the tinker reply'd, What ! must Joan my sweet  
Be a lady in chariots of pleasure to ride ? [bride  
Must we have gold and land ev'ry day at command ?  
Then I shall be a squire I well understand : 70  
Well I thank your good grace, and your love I  
embrace,  
I was never before in so happy a case.

## XVIII.

## THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

Dispersed through Shakespeare's plays are innumerable little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which could not be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, the Editor was tempted to select some of them, and with a few supplemental stanzas to connect them together, and form them into a little Tale, which is here submitted to the reader's candour.

One small fragment was taken from Beaumont and Fletcher.

It was a friar of orders gray  
Walkt forth to tell his beades ;  
And he met with a lady faire  
Clad in a pilgrime's weedes.

Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar, 5  
I pray thee tell to me,  
If ever at yon holy shrine  
My true love thou didst see.

And how should I know your true love 10  
From many another one ?  
O, by his cockle hat, and staff,  
And by his sandal shoone\*.

But chiefly by his face and mien,  
That were so fair to view ;  
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,  
And eyne of lovely blue.

O lady, he is dead and gone !  
Lady, he's dead and gone !  
And at his head a green grass turfe,  
And at his heels a stone.

Within these holy cloysters long  
He languisht, and he dyed,  
Lamenting of a ladyes love,  
And 'playning of her pride.

Here bore him barefac'd on his bier 25  
Six proper youths and tall,  
And many a tear bedew'd his grave  
Within yon kirk-yard wall.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth !  
And art thou dead and gone ! 30  
And didst thou dye for love of me !  
Break, cruel heart of stone !

O weep not, lady, weep not see :  
Some ghostly comfort seek :  
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart, 35  
Ne teares bedew thy cheek.

\* These are the distinguishing marks of a Pilgrim. The chief places of devotion being beyond sea, the pilgrims were wont to put cockle-shells in their hats to denote the intention & performance of their devotion. Warb. Shakesp. vol. viii. p. 224.

O do not, do not, holy friar,  
My sorrow now reprove;  
For I have lost the sweetest youth,  
That e'er wan ladies love.

40

And now, alas ! for thy sad losse,  
I'll evermore weep and sigh:  
For thee I only wisht to live,  
For thee I wish to dye.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,  
Thy sorrowe is in vaine:  
For violets pluckt the sweetest showers  
Will ne'er make grow againe.

45

Our joys as winged dreams doe flye,  
Why then should sorrow last ?  
Since grief but aggravates thy losse,  
Grieve not for what is past.

50

O say not soe, thou holy friar;  
I pray thee, say not soe:  
For since my true-love dyed for mee,  
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

55

And will he ne'er come again ?  
Will he ne'er come again ?  
Ah ! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,  
For ever to remain.

60

His cheek was redder than the rose;  
The comliest youth was he !  
But he is dead and laid in his grave:  
Alas, and woe is me !

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,  
Men were deceivers ever:  
One foot on sea and one on land,  
To one thing constant never,

65

Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,  
And left thee sad and heavy;  
For young men ever were fickle found,  
Since summer trees were leafy

70

Now say not soe, thou holy friar,  
I pray thee say not soe;  
My love he had the truest heart:  
O he was ever true !

75

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth,  
And didst thou dye for mee !  
Then farewell home ; for ever-more  
A pilgrim I will bee.

80

But first upon my true-loves grave  
My weary limbs I'll lay,  
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf,  
That wraps his breathless clay

Yet stay, fair lady : rest awhile  
Beneath this cloyster wall:  
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,  
And drizly rain doth fall.

85

O stay me not, thou holy friar;  
O stay me not, I pray;  
No drizly rain that falls on me,  
Can wash my fault away.

90

Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,  
And dry those pearly tears:  
For see beneath this gown of gray  
Thy owne true-love appears.

95

Here forc'd by grief, and hopeless love,  
These holy weeds I sought:  
And here amid these lonely walls  
To end my days I thought.

100

But haply for my year of grace\*  
Is not yet past away,  
Might I still hope to win thy love,  
No longer would I stay.

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy  
Once more unto my heart;  
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,  
We never more will part.

105

\* \* \* As the foregoing song has been thought to have suggested to our late excellent poet Dr. Goldsmith, the plan of this beautiful ballad of Edwin and Emma," (first printed in his "Vicar of Wakefield,") it is but justice to his memory to declare, that his poem was written first, and that if there is any imitation in the case, they will be found both to be indebted to the beautiful old ballad "Gentle Herdsman," &c. printed in this work, which the doctor had much admired in manuscript, and has finely improved. See Series the Second, book i. song xiv. ver. 37, &c.

\* The year of probation, or noviciate.

## SERIES THE FIRST.

## BOOK III.

## I.

## THE MORE MODERN BALLAD OF CHEVY CHACE.

At the beginning of this volume we gave the old original Song of "Chevy Chace." The reader has here the more improved edition of that fine heroic ballad. It will afford an agreeable entertainment to the curious to compare them together, and to see how far the latter bard has excelled his predecessor, and where he has fallen short of him. For though he has every where improved the versification, and generally the sentiment and diction; yet some few passages retain more dignity in the ancient copy; at least the obsolescence of the style serves as a veil to hide whatever might appear too familiar or vulgar in them. Thus, for instance, the catastrophe of the gallant Witherington is in the modern copy exprest in terms which never fail at present to excite ridicule: whereas in the original it is related with a plain and pathetic simplicity, that is liable to no such unlucky effect: See the stanza in page 4, which, in modern orthography, &c. would run thus:

"For Witherington my heart is woe,  
That ever he slain should be:  
For when his legs were hewn in two  
He knelt and fought on his knee."

So again the stanza which describes the fall of Montgomery is somewhat more elevated in the ancient copy:

"The dint it was both sad and sore,  
He on Montgomery set:  
The swan-feathers his arrow bore  
With his hearts blood were wet."

We might also add, that the circumstances of the battle are more clearly conceived, and the several incidents more distinctly marked in the old original, than in the improved copy. It is well known that the ancient English weapon was the long bow, and that this nation excelled all others in archery; while the Scottish warriors chiefly depended on the use of the spear: this characteristic difference never escapes our ancient bard, whose description of the first onset (p. 3.) is to the following effect:

"The proposal of the two gallant earls to determine the dispute by single combat being overruled; the English, says he, who stood with their bows ready bent, gave a general discharge of their arrows, which slew seven score spearmen of the enemy: but, notwithstanding so severe a loss, Douglas like a brave captain kept his ground. He had divided his forces into three columns, who as soon as the English had discharged the first volley, bore down upon them with their spears, and breaking through their ranks reduced them to close fighting. The archers upon this dropt their bows and had recourse to their swords, and there followed

so sharp a conflict, that multitudes on both sides lost their lives." In the midst of this general engagement, at length, the two great earls meet, and after a spirited rencounter agree to breathe; upon which a parley ensues, that would do honour to Homer himself.

Nothing can be more pleasingly distinct and circumstantial than this: whereas, the modern copy, though in general it has great merit, is here unluckily both confused and obscure. Indeed the original words seem here to have been totally misunderstood. "Yet bydys the yerl Douglas upon the *Bent*," evidently signifies, "Yet the earl Douglas abides in the *Field*:" Whereas the more modern bard seems to have understood by *Bent*, the inclination of his mind, and accordingly runs quite off from the subject\*.

"To drive the deer with hound and horn  
Earl Douglas had the bent" v. 109.

One may also observe a generous impartiality in the old original bard, when in the conclusion of his tale he represents both nations as quitting the field, without any reproachful reflection on either: though he gives to his own countrymen the credit of being the smaller number.

"Of fifteen hundred archers of England  
Went away but fifty and three;  
Of twenty hundred spearmen of Scotland,  
But even five and fifty."

He attributes flight to neither party, as hath been done in the modern copies of this ballad, as well Scotch as English. For, to be even with our latter bard, who makes the Scots to flee, some reviser of North Britain has turned his own arms against him, and printed an edition at Glasgow, in which the lines are thus transposed:

"Of fifteen hundred Scottish spiers  
Went hame but fifty-three:  
Of twenty hundred Englishmen  
Scarce fifty-five did flee."

And to countenance this change he has suppressed the two stanzas between ver. 240 and ver. 249.—From that edition I have here reformed the Scottish names, which in the modern English ballad appeared to be corrupted.

When I call the present admired ballad modern, I only mean that it is comparatively so; for that it

\* In the present edition, instead of the unmeaning lines here censured, an insertion is made of four stanzas modernized from the ancient copy.

could not be writ much later than the time of Queen Elizabeth, I think may be made appear; nor yet does it seem to be older than the beginning of the last century\*. Sir Philip Sidney, when he complains of the antiquated phrase of "Chevy-chace," could never have seen this improved copy, the language of which is not more ancient than that he himself used. It is probable that the encomiums of so admired a writer excited some bard to revise the ballad, and to free it from those faults he had objected to it. That it could not be much later than that time, appears from the phrase "Doleful Dumps;" which in that age carried no ill sound with it, but to the next generation became ridiculous. We have seen it pass uncensured in a sonnet that was at that time in request, and where it could not fail to have been taken notice of, had it been in the least exceptionable: see above, b. ii. song v. ver. 2: Yet, in about half a century after, it was become burlesque. Vide Hudibras, pt. i. c. 3, v. 93.

This much premised, the reader that would see the general beauties of this ballad set in a just and striking light, may consult the excellent criticism of Mr. Addison†. With regard to its subject: it has already been considered in page 1st. The conjectures there offered will receive confirmation from a passage in the Memoirs of Carey Earl of Monmouth, 8vo, 1759, p. 165; whence we learn that it was an ancient custom with the borderers of the two kingdoms, when they were at peace, to send to the Lord Wardens of the opposite Marches for leave to hunt within their districts. If leave was granted, then towards the end of summer they would come and hunt for several days together "with their Greyhounds for Deer:" but if they took this liberty unpermitted, then the Lord Warden of the border so invaded, would not fail to interrupt their sport and chastise their boldness. He mentions a remarkable instance that happened while he was Warden, when some Scotch Gentlemen coming to hunt in defiance of him, there must have ensued such an action as this of Chevy Chace, if the intruders had been proportionably numerous and well-armed: for, upon their being attacked by his men at arms, he tells us, "some hurt was done, tho' he had given especial order that they should shed as little blood as possible." They were in effect overpowered and taken prisoners, and only released on their promise to abstain from such licentious sporting for the future.

The following text is given from a copy in the Editor's folio MS. compared with two or three others printed in black-letter—In the second volume of Dryden's Miscellanies may be found a translation of Chevy-Chace into Latin Rymes. The translator, Mr. Henry Bold, of New College, undertook it at the command of Dr. Compton, bishop of London;

\* A late writer has started a notion that the more modern copy "was written to be sung by a party of English, headed by a Douglas in the year 1524; which is the true reason why, at the same time that it gives the advantage to the English soldiers above the Scotch, it gives yet so lovely and so manifestly superior a character to the Scotch commander above the English." See Say's Essay on the Numbers of Paradise Lost, 4to, 1745, p. 167.

† This appears to me a groundless conjecture; the language seems too modern for the date above mentioned; and, had it been printed even so early as Queen Elizabeth's reign, I think I should have met with some copy wherein the first line would have been,

*God prosper long our noble queen,*

as was the case with the *Blind Beggar of Bednal Green*; see Series the Second, No. x. ver. 22.

† In the Spectator, No. 70. 74.

who thought it no derogation to his episcopal character, to avow a fondness for this excellent old ballad. See the preface to Bold's Latin Songs, 1685, 8vo.

God prosper long our noble king,  
Our lives and safetyes all;  
A woefull hunting once there did  
In Chevy-Chace befall;

To drive the deere with hound and horne,  
Erle Percy took his way,  
The child may rue that is unborne,  
The hunting of that day.

The stout Erle of Northumberland  
A vow to God did make,  
His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
Three summers days to take; 10

The cheefest harts in Chevy-chace  
To kill and beare away.  
These tydings to Erle Douglas came,  
In Scotland where he lay: 15

Who sent Erle Percy present word,  
He would prevent his sport.  
The English Erle, not fearing that,  
Did to the woods resort. 20

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold;  
All chosen men of might,  
Who knew full well in time of neede  
To ayme their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,  
To chase the fallow deere:  
On munday they began to hunt,  
Ere day-light did appeare; 25

And long before high noone they had  
An hundred fat buckes slaine;  
Then having dined, the drovyers went  
To rcuze the deere againe. 30

The bow-men mustered on the hills,  
Well able to endure;  
Theire backsides all, with speciall care,  
That day were guarded sure. 35

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,  
The nimble deere to take\*,  
That with their cryes the hills and dales  
An echo shrill did make. 40

Lord Percy to the quarry went,  
To view the slaughter d deere;  
Qouth he, Erle Douglas promised  
This day to meet me heere:

Ver. 26, *That they were*, fol. MS.

\* The Chiviot Hills and circumjacent Wastes are at present void of Deer, and almost stript of their woods; but formerly they had enough of both to justify the description attempted here and in the Ancient Ballad of CHEVY CHACE. Leyland, in the reign of Hen. VIII, thus describes this county: "In Northumberland, as I heare say, be no forests, except Chivet Hills; where is much BRUSH-WOOD, and some OKE; Grownde ovargrowne with Linge, and some with Mosse. I have harde say that Chivet Hills stretcheth xx miles. There is greate Plente of REDDE-DEER, and ROO BUCKES." Itin. vol. vii. p. 56.—This passage, which did not occur when pages 67, were printed off, confirm the accounts there given of the STAGS and the ROE.

But if I thought he wold not come, 45  
 Noe longer wold I stay.  
 With that, a brave younge gentleman  
 Thus to the Erle did say :

Loe, yonder doth Erle Douglas come, 50  
 His men in armour bright ;  
 Full twenty hundred Scottish sueres  
 All marching in our sight ;

All men of pleasant Tivydale,  
 Fast by the river Tweede :  
 O cease your sports, Erle Percy said, 55  
 And take your bowes with speede .

And now with me, my countrymen,  
 Your courage forth advance ;  
 For there was never champion yett 60  
 In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horsebacke come,  
 But if my hap it were,  
 I durst encounter man for man,  
 With him to break a spere.

Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede, 65  
 Most like a baron bold,  
 Rode formost of his company,  
 Whose armour shone like gold.

Show me, sayd hee, whose men you bee,  
 That hunt soe boldly heere,  
 That, without my consent, doe chase 70  
 And kill my fallow-deere.

The first man that did answer make  
 Was noble Percy hee ;  
 Who sayd, Wee list not to declare, 75  
 Nor shew whose men wee bee .

Yet wee will spend our dearest blood,  
 Thy cheefest harts to slay.  
 Then Douglas swome a solemne oathe 80  
 And thus in rage did say,

Ere thus I will out-braved bee,  
 One of us two shall dye :  
 I know thee well, an erle thou art ;  
 Lord Percy, soe am I.

But trust me, Percy, pittye it were 85  
 And great offence to kill  
 Any of these our guiltlesse men,  
 For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battell trye,  
 And set our men aside. 90  
 Accurst bee he, Erle Percy sayd,  
 By whom this is denyed.

Then stept a gallant squier forth,  
 Witherington was his name,  
 Who said, I wold not have it told 95  
 To Henry our king for shame,

That ere my captaine fought on foote,  
 And I stood looking on.  
 You bee two erles, sayd Witherinton 100  
 And I a squier alone :

He doe the best that doe I may,  
 While I have power to stand :  
 While I have power to weeld my sword,  
 He fight with hart and hand.

Our English archers bent their bowes, 105  
 Their harts were good and trew ;  
 Att the first sight of arrowes sent,  
 Full four-score Scots they slew.

\* [Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent,  
 As Chieftan stout and good. 110  
 As valiant Captain, all unmov'd  
 The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,  
 As Leader ware and try'd,  
 And soon his spearmen on their foes 115  
 Bare down on every side.

\* The four stanzas here inclosed in brackets,  
 which are borrowed chiefly from the ancient copy,  
 are offered to the reader instead of the following  
 lines, which occur in the editor's folio MS.

To drive the deere with hound and horne,  
 Douglas bade on the bent ;  
 Two captaines moved with mickle might  
 Their speres to shivers went.

Throughout the English archery  
 They dealt full many a wound :  
 But still our valiant Englishmen  
 All firmly kept their ground : 120

And throwing strait their bows away,  
 They grasp'd their swords so bright :  
 And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,  
 On shields and helmets light.]

They closed full fast on every side, 125  
 Noe slacknes there was found ;  
 And many a gallant gentleman  
 Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was a grieve to see,  
 And likewise for to heare, 130  
 The cries of men lying in their gore,  
 And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout erles did meet,  
 Like captaines of great might :  
 Like Lyons wood, they layd on lode, 135  
 And made a cruell fight :

They fought untill they both did sweat,  
 With swords of tempered steele ;  
 Untill the blood, like drops of rain,  
 They trickling downe did feelee. 140

Yield thee, Lord Percy, Douglas sayd ;  
 In faith I will thee bringe,  
 Where thou shalt high advanced bee  
 By James our Scottish king :

Thy ransome I will freely give, 145  
 And this report of thee,  
 Thou art the most courageous knight,  
 That ever I did see.

Noe, Douglas, quoth Erle Percy then,  
Thy proffer I doe scorne ; 150  
I will not yeelede to any Scott,  
That ever yett was borne.

With that, there came an arrow keene  
Out of an English bow,  
Which struck Erle Douglas to the heart, 155  
A deepe and deadlie blow :

Who never spake more words than these,  
Fight on, my merry men all ;  
For why, my life is at an end ; 160  
Lord Percy sees my fall.

Then leaving life, Erle Percy tooke  
The dead man by the hand ;  
And said, Erle Douglas, for thy life  
Wold I had lost my land.

O Christ ! my verry hart doth bleed 165  
With sorrow for thy sake ;  
For sure, a more redoubted knight  
Mischaunce cold never take.

A knight amongst the Scotts there was,  
Which saw Erle Douglas dye,  
Who streight in wrath did vow revenge 170  
Upon the Lord Percy :

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he call'd,  
Who, with a spere most bright,  
Well-mounted on a gallant steed, 175  
Ran fiercely through the fight ;

And past the English archers all,  
Without all dread or feare ;  
And through Erle Percy's body then 180  
He thrust his hatefull spere ;

With such a vehemant force and might  
He did his body gore,  
The staff ran through the other side  
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye, 185  
Whose courage none could staine :  
An English archer then perceiv'd  
The noble erle was slaine ;

He had a bow bent in his hand,  
Made of a trusty tree ; 190  
An arrow of a cloth-yard long  
Up to the head drew hee :

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,  
So right the shaft he sett,  
The grey goose-wing that was thereon, 195  
In his harts blood was wett.

This fight did last from break of day,  
Till setting of the sun ;  
For when they rung the evening-bell\*, 200  
The battle scarce was done.

With stout Erle Percy, there was slaine  
Sir John of Egerton\*,  
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,  
Sir James that bold barron :

And with Sir George and stout Sir James, 205  
Both knights of good account,  
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slaine,  
Whose prowesse did surmount

For Witherington needs must I wayle,  
As one in doleful dumpes †; 210  
For when his leggs were smitten off,  
He fought upon his stumpes,

And with Erle Douglas, there was slaine  
Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,  
Sir Charles Murray, that from the feeld 215  
One foote wold never flee.

Sir Charles Murray, of Ratcliff, too,  
His sisters sonne was hee ;  
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd, 220  
Yet saved cold not bee.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case  
Did with Erle Douglas dye :  
Of twenty hundred Scottish speres  
Scarce fifty-five did fyre.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen, 225  
Went home but fifty three ;  
The rest were slaine in Chevy-Chase,  
Under the greene woode tree.

Next day did many widowes come,  
Their husbands to bewayle 230  
They washt their wounds in brinish teares,  
But all wold not prevayle.

Theyr bodyes, bathed in purple gore,  
They bare with them away :  
They kist them dead a thousand times, 235  
Ere they were cladd in clay.

The newes was brought to Eddenborow,  
Where Scottlands king did raigne,  
That brave Erle Douglas suddenlie 240  
Was with an arrow slaine :

O heavy newes, King James did say,  
Scotland may witnesse bee,  
I have not any captaine more  
Of such account as hee.

Like tydings to King Henry came, 245  
Within as short a space,  
That Percy of Northumberland  
Was slaine in Chevy-Chase :

Now God be with him, said our king,  
Sith it will noe better bee ; 250  
I trust I have, within my realme,  
Five hundred as good as hee :

\* See the Curfew bell, usually rung at eight o'clock ; to which the modernizer apparently alludes, instead of the "Evening bell," or bell for vespers of the original author, before the Reformation. Vide *supra* pag. 4, v. 97.

\* For the surnames, see the Notes at the end of the Ballad.

† I. e. "I, as one in deep concern, must lament." The construction here has generally been misunderstood. The old MS. reads *wofull dumpes*.



Yett shall not Scotts nor Scotland say,  
But I will vengeance take :  
I'll be revenged on them all,  
For brave Erle Percyes sake. 255

This vow full well the king perform'd  
After, at Humbledowne ;  
In one day, fifty knights were slayne,  
With lords of great renowne : 260

And of the rest, of small account,  
Did many thousands dye :  
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,  
Made by the Erle Percy.

God save our king, and bless this land 265  
With plentye, joy, and peace ;  
And grant henceforth, that foule debate  
Twixt noblemen may cease.

\* \* Since the former impression of these volumes hath been published, a new edition of Collins's *Peerage*, 1779, &c. ix. vols. 8vo. which contains, in volume ii. p. 334, an historical passage, which may be thought to throw considerable light on the subject of the preceding Ballad : viz.

"In this . . . year, 1436, according to Hector Boethius, was fought the battle of Pepperden, not far from the Cheviot Hills, between the Earl of Northumberland [Hid Earl, son of Hotspur,] and Earl William Douglas, of Angus, with a small army of about four thousand men each, in which the latter had the advantage. As this seems to have been a private conflict between these two great Chieftains of the Borders, rather than a national war, it has been thought to have given rise to the celebrated old ballad of Chevy-Chase; which, to render it more pathetic and interesting, has been heightened with tragical incidents wholly fictitious." [See Ridpath's *Border Hist.* 4to, p. 401.]

The surnames in the foregoing ballad are altered, either by accident or design, from the old original copy, and in common editions extremely corrupted. They are here rectified, as much as they could be. Thus,

Pag. 69.

Ver 202 *Egerton*.] This name is restored (instead of *Ogerton*, com. ed.) from the Editor's folio MS. The pieces in that MS. appear to have been

collected, and many of them composed (among which might be this ballad) by an inhabitant of Cheshire : who was willing to pay a compliment here to one of his countrymen, of the eminent family *De* or *Of Egerton* (so the name was first written) ancestors of the present Duke of Bridgwater; and this he could do with the more propriety, as the Percies had formerly great interest in that county: At the fatal battle of Shrewsbury, all the flower of the Cheshire gentlemen lost their lives fighting in the cause of Hotspur.

Ver. 203. *Ratcliff*.] This was a family much distinguished in Northumberland. Edw. Radcliffe mil. was sheriff of that county in 17 of Hen. VII, and others of the same surname afterwards. (See Fuller, p. 313.) Sir George Ratcliff, Knt. was one of the commissioners of inclosure in 1552. (See Nicholson, p. 330.) Of this family was the late Earl of Derwentwater, who was beheaded in 1715. The Editor's folio MS. however, reads here, Sir Robert Harcliffe and Sir William.

The Harcleys were an eminent family in Cumberland. (See Fuller, p. 224.) Whether this may be thought to be the same name, I do not determine.

Ver. 204. *Baron*.] This is apparently altered (not to say corrupted) from *Hearone*, in p. 4, ver. 114.

Ver. 207. *Raby*.] This might be intended to celebrate one of the ancient possessors of Raby Castle, in the county of Durham. Yet it is written *Rebye*, in the fol. MS. and looks like a corruption of *Rugby* or *Rokeby*, an eminent family in Yorkshire, See p. 4, p. 9. It will not be wondered that the Percies should be thought to bring followers out of that county, where they themselves were originally seated, and had always such extensive property and influence.

Ver. 215. *Murray*.] So the Scottish copy. In the com. edit. it is *Carrel* or *Currel*; and *Morrell* in the fol. MS.

Ver. 217. *Murray*.] So the Scot. edit.—The common copies read *Murrel*. The fol. MS. gives the line in the following peculiar manner,

"Sir Roger Heuer of Harcliffe too."

Ver. 219. *Lamb*.] The folio MS. has.

"Sir David Lambwell, well esteemed."

This seems evidently corrupted from *Lwdale* or *Liddell*, in the old copy, see pages 4-9.

## II.

### DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

These fine moral stanzas were originally intended for a solemn funeral song, in a play of James Shirley's, entitled, "The contention of Ajax and Ulysses;" no date, 8vo.—Shirley flourished as a dramatic writer early in the reign of Charles I: but he outlived the Restoration. His death happened October 29, 1666, æt. 72.

This little poem was written long after many of those that follow, but is inserted here as a kind of dirge to the foregoing piece. It is said to have been a favourite song with K. Charles II.

The glories of our birth and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things ;  
There is no armour against fate :  
Death lays his icy hands on kings :  
Scepter and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,  
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ,

5

10

But their strong nerves at last must yield ;  
 They tame but one another still.  
     Early or late  
     They stoop to fate,  
 And must give up their murmuring breath,   15  
 When they pale captives creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,  
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds :

Upon death's purple altar now  
     See where the victor victim bleeds :   20  
     All heads must come  
     To the cold tomb,  
 Only the actions of the just  
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

## III.

## THE RISING IN THE NORTH.

The subject of this ballad is the great Northern Insurrection in the 12th year of Elizabeth, 1569 ; which proved so fatal to Thomas Percy, the seventh Earl of Northumberland.

There had not long before been a secret negotiation entered into between some of the Scottish and English nobility, to bring about a marriage between Mary Queen of Scots, at that time a prisoner in England, and the Duke of Norfolk, a nobleman of excellent character, and firmly attached to the Protestant religion. This match was proposed to all the most considerable of the English nobility, and among the rest to the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, two noblemen very powerful in the north. As it seemed to promise a speedy and safe conclusion of the troubles in Scotland, with many advantages to the crown of England, they all consented to it, provided it should prove agreeable to Queen Elizabeth. The Earl of Leicester (Elizabeth's favourite) undertook to break the matter to her ; but before he could find an opportunity, the affair had come to her ears by other hands, and she was thrown into a violent flame. The Duke of Norfolk, with several of his friends, was committed to the Tower, and summons were sent to the northern earls instantly to make their appearance at court. It is said that the Earl of Northumberland, who was a man of a mild and gentle nature, was deliberating with himself whether he should not obey the message, and rely upon the queen's candour and clemency, when he was forced into desperate measures by a sudden report at midnight, Nov. 14, that a party of his enemies were come to seize on his person\*. The earl was then at his house at Topcliffe in Yorkshire. When rising hastily out of bed, he withdrew to the Earl of Westmoreland, at Brancepeth, where the country came in to them, and pressed them to take arms in their own defence. They accordingly set up their standards, declaring their intent was to restore the ancient religion, to get the succession of the crown firmly settled, and to prevent the destruction of the ancient nobility, &c. Their common banner† (on which was displayed the cross, together with the five wounds of Christ,) was borne by an ancient gentleman, Richard Norton, Esq. of Norton-conyers : who with his sons (among whom, Christopher, Marmaduke, and Thomas, are expressly named by Camden), distinguished himself on this occasion. Having entered Durham, they

tore the Bible, &c., and caused mass to be said there : they then marched on to Clifford Moor near Wetherby, where they mustered their men. Their intention was to have proceeded on to York ; but, altering their minds, they fell upon Barnard's castle, which Sir George Bowes held out against them for eleven days. The two earls, who spent their large estates in hospitality, and were extremely beloved on that account, were masters of little ready money, the Earl of Northumberland bringing with him only 8000 crowns, and the Earl of Westmoreland nothing at all for the subsistence of their forces, they were not able to march to London, as they had at first intended. In these circumstances, Westmoreland began so visibly to despond, that many of his men slunk away, though Northumberland still kept up his resolution, and was master of the field till December 13, when the Earl of Sussex, accompanied with Lord Hunaden and others, having marched out of York at the head of a large body of forces, and being followed by a still larger army under the command of Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, the insurgents retreated northward towards the borders, and their dismissing their followers, made their escape into Scotland. Though this insurrection had been suppressed with so little bloodshed, the Earl of Sussex and Sir George Bowes marshal of the army put vast numbers to death by martial law, without any regular trial. The former of these caused at Durham sixty-three constables to be hanged at once. And the latter made his boast, that, for sixty miles in length, and forty in breadth, betwixt Newcastle and Wetherby, there was hardly a town or village wherein he had not executed some of the inhabitants. This exceeds the cruelties practised in the west after Monmouth's rebellion : but that was not the age of tenderness and humanity.

Such is the account collected from Stow, Speed, Camden, Guthrie, Carte, and Rapin ; it agrees in most particulars with the following ballad, which was apparently the production of some northern minstrel, who was well affected to the two noblemen. It is here printed from two MS. copies, one of them in the editor's folio collection. They contained considerable variations, out of which such readings were chosen as seemed most poetical and consonant to history.

Listen, lively lordings all,  
 Lithe and listen unto mee,  
 And I will sing of a noble earle,  
 The noblest earle in the north countrie.

\* This circumstance is overlooked in the ballad.  
 Besides this, the ballad mentions the separate banners of the two noblemen.

Earle Percy is into his garden gone,  
 And after him walkes his faire ladie\* :  
 I heard a bird sing in mine eare,  
 That I must either fight, or flee. 5  
  
 Now heaven forefend, my dearest lord,  
 That ever such harm should hap to thee : 10  
 But goe to London to the court,  
 And faire fall truth and honestie.  
  
 Now nay, now nay, my ladye gay,  
 Alas ! thy counsell suits not mee ;  
 Mine enemies prevail so fast,  
 That at the court I may not bee. 15  
  
 O goe to the court yet, good my lord,  
 And take thy gallant men with thee :  
 If any dare to doe you wrong,  
 Then your warrant they may bee. 20  
  
 Now nay, now nay, thou lady faire,  
 The court is full of subtiltie ;  
 And if I goe to the court, lady,  
 Never more I may thee see.  
  
 Yet goe to the court, my lord, she sayes,  
 And I myselfe will ride wi' thee : 25  
 At court then for my dearest lord,  
 His faithfull borrowes I will bee.  
  
 Now nay, now nay, my lady deare ;  
 For lever had I lose my life,  
 Than leave among my cruell foes  
 My love in jeopardy and strife, 30  
  
 But come thou hither my little foot-page,  
 Come thou hither unto mee,  
 To maister Norton thou must goe  
 In all the haste that ever may bee. 35  
  
 Commend me to that gentleman,  
 And beare this letter here fro mee ;  
 And say that earnestly I praye,  
 He will ryde in my companie. 40  
  
 One while the little foot-page went,  
 And another while he ran ;  
 Untill he came to his journeys end  
 The little foot-page never blan.  
  
 When to that gentleman he came,  
 Down he kneeled on his knee ;  
 And tooke the letter betwixt his hands,  
 And lett the gentleman it see. 45  
  
 And when the letter it was redd  
 Affore that goodlye companie,  
 I wis, if you the truthe wold know,  
 There was many a weeping eye. 50  
  
 He sayd, Come thither, Christopher Norton,  
 A gallant youth thou seemst to bee ;  
 What doest thou counsell me, my sonne,  
 Now that good erle's in jeopardy ? 55  
  
 Father, my counsell's fair and free ;  
 That erle he is a noble lord,  
 And whatsoever to him you hight,  
 I wold not have you breake your word. 60

\* This lady was Anne, daughter of Henry Somerset Earl of Worcester.

Gramercy, Christopher, my sonne,  
 Thy counsell well it liketh mee,  
 And if we speed and scape with life,  
 Well advanced shalt thou bee.  
  
 Come you hither, mine nine good sonnes, 65  
 Gallant men I trowe you bee :  
 How many of you, my children deare,  
 Will stand by that good erle and me ?  
  
 Eight of them did answer make,  
 Eight of them spake hastilie, 70  
 O father, till the daye we dye  
 We'll stand by that good erle and thee.  
  
 Gramercy now, my children deare,  
 You shewe yourselves right bold and brave ;  
 And whetherso'er I live or dye, 75  
 A fathers blessing you shal have.  
  
 But what sayst thou, O Francis Norton,  
 That art mine eldest sonn and heire :  
 Somewhat lyes brooding in thy breast ;  
 Whatever it bee, to mee declare. 80  
  
 Father, you are an aged man,  
 Your head is white, your beards is gray ;  
 It were a shame at these your yeares  
 For you to ryse in such a fray.  
  
 Now fye upon thee, coward Francis, 85  
 Thou never learnedst this of mee :  
 When thou wert yong and tender of age,  
 Why did I make soe much of thee ?  
  
 But, father, I will wend with you,  
 Unarm'd and naked will I bee ; 90  
 And he that strikes against the crowne,  
 Ever an ill death may he dee.  
  
 Then rose that reverend gentleman,  
 And with him came a goodlye band  
 To join with the brave Erle Percy,  
 And all the flower o' Northumberland. 95  
  
 With them the noble Nevill came,  
 The erle of Westmorland was hee :  
 At Wetherbye they mustred their host,  
 Thirteen thousand faire to see. 100  
  
 Lord Westmorland his ancyent raisde,  
 The Dun Bull he rays'd on hye,  
 And three Dogs with golden collars  
 Were there sett out most royallye \*.

\* Ver. 102. *Dun Bull* &c.] The supporters of the Nevilles Earls of Westmoreland were Two Bulls Argent, ducally collar'd gold, armed Or, &c. But I have not discovered the device mentioned in the ballad, among the badges, &c. given by that house. This however is certain, that, among those of the Nevilles, Lord Abergavenny, (who were of the same family,) is a dun cow with a golden collar ; and the Nevilles of Chyete in Yorkshire (of the Westmoreland branch) gave for their crest, in 1513, a dog's (greyhound's) head erased.—So that it is not improbable but Charles Neville, the unhappy Earl of Westmoreland here mentioned, might on this occasion give the above device on his banner.—After all, our old minstrel's verses here may have undergone some corruption ; for, in another ballad in the same folio MS. and apparently written by the same hand, containing the sequel of this Lord Westmoreland's history, his banner is thus described, more conformable to his known bearings:

"Set me up my faire *Dun Bull*,  
 With *Golden Hornes*, hee beares all *see hye*."

Erle Percy there his auncient spred, 105  
The Halfe-Moone shining all soe faire \* :  
The Nortons auncient had the crosse,  
And the five wounds our Lord did beare.

Then Sir George Bowes he straitwaye rose,  
After them some spoyle to make : 110  
Those noble erles turn'd backe againe,  
And aye they vowed that knight to take.

That baron he to his castle fled,  
To Barnard castle then fled hee.  
The uttermost walles were eathe to win, 115  
The earles have wonne them presentlie.

The uttermost walles were lime and bricke ;  
But thoughte they won them soon anone,  
Long e'er they wan the innermost walles,  
For they were cut in rocke of stone. 120

Then newes unto leave London came  
In all the speede that ever might bee,  
And word is brought to our royall queene  
Of the rysing in the North countrie.

Her grace she turned her round about, 125  
And like a royall queene shee swore †,  
I will ordayne them such a breakfast,  
As never was in the North before.

Shée caus'd thirty thousand men berays'd,  
With horse and barneis faire to see ; 130  
She caused thirty thousand men be raised,  
To take the earles i' th' North countrie.

Wi' them the false Erle Warwick went,  
Th' Erle Sussex and the Lord Hunsden ;  
Untill they to Yorke castle came  
I wiss, they never stint ne blan. 135

Now spred thy auncient, Westmorland,  
Thy dun bull faine would we spye :  
And thou, the Erle o' Northumberland,  
Now rayse thy half moone up on bye. 140

But the dun bulle is fled and gone,  
And the halfe moone vanished away :  
The Erles, though they were brave and bold,  
Against soe many could not stay.

Thee, Norton, wi' thine eight good sommes, 145  
They doom'd to dye, alas ! for ruth !  
Thy reverend lockes thee could not save,  
Nor them their faire and blooming youthe.

Wi' them full many a gallant wight  
They cruelly bereav'd of life : 150  
And many a childe made fatherlesse,  
And widowed many a tender wife.

## IV.

## NORTHUMBERLAND BETRAYED BY DOUGLAS.

\* This ballad may be considered as the sequel of the preceding. After the unfortunate Earl of Northumberland had seen himself forsaken of his followers, he endeavoured to withdraw into Scotland, but falling into the hands of the thievish borderers, was stript and otherwise ill-treated by them. At length he reached the house of Hector, of Harlaw, an Armstrong, with whom he hoped to lie concealed : for Hector had engaged his honour to be true to him, and was under great obligations to this unhappy nobleman. But this faithless wretch betrayed his guest for a sum of money to Murray the Regent of

Scotland, who sent him to the castle of Loughleven, then belonging to William Douglas.—All the writers of that time assure us, that Hector, who was rich before, fell shortly after into poverty, and became so infamous, that to take Hector's cloak, grew into a proverb to express a man who betrays his friend. See Camden, Carleton, Holingshed, &c.

Lord Northumberland continued in the castle of Loughleven till the year 1572 ; when James Douglas Earl of Morton being elected Regent, he was given up to the Lord Hunsden at Berwick, and being carried to York suffered death. As Morton's party depended on Elizabeth for protection, an elegant historian thinks " it was scarce possible for them to refuse putting into her hands a person who had taken up arms against her. But as a sum of money was paid on that account, and shared between Morton and his kinsman Douglas, the former of whom, during his exile in England, had been much indebted to Northumberland's friendship, the abandoning this unhappy nobleman to inevitable destruction, was deemed an ungrateful and mercenary act." Robertson's Hist.

So far History coincides with this ballad, which was apparently written by some northern bard soon after the event. The interposal of the " Witch-Lady" (v. 53.) is probably his own invention : yet even this hath some countenance from history ; for, about twenty-five years before, the Lady Jane Douglas, Lady Glamis, sister of the Earl of Angus, and nearly related to Douglas of Loughleven, had suffered death for the pretended crime of witchcraft,

\* Ver. 100. *The Halfe-Moone, &c.* The Silver Crescent is a well-known crest or badge of the Northumberland family. It was probably brought home from some of the crusades against the Sarazens. In an ancient pedigree in verse, finely illuminated on a roll of vellum, and written in the reign of Henry VII. (in possession of the family,) we have this fabulous account given of its original.—The author begins with accounting for the name of *Gernon* or *Algernon*, often borne by the *Percies* ; who, he says, were

..... Gernons fyrst named Brutys bloude of Troy :  
Which valliantly fyghtynge in the land of Persie (Persia)  
At pointe terrible aynce the miscreants on nyght,  
An hevynly mystery was schewyd hym, old bookys re-  
hearse ;

In hys scheild did schyne a *Mone* verfyfying her lyght,  
Whych to all the ooste gave a perfyte fyght,  
To vaynquys his enemyes, and to deth them persue ;  
And therefore the Perses (Percies) the Cressant doth  
renew.

In the dark ages no family was deemed considerable that did not derive its descent from the Trojan Brutus ; or that was not distinguished by prodigies and miracles.

† This is quite in character : her majesty would sometimes swear at her nobles, as well as box their ears.

who, it is presumed, is the Witch-lady alluded to in verse 133.

The following is selected (like the former) from two copies, which contained great variations; one of them in the Editor's folio MS. In the other copy some of the stanzas at the beginning of this Ballad are nearly the same with what in that MS. are made to begin another Ballad on the escape of the Earl of Westmoreland, who got safe into Flanders, and is feigned in the ballad to have undergone a great variety of adventures.

How long shall fortune faile me nowe,  
And harrowe me with fear and dread?  
How long shall I in bale abide,  
In misery my life to lead?

To fall from my bliss, alas the while!  
It was my sore and heavye lott:  
And I must leave my native land,  
And I must live a man forgot. 5

One gentle Armstrong I doe ken,  
A Scot he is much bound to mee: 10  
He dwelleth on the border side,  
To him I'll goe right priville.

Thus did the noble Percy 'plaine,  
With a heavy heart and wel away,  
When he with all his gallant men 15  
On Bramham moor had lost the day.

But when he to the Armstrongs came,  
They dealt with him all treacherouslye;  
For they did strip that noble earle:  
And ever an ill death may they dye. 20

False Hector to Earl Murray sent,  
To shew him where his guest did hide:  
Who sent him to the Lough-leven,  
With William Douglas to abide.

And when he to the Douglas came, 25  
He haiched him right courteouslie.  
Say'd, Welcome, welcome, noble earle,  
Here thou shalt safelye bide with mee.

When he had in Lough-leven been  
Many a month and many a day: 30  
To the regent\* the lord warden sent,  
That bannisht earle for to betray.

He offered him great store of gold,  
And wrote a letter fair to see:  
Saying, Good my lord, grant me my boon, 35  
And yield that banisht man to mee.

Earle Percy at the supper sate  
With many a goodly gentleman:  
The wylie Douglas then bespake, 40  
And thus to flyte with him began:

What makes you be so sad, my lord,  
And in your mind so sorrowfullye?  
To-morrow a shootinge will bee held  
Among the lords of the North countrye.

The butts are sett, the shooting's made, 45  
And there will be great royaltye:  
And I am sworne into my bille,  
Thither to bring my Lord Percy.

I'll give thee my hand, thou gentle Douglas,  
And here by my true faith, quoth hee, 50  
If thou wilt ryde to the worldes end  
I will ryde in thy companye.

And then bespake a lady faire,  
Mary a Douglas was her name:  
You shall byde here, good English lord, 55  
My brother is a traitorous man.

He is a traitor stout and strong,  
As I tell you in privitie:  
For he hath tane liverance of the earle\*, 60  
Into England nowe to 'liver thee.

Now nay, now nay, thou goodly lady,  
The regent is a noble lord:  
Ne for the gold in all England  
The Douglas wold not break his word.

When the regent was a banisht man, 65  
With me he did faire welcome find;  
And whether weal or woe betide,  
I still shall find him true and kind.

Betweene England and Scotland it wold breake  
And friends againe they wold never bee, 70  
If they shold 'liver a banisht erle  
Was driven out of his own countrie.

Alas! alas! my lord, she sayes,  
Nowe mickle is their traitorie;  
Then lett my brother ryde his wayes, 75  
And tell those English lords from thee,

How that you cannot with him ryde,\*  
Because you are in an ile of the sea †,  
Then ere my brother come againe  
To Edenborow castle ‡ Ile carry thee. 80

To the Lord Hume I will thee bring,  
He is well knowne a true Scots lord,  
And he will lose both land and life,  
Ere he with thee will break his word.

Much is my woe, Lord Percy sayd, 85  
When I thinke on my own countrie,  
When I thinke on the heavye happe  
My friends have suffered there for mee.

Much is my woe, Lord Percy sayd,  
And sore those wars my minde distresse; 90  
Where many a widow lost her mate,  
And many a child was fatherlesse.

And now that I a banisht man  
Shold bring such evil happe with mee, 95  
To cause my faire and noble friends  
To be suspect of treacherie:

\* James Douglas, Earl of Morton, elected regent of Scotland, November 24, 1572.

† Of one of the English marches. Lord Hunaden.

\* Of the Earl of Morton, the Regent.  
† i. e. Lake of Leven, which hath communication with the sea.

‡ At that time in the hands of the opposite faction.

This rives my heart with double woe ;  
And lever had I dye this day,  
Than thinke a Douglas can be false,  
Or ever he will his guest betray. 100

If you'll give me no trust, my lord,  
Nor unto mee no credence yield ;  
Yet step one moment here aside,  
He showe you all your foes in field.

Lady, I never loved witchcraft, 105  
Never dealt in privy wyle ;  
But evermore held the high-ways  
Of truth and honour, free from guile.

If you'll not come yourselfe, my lorde, 110  
Yet send your chamberlaine with mee ;  
Let me but speak three words with him,  
And he shall come again to thee.

James Swynard with that lady went,  
She showed him through the weme of her ring  
How many English lords there were 115  
Waiting for his master and him.

And who walkes yonder, my good lady,  
So royallye on yonder greene ?  
O yonder is the Lord Hunsdén\* : 120  
Alas ! he'll doe you drie and teene.

And who beth yonder, thou gay ladye,  
That walkes so proudly him beside ?  
That is Sir William Drury†, shee sayd,  
A keene captaine hee is and tryde.

How many miles is itt, madame, 125  
Betwixt yond English lords and mee ?  
Marry it is thrice fifty miles,  
To saile to them upon the sea.

I never was on English ground,  
Ne never sawe it with mine eye, 130  
But as my book it sheweth mee ;  
And through my ring I may descrye.

My mother shee was a witch ladye,  
And of her skille she learned mee ;  
She wold let me see out of Lough-leven 135  
What they did in London cite.

But who is yond, thou ladye faire,  
That looketh with sic an austerne face ?  
Yonder is Sir John Foster‡, quoth shee, 140  
Alas ! he'll do ye sore disgrace.

He pulled his hatt downe over his browe ;  
He wept ; in his heart he was full of woe :  
And he is gone to his noble lord,  
Those sorrowful tidings him to shew.

Now nay, now nay, good James Swynard, 145  
I may not believe that witch ladie ;  
The Douglasses were ever true,  
And they can ne'er prove false to mee.

I have now in Lough-leven been  
The most part of these years three, 150  
Yett have I never had noe outrake,  
Ne no good games that I cold see.

Therefore I'll to yond shooting wend,  
As to the Douglas I have hight :  
Betide me weale, betide me woe, 155  
He ne'er shall find my promise light.

He writhe a gold ring from his finger,  
And gave itt to that gay ladie :  
Sayes, It was all that I cold save, 160  
In Harley woods where I cold bee\*.

And wilt thou goe, thou noble lord,  
Then farewell truth and honestie ;  
And farewell heart and farewell hand ;  
For never more I shall thee see.

The wind was faire, the boatmen call'd, 165  
And all the saylors were on borde ;  
Then William Douglas took to his boat,  
And with him went that noble lord.

Then he cast up a silver wand,  
Sayes, Gentle lady, fare thee well ! 170  
The lady fett a sigh soe deep,  
And in a dead swoone down shee fell.

Now let us goe back, Douglas, he sayd,  
A sickness hath taken yond faire ladie ;  
If ought befall yond lady but good, 175  
Then blamed for ever I shall bee.

Come on, come on, my lord, he sayes ;  
Come on, come on, and let her bee :  
There's ladyes enow in Lough-leven 180  
For to cheere that gay ladie.

If you'll not turne yourself, my lord,  
Let me goe with my chamberlaine ;  
We will but comfort that faire lady,  
And wee will return to you againe.

Come on, come on, my lord, he sayes ;  
Come on, come on, and let her bee :  
My sister is craftye, and wold beguile 185  
A thousand such as you and mee.

When they had sayled† fifty myle,  
Now fifty mile upon the sea ;  
Hee sent his man to ask the Douglas, 190  
When they shold that shooting see.

Faire words, quoth he, they make foolles faine,  
And that by thee and thy lord is seen :  
You may hap to thinke itt soone enough, 195  
Ere you that shooting reach, I ween.

Jamye his hatt pulled over his browe,  
He thought his lord then was betray'd ;  
And he is to Erle Percy againe, 200  
To tell him what the Douglas sayd.

\* The lord warden of the East marches.

† Governor of Berwick.

‡ Warden of the Middle-march.

\* I. e. Where I was. An ancient idiom.

† There is no navigable stream between Lough-leven and the sea : but a ballad-maker is not obliged to understand geography.

Hold upp thy head, man, quoth his lord ;  
Nor therefore lett thy courage fayle,  
He did it but to prove thy heart,  
To see if he cold make it quail.

When they had other fifty sayld, 205  
Other fifty mile upon the sea,  
Lord Percy called to Douglas himselfe,  
Sayd, What wilt thou nowe doe with mee ?

Looke that your brydle be wight, my lord,  
And your horse goe swift as shipp att sea : 210  
Looke that your spurres be bright and sharpe,  
That you may pricke her while she'll away.

What needeth this, Douglas ? he sayth ;  
What needest thou to flyte with mee ?

For I was counted a horseman good 215  
Before that ever I mett with thee.

A false Hector bath my horse,  
Who dealt with mee so treacherouslie :  
A false Armstrong hath my spurres,  
And all the geere belongs to mee. 220

When they had sayled other fifty mile,  
Other fifty mile upon the sea ;  
They landed low by Berwicke side,  
A deputed 'laird' landed Lord Percy.

Then he at Yorke was doomde to dye, 225  
It was, alas ! a sorrowful sight :  
Thus they betrayed that noble earle,  
Who ever was a gallant wight.

## V.

## MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

THIS excellent philosophical song appears to have been famous in the sixteenth century. It is quoted by Ben Jonson in his play of "Every Man out of his Humour," first acted in 1599, act. i. sc. 1. where an impatient person says,

"I am no such pil'd cynique to believe  
That beggery is the onely happinesse,  
Or, with a number of these patient fooles,  
To sing, ' My minde to me a kingdome is,'  
When the lanke hungrie belly barkes for foode."

It is here chiefly printed from a thin quarto Music book, entitled, " Psalmes, Sonets, and Songs of sadnes and pietie, made into Musicke of five parts : &c. By William Byrd, one of the Gent. of the Queenes Majesties honorable Chappell.—Printed by Thomas East, &c." 4to. no date : but Ames in his Typog. has mentioned another edit. of the same book, dated 1588, which I take to have been later than this.

Some improvements, and an additional stanza (sc. the 5th.) were had from two other ancient copies ; one of them in black letter in the Pepys Collection, thus inscribed, " A sweet and pleasant sonet, intituled, ' My Minde to me a Kingdom is.' To the tune of In Crete, &c."

Some of the stanzas in this poem were printed by Byrd separate from the rest : they are here given in what seemed the most natural order.

My minde to me a kingdom is ;  
Such perfect joy therein I finde  
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse,  
That God or Nature hath assignde :  
Though much I want, that most would have, 5  
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay ;  
I seek no more than may suffice :  
I presse to beare no hanghtie away ;  
Look what I lack my mind supplies. 10  
Loe ! thus I triumph like a king,  
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,  
And hastie clymbers soonest fall :  
I see that such as sit aloft 15  
Mishap doth threaten most of all :  
These get with toile, and keep with feare :  
Such cares my mind could never beare.

No princely pompe, nor welthie store,  
No force to winne the victorie, 20  
No wylie wit to salve a sore,  
No shape to winne a lovers eye ;  
To none of these I yeeld as thrall,  
For why my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave, 25  
I little have, yet seek no more :  
They are but poore, tho' much they have ;  
And I am rich with little store :  
They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;  
They lacke, I lend ; they pine, I live. 30

I laugh not at anothers losse,  
I grudge not at anothers gaine ;  
No worldly wave my mind can tosse,  
I brooke that is anothers bane :  
I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend ; 35  
I lothe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly blisse ;  
I weigh not Creus' welth a straw ;  
For care, I care not what it is ;  
I feare not fortunes fatall law : 40  
My mind is such as may not move  
For beautie bright or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will ;  
I wander not to seeke for more ;  
I like the plaine, I clime no hill ;  
In greatest stormes I sitte on shore,  
And laugh at them that toile in vaine  
To get what must be lost againe.

Ver. 224, fol. MS. reads *land*, and has not the following stanza.

I kisse not where I wish to kill ; I feigne not love where most I hate I breake no sleep to winne my will ; I wayte not at the mighties gate ; I scorne no poore, I feare no rich ; I feele no want, nor have too much.	50	This is my choyce, for why I finde, No wealth is like a quiet minde.	60
The court, ne cart, I like, ne loath ; Extreames are counted worst of all : The golden meane betwixt them both Doth surest s <sup>t</sup> .; and fears no fall :	55	My welth is health, and perfect ease ; My conscience clere my chiefe defence : I never seeke by brybes to please, Nor by desert to give offence : Thus do I live, thus will I die ; Would all did so as well as I !	65

## VI.

## THE PATIENT COUNTESS.

The subject of this tale is taken from that entertaining colloquy of Erasmus, entitled "*Uxor Memoriamus*, sive Conjugium:" which been agreeably modernized by the late Mr. Spence, in his little miscellaneous publication, entitled "*Moralities, &c.*," by Sir Harry Beaumont," 1753, 8vo. pag. 42.

The following stanzas are extracted from an ancient poem entitled "*Albion's England*," written by W. Warner, a celebrated poet in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, though his name and works are now equally forgotten. The reader will find some account of him in *Series the Second*, book ii. song 24.

The following stanzas are printed from the author's improved edition of his work, printed in 1602, 4to; the third impression of which appeared so early as 1592, in bl. let. 4to.—The edition in 1602 is in thirteen books; and so it is reprinted in 1612, 4to; yet in 1606 was published "*A Continuance of Albion's England*," by the first author, W. W. Lond. 4to.:" this contains books xiv. xv. xvi. In Ames's *Typography* is preserved the memory of another publication of this writer's, entitled, "*Warner's Poetry*," printed in 1580, 12mo, and reprinted in 1602. There is also extant, under the name of Warner, "*Syrinx*, or seven fold Hist. pleasant and profitable, comical, and tragical." 4to.

It is proper to premise that the following lines were not written by the author in Stanzas, but in long Alexandrines of fourteen syllables: which the narrowness of our page made it here necessary to subdivide.

IMPATIENCE chaungeth smoke to flame, But jealousy is hell ; Some wives by patience have reduc'd Ill husbands to live well : As did the ladie of an earle, Of whom I now shall tell.	5
An earle 'there was' had wedded, lov'd ; Was lov'd, and lived long Full true to his fayre countesse ; yet At last he did her wrong.	10
Once hunted he untill the chace, Long fasting, and the heat Did house him in a peakish graunge Within a forest great.	

Where knowne and welcom'd (as the place And persons might afforde) Browne bread, whig, bacon, curds and milke Were set him on the borde.	15
A cushion made of lists, a stoole Halfe backed with a hoope Were brought him, and he sitteth down Besides a sorry coupe.	20
The poore old couple wisht their bread Were wheat, their whig were perry, Their bacon beefe, their milke and curds Were creame, to make him merry.	25
Mean while (in russet neatly clad, With linen white as swanne, Herselfe more white, save rosie where The ruddy colour ranne :	30
Whome naked nature, not the aydes Of arte made to excell) The good man's daughter sturres to see That all were feat and well ; The earle did marke her, and admire Such beautie there to dwell.	35
Yet fals he to their homely fare, And held him at a feast : But as his hunger slaked, so An amorous heat increast.	40
When this repast was past, and thanks, And welcome too ; he sayd Unto his host and hostesse, in The hearing of the mayd :	
Yee know, quoth he, that I am lord Of this, and many townes ! I also know that you be poore, And I can spare you pownes.	45
Soe will I, so yee will consent, That yonder lasse and I May bargain for her love ; at least, Doe give me leave to trye. Who needs to know it ? nay who dares Into my doings pry ?	50



First they mislike, yet at the length For lucre were misled ; And then the gamesome earle did wove The damsell for his bed.	55	When she had seen the beauteous wench (Then blushing fairnes fairer) Such beauty made the countesse hold Them both excus'd the rather.	
He took her in his armes, as yet So coyish to be kist, As mayds that know themselves belov'd, And yieldingly resist.	60	Who would not bite at such a bait ? Thought she : and who (though loth) So poore a wench, but gold might tempt ? Sweet errors lead them both.	115
In few, his offers were so large She lastly did consent ; With whom he lodged all that night, And early home he went.	13	Scarse one in twenty that had bragg'd Of proffer'd gold denied, Or of such yeelding beautie baulkt, But, tenne to one, had lied.	120
He tooke occasion oftentimes In such a sort to hunt. Whom when his lady often mist, Contrary to his wont,	0	Thus thought she : and she thus declares Her cause of coming thither ; My lord, oft hunting in these partes, Through travel, night or wether,	125
And lastly was informed of His amorous haunt elsewhere, It greev'd her not a little, though She seem'd it well to beare.		Hath often lodged in your house ; I thanke you for the same ; For why ? it doth him jolly ease To lie so neare his game.	130
And thus she reasons with herselfe, Some fault perhaps in me ; Somewhat is done, that soe he doth Alas ! what may it be ?	12	But, for you have not furniture Beseeming such a guest, I bring his owne, and come myselfe To see his lodging drest.	
How may I winne him to myself ? He is a man, and men Have imperfections ; it behooves Me pardon nature then.	80	With that two sumpters were discharg'd, In which were hangings brave, Silke coverings, curtens, carpets, plate, And al such turn should have.	135
To checke him were to make him cheere* Although hee now were chaste A man controuled of his wife, To her makes lesser haste.	85	When all was handsomly dispos'd, She prayses them to have care That nothing hap in their default, That might his health impair :	140
If duty then, or daliance may Prevayle to alter him ; I will be dutifull, and make My selfe for daliance trim.	90	And, damsell, quoth shee, for it seems This household is but three, And for thy parents age, that this Shall chiefly rest on thee ;	145
So was she, and so lovingly Did entertaine her lord, As fairer, or more faultles none Could be for bed or bord.		Do me that good, else would to God He hither come no more. So tooke she horse, and ere she went Bestowed Gould good store.	150
Yet still he loves his leiman, and Did still pursue that game, Suspecting nothing less, than that His lady knew the same :	95	Full little thought the countie that His countesse had done so ; Who now return'd from far affaires Did to his sweet-heart go.	
Wherefore to make him know she knew, She this devise did frame :	100	No sooner sat he foote within The late deformed cote, But that the formall change of things His wondering eyes did note.	155
When long she had been wrong'd, and sought The foresayd meanes in vaine, She rideth to the simple graunge But with a slender traine.		But when he knew those goods to be His proper goods ; though late, Scarse taking leave, he home returnes The matter to debate.	160
She lighteth, entreth, greets them well And then did looke about her : The guiltie household knowing her, Did wish themselves without her ; Yet, for she looked merily, The lesse they did misdoubt her.	110	The countesse was a-bed, and he With her his lodging tooke ; Sir, welcome home (quoth shee) ; this night For you I did not looke.	165

\* To check is a term in falconry, applied when a hawk stops and turns away from his proper pursuit : to check also signifies to reprove or chide. It is in this verse used in both senses.

Then did he question her of such  
His stuffe bestowed soe.  
Forsooth, quoth she, because I did  
Your love and lodging knowe : 170

Your love to be a proper wench,  
Your lodging nothing lesse ;  
I held it for your health, the house  
More decently to dresse.

Well wot I, notwithstanding her, 175  
Your lordship loveth me :  
And greater hope to hold you such  
By quiet, then brawles, ' you ' see.

Then for my duty, your delight,  
And to retaine your favour 180  
All done I did, and patiently  
Expect your wonted 'haviour.

Her patience, witte and answer wrought  
His gentle teares to fall :  
When (kissing her a score of times) 185  
Amend, sweet wife, I shall :  
He said, and did it : ' so each wife  
Her husband may ' recall.

## VII.

## DOWSABELL.

THE following stanzas were written by Michael Drayton, a poet of some eminence in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, James I, and Charles I\*. They are inserted in one of his pastorals, the first edition of which bears this whimsical title. "Idea. The Shepheards Garland, fashioned in nine Eglogs." Rowland's Sacrifice to the Nine Muses. London, 1593." 4to. They are inscribed with the author's name at length "To the noble and valerous gentleman Master Robert Dudley, &c." It is very remarkable that when Drayton reprinted them in the first folio edit. of his works, 1619, he had given those ecologues so thorough a revisal, that there is hardly a line to be found the same as in the old edition. This poem had received the fewest corrections, and therefore is chiefly given from the ancient copy, where it is thus introduced by one of his shepherds :

Listen to mee, my lovely shepheards joye,  
And thou shalt heare, with mirth and mickle glee,  
A pretie tale, which when I was a boy,  
My toothles grandame oft hath tolde to me.

The author has professedly imitated the style and metre of some of the old metrical romances, particularly that of Sir Isenbras\* (alluded to in v. 3), as the reader may judge from the following specimen :

Lordynges, lysten, and you shal here, &c.

Ye shall well heare of a knight,  
That was in warre full wyght  
And doughtye of his dede : 10  
His name was Syr Isenbras,  
Man nobler then he was

Lyled none with breade.  
He was lyvely, large, and longe,  
With shoulders broad, and armes stronge, 15  
That myghtie was to se :

He was a hardye man, and hye,  
All men hym loved that hym se,  
For a gentyll knight was he :  
Harpers loved him in hall,  
With other minstrells all, 20  
For he gave them golde and fee. &c.

\* He was born in 1563, and died in 1631. Biog. Brit.  
† As also Chaucer's Rhyme of Sir Topas, v. 6.

This ancient legend was printed in black-letter, 4to, by William Copland ; no date. In the Cotton Library (Calig. A. 2.) is a MS. copy of the same romance, containing the greatest variations. They are probably two different translations of some French original.

FARRE in the countrey of Arden,  
There won'd a knight, hight Cassemen,  
As bolde as Isenbras :  
Fell was he, and eger bent,  
In battell and in tournament, 5  
As was the good Sir Topas.

He had, as antique stories tell,  
A daughter cleaped Dowsabel,  
A mayden fayre and free :  
And for she was her fathers heire, 10  
Full well she was y-cond the leyre  
Of mickle courtesie.

The silke well couth she twist and twine,  
And make the fine march-pine,  
And with the needle werke : 15  
And she couth helpe the priest to say  
His mattins on a holy-day,  
And sing a psalme in kirke.

She ware a frock of frolicks greene,  
Might well beseeme a mayden queene, 20  
Which seemly was to see ;  
A hood to that so neat and fine,  
In colour like the colombine,  
Y-wrought full featusly.

Her features all as fresh above,  
As is the grasse that growes by Dove ; 25  
And lyth as lasse of Kent.  
Her skin as soft as Lemster wooll,  
As white as snow on Peakish Hull,  
Or swanne that swims in Trent. 30

This mayden in a morne betime  
Went forth, when May was in her prime,  
To get sweete cetywall,  
The honey-suckle, the harlocke, 35  
The lilly and the lady smocke,  
To deck her summer hall.

Thus, as she wandred here and there,  
Y-picking of the bloomed breere,  
She chanced to espie

A shepheard sitting on a bancke  
Like chanteclere he crowed cranks,  
And pip'd full merrilie.

40

He lear'd his sheepe as he him list,  
When he would whistle in his fist,  
To feede about him round ;  
Whilst he full many a carroll sung,  
Untill the fields and medowes rung,  
And all the woods did sound,

45

In favour this same shepheards swayne  
Was like the bedlam Tamburlayne\*,  
Which helde prowd kings in awe :  
But meeke he was as a lamb mought be ;  
An innocent of ill as he  
Whom his lewd brother slaw.

50

The shepheard ware a sheepe-gray cloke,  
Which was of the finest loke,  
That could be cut with sheere :  
His mittens were of bauzens akinne,  
His cockers were of cordiwin,  
His hood of meniveere.

55

60

His aule and lingell in a thong,  
His tar-boxe on his broad belt hong,  
His breech of coyntrie blew :  
Full crispe and curled were his lockes,  
His browes as white as Albion rocks :  
So like a lover true.

65

And pypping still he spent the day,  
So merry as the poppingay ;  
Which liked Dowsabel :  
That would she ought, or would she nought,  
This lad would never from her thought ;  
She in love-longing fall.

70

At length she tucked up her frocke,  
White as a lilly was her smocke,  
She drew the shepheard nye ;  
But then the shepheard pyp'd a good,  
That all his sheepe forsooke their foode,  
To heare his melodye.

75

Thy sheepe, quoth she, cannot be leane,  
That have a jolly shepheards swayne,  
The which can pipe so well :  
Yea but, sayth he, their shepheard may,  
If pypping thus he pine away  
In love of Dowsabel.

80

Of love, fond boy, take thou no keepe,  
Quoth she ; looke thou unto thy sheepe,  
Lest they should hap to stray,  
Quoth he, So I had done full well,  
Had I not seen fayre Dowsabell  
Come forth to gather maye.

85

90

With that she gan to vaile her head,  
Her cheeks were like the roses red,  
But not a word she said :  
With that the shepheard gan to frowne,  
He threw his pretie pypes adowne,  
And on the ground him layd.

95

Sayth she, I may not stay till night,  
And leave my summer-hall undight,  
And all for long of thee.  
My coats, sayth he, nor yet my foule  
Shall neither sheepe nor shepheard hould,  
Except thou favour mee.

100

Sayth she, Yet lever were I dead,  
Then I should lose my mayden-head,  
And all for love of men.  
Sayth he, Yet are you too unkind,  
If in your heart you cannot finde  
To love us now and then.

105

And I to thee will be as kinde  
As Colin was to Rosalinde,  
Of curtesie the flower.  
Then will I be as true, quoth she,  
As ever mayden yet might be  
Unto her paramour.

110

With that she bent her snow-white knee,  
Downe by the shepheard kneeled shee,  
And him she sweetly kist :  
With that the shepheard whoop'd for joy,  
Quoth he, Ther's never shepheards boy  
That ever was so blist.

115

120

## VIII.

## THE FAREWELL TO LOVE.

From Beaumont and Fletcher's play, entitled The  
Lover's Progress, act iii. sc. 1.

ADAM, fond love, farewell you wanton powers ;

I am free again.

Thou dull disease of blond and idle hours,  
Bewitching pain,

Fly to fools, that sigh away their time :

5

My nobler love to heaven doth climb,

And there behold beauty still young,

That time can ne'er corrupt, nor death destroy,

Immortal sweetness by fair angels sung,

And honoured by eternity and joy :

10

There lies my love, thither my hopes aspire,

Fond love declines, this heavenly love grows higher

\* Alluding to "Tamburlaine the Great, or the Scythian  
Shepherd," 1590, 8vo, an old ranting play ascribed to Mar-  
lowe.

Sc. Abel.

## IX.

## ULYSSES AND THE SYREN

—affords a pretty poetical contest between Pleasure and Honour. It is found at the end of "Hymen's Triumph: a pastoral tragicomedy," written by Daniel, and printed among his works, 4to, 1623<sup>o</sup>.—Daniel, who was a contemporary of Drayton's, and is said to have been poet laureat to Queen Elizabeth, was born in 1562, and died in 1619. Anne Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery (to whom Daniel had been Tutor), has inserted a small portrait of him in a full-length picture of herself, preserved at Appleby Castle, in Cumberland.

This little poem is rather selected for a specimen of Daniel's poetic powers, as it is omitted in the later edition of his works, 2 vols. 12mo. 1718.

## SYREN.

Come, worthy Greeke, Ulysses come,  
Possesse these shores with me,  
The windes and seas are troublesome,  
And here we may be free.  
Here may we sit and view their toyle, 5  
That travaile in the deepe,  
Enjoy the day in mirth the while,  
And spend the night in sleepe.

## ULYSSES.

Faire nymph, if fame or honour were  
To be attain'd with ease, 10  
Then would I come and rest with thee,  
And leave such toiles as these:  
But here it dwells, and here must I  
With danger seek it forth;  
To spend the time luxuriously 15  
Becomes not men of worth.

## SYREN.

Ulysses, O be not deceiv'd  
With that unreaall name:  
This honour is a thing conceiv'd,  
And rests on others' fame. 20  
Begotten only to molest  
Our peace, and to beguile  
(The best thing of our life) our rest,  
And give us up to toyle!

## ULYSSES.

Delicious nymph, suppose there were 25  
Nor honor, nor report,  
Yet manlinesse would scorne to weare  
The time in idle sport:

For toyle doth give a better touch  
To make us feeble our joy;  
And ease findes tediousnes, as much  
As labour yeelds annoy. 30

## SYREN.

Then pleasure likewise seemes the shore,  
Where'to tendes all your toyle;  
Which you forego to make it more, 35  
And periah oft the while.  
Who may disport them diversly,  
Find never tedious day;  
And ease may have variety, 40  
As well as action may.

## ULYSSES.

But natures of the noblest frame  
These toyles and dangers please;  
And they take comfort in the same,  
As much as you in ease:  
And with the thought of actions past 45  
Are recreated still:  
When pleasure leaves a touch at last  
To shew that it was ill.

## SYREN.

That doth opinion only cause,  
That's out of custom bred; 50  
Which makes us many other laws  
Than ever nature did.  
No widdowes waile for our delights,  
Our sports are without blood;  
The world we see by warlike wights 55  
Receives more hurt than good.

## ULYSSES.

But yet the state of things require  
These motions of unrest,  
And these great spirits of high desire  
Seem borne to turne them best: 60  
To purge the mischiefs, that increase  
And all good order mar:  
For oft we see a wicked peace  
To be well chang'd for war.

## SYREN.

Well, well, Ulysses, then I see 65  
I shall not have thee here;  
And therefore I will come to thee,  
And take my fortune there.  
I must be wonne that cannot win,  
Yet lost were I not wonne: 70  
For beauty hath created him  
T' undoo or be undone.

## X.

## CUPID'S PASTIME.

This beautiful poem, which possesses a classical elegance hardly to be expected in the age of James I., is printed from the 4th edition of Davison's

Poems, &c. 1621. It is also found in a later miscellany, entitled, "Le Prince d'Amour," 1660, 8vo. Francis Davison, editor of the poems above referred to, was son of that unfortunate secretary of state, who suffered so much from the affair of Mary Queen of Scots. These poems, he tells us in his preface,

\* In this edition it is collated with a copy printed at the end of his "Tragedie of Cleopatra. London, 1607," 12mo.

were written by himself, by his brother [Walter], who was a soldier in the wars of the Low Countries, and by some dear friends "anonymoi." Among them are found some pieces by Sir J. Davis, the Countess of Pembroke, Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, and other wits of those times.

In the fourth vol. of Dryden's *Miscellanies*, this poem is attributed to Sydney Godolphin, Esq.; but erroneously, being probably written before he was born. One edit. of Davison's book was published in 1608. Godolphin was born in 1610, and died in 1642-3. *Ath. Ox.* II. 23.

It chanc'd of late a shepherd swain,  
That went to seek his straying sheep,  
Within a thicket on a plain  
Espied a dainty nymph asleep.

Her golden hair o'erspread her face ; 5  
Her careless arms abroad were cast ;  
Her quiver had her pillows place ;  
Her breast lay bare to every blast.

The shepherd stood and gaz'd his fill ;  
Nought durst he do ; nought durst he say ; 10  
Whilst chance, or else perhaps his will,  
Did guide the god of love that way.

The crafty boy that sees her sleep,  
Whom if she wak'd he durst not see ;  
Behind her closely seeks to creep ; 15  
Before her nap should ended be.

There come, he steals her shafts away,  
And puts his own into their place ;  
Nor dares he any longer stay,  
But, ere she wakes, hies thence apace. 20

Scarce was he gone, but she awakes,  
And spies the shepherd standing by :  
Her bended bow in haste she takes,  
And at the simple swain lets flye.

Forth flew the shaft, and pierc'd his heart, 25  
That to the ground he fell with pain :  
Yet up again forthwith he start,  
And to the nymph he ran again.

Amazed to see so strange a sight,  
She shot, and shot, but all in vain ; 30  
The more his wounds, the more his might,  
Love yielded strength amidst his pain.

Her angry eyes were great with tears,  
She blames her hand, she blames her skill ; 35  
The bluntness of her shafts she fears,  
And try them on herself she will.

Take heed, sweet nymph, trye not thy shaft,  
Each little touch will pierce thy heart :  
Alas ! thou know'st not Cupids craft ; 40  
Revenge is joy ; the end is smart.

Yet try she will, and pierce some bare ;  
Her hands were glov'd but next to hand  
Was that fair breast, that breast so rare,  
That made the shepherd senseless stand.

That breast she pierc'd ; and through that breast 45  
Love found an entry to her heart ;  
At feeling of this new-come guest,  
Lord ! how this gentle nymph did start ?

She runs not now ; she shoots no more ;  
Away she throws both shaft and bow : 50  
She seeks for what she shunn'd before,  
She thinks the shepherds haste too slow.

Though mountains meet not, lovers may :  
What other lovers do, did they : 55  
The god of love sate on a tree,  
And laugh'd that pleasant sight to see.

## XI.

## THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

This little moral poem was writ by Sir Henry Wotton, who died Provost of Eaton in 1639, *Æt.* 72. It is printed from a little collection of his pieces, entitled, "*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*," 1651, 12mo.; compared with one or two other copies.

How happy is he born or taught,  
That serveth not anothers will ;  
Whose armour is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his highest skill :

Whose passions not his masters are , 5  
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death ;  
Not ty'd unto the world with care  
Of princes ear, or vulgar breath :

Who hath his life from rumours freed ;  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat : 10  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruine make oppressors great :

Who envies none, whom chance doth raise,  
Or vice : Who never understood  
How deepest wounds are given with praise ; 15  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

Who God doth late and early pray  
More of his grace than gifts to lend ;  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a well-chosen book or friend. 20

This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise, or fears to fall ;  
Lord of himself, though not of lands ;  
And having nothing, yet hath all.

## XII.

## GILDEROY

—was a famous robber, who lived about the middle of the last century, if we may credit the histories and story-books of highwaymen, which relate many improbable feats of him, as his robbing Cardinal Richieu, Oliver Cromwell, &c. But these stories have probably no other authority, than the records of Grub-street: At least the "Gilderoy," who is the hero of Scottish Songsters, seems to have lived in an earlier age; for, in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, vol. ii. 1733, 8vo, is a copy of this ballad, which, though corrupt and interpolated, contains some lines that appear to be of genuine antiquity: in these he is represented as contemporary with Mary Queen of Scots: ex. gr.

"The Queen of Scots possessed nought,  
That my love let me want:  
Forsoow and ew to me he brought,  
And ein whan they were scant."

These lines perhaps might safely have been inserted among the following stanzas, which are given from a written copy, that appears to have received some modern corrections. Indeed the common popular ballad contained some indecent luxuries that required the pruning-hook.

GILDEROY was a bonnie boy,  
Had roses tull his shoone,  
His stockings were of silken soy,  
Wi' garters hanging doune:  
It was, I weene, a comelie sight, 5  
To see sae trim a boy;  
He was my jo and hearts delight,  
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh! sike twa charming een he had, 10  
A breath as sweet as rose,  
He never ware a Highland plaid,  
But costly silken clothes;  
He gain'd the luve of ladies gay,  
Nane eir tull him was coy:  
Ah! wae is mee! I mourn the day 15  
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born,  
Baith in one toun together,  
We scant were seven years beforin, 20  
We gan to luve each other;  
Our dadies and our mammies thay,  
Were fill'd wi' mickle joy,  
To think upon the bridal day,  
Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy that luve of mine, 25  
Gude faith, I freely bought  
A wedding eark of holland fine,  
Wi' silken flowers wrought:  
And he gied me a wedding ring, 30  
Which I receiv'd wi' joy,  
Nae lad nor lassie eir could sing,  
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime,  
Till we were baith sixteen,  
And aft we past the langsome time, 35  
Among the leaves sae green;  
Aft on the banks we'd sit us thair,  
And sweetly kiss and toy,  
Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair  
My handsome Gilderoy. 40

Oh! that he still had been content,  
Wi' me to lead his life;  
But, ah! his manfu' heart was bent,  
To stir in feates of strife: 45  
And he in many a venturous deed,  
His courage bauld wad try;  
And now this gars mine heart to bleed,  
For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik, 50  
The tears they wat mine ee,  
I gave tull him a parting luik,  
"My benison gang wi' thee;  
God speed thee weil, mine ain dear heart  
For gane is all my joy;  
My heart is rent sith we maun part, 55  
My handsome Gilderoy."

My Gilderoy baith far and near,  
Was fear'd in every toun,  
And bauldly bare away the gear, 60  
Of many a lawland loun:  
Nane eir durst meet him man to man,  
He was sae brave a boy;  
At length wi' numbers he was tane,  
My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loun that made the laws, 65  
To hang a man for gear,  
To 'reave of live for ox or ass,  
For sheep, or horse, or mare:  
Had not their laws been made sae strick, 70  
I neir had lost my joy,  
Wi' sorrow neir had wat my cheek,  
For my dear Gilderoy.

Giff Gilderoy had done amisse,  
He mought hae banisht been;  
Ah! what sair cruelty is this, 75  
To hang sike handsome men:  
To hang the flower o' Scottish land,  
Sae sweet and fair a boy;  
Nae lady had sae white a hand,  
As thee my Gilderoy. 80

Of Gilderoy sae fraid they were,  
They bound him mickle strong,  
Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,  
And on a gallows hung:  
They hung him high aboon the rest, 85  
He was sae trim a boy;  
Thair dyed the youth whom I lued best  
My handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,  
I bare his corpse away,  
Wi' tears, that trickled for his death.  
I waasht his comelye clay;

90

And siker in a grave sas deep,  
I laid the dear-lued boy,  
And now for evir maun I weep,  
My winsome Gilderoy.

95

## XIII.

## WINIFREDA

This beautiful address to conjugal love, a subject too much neglected by the libertine muses, was, I believe, first printed in a volume of "Miscellaneous Poems, by several hands, published by D. [David] Lewis, 1726, 8vo."

It is there said, how truly I know not, to be a translation "from the ancient British language."

AWAY; let nought to love displeasing  
My Winifreda, move your care;  
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,  
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What tho' no grants of royal donors  
With pompous titles grace our blood;  
We'll shine in more substantial honors,  
And to be noble we'll be good.

5

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,  
Will sweetly sound where-e'er 'tis spoke: 10  
And all the great ones, they shall wonder  
How they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty  
No mighty treasures we possess;  
We'll find within our pittance plenty,  
And be content without excess.

15

Still shall each returning season  
Sufficient for our wishes give;  
For we will live a life of reason,  
And that's the only life to live.

20

Through youth and age in love excelling,  
We'll hand in hand together tread;  
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,  
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,  
While round my knees they fondly clung;  
To see them look their mothers features,  
To hear them lip their mothers tongue.

25

And when with envy time transported,  
Shall think to rob us of our joys,  
You'll in your girls again be courted,  
And I'll go a wooing in my boys.

30

## XIV.

## THE WITCH OF WOKEY

—was published in a small collection of poems, entitled, "Euthemia, or the Power of Harmony; &c." 1756, written, in 1748, by the ingenious Dr. Harrington, of Bath, who never allowed them to be published, and withheld his name till it could no longer be concealed. The following copy was furnished by the late Mr. Shenstone, with some variations and corrections of his own, which he had taken the liberty to propose, and for which the Author's indulgence was intreated. In this edition it was intended to reprint the Author's own original copy; but, as that may be seen correctly given in Pearch's Collection, vol. i. 1783, p. 161, it was thought the reader of taste would wish to have the variations preserved; they are therefore still retained here, which it is hoped the worthy author will excuse with his wonted liberality.

Wokey-hole is a noted cavern in Somersetshire, which has given birth to as many wild fanciful stories as the Sybils Cave, in Italy. Through a very narrow entrance, it opens into a very large vault, the roof whereof, either on account of its height, or the thickness of the gloom, cannot be discovered by the light of torches. It goes winding a great way under

ground, is crost by a stream of very cold water, and is all horrid with broken pieces of rock: many of these are evident petrifications: which, on account of their singular forms, have given rise to the fables alluded to in this poem.

In aunciente days tradition shoves  
A base and wicked elfe arose,  
The Witch of Wokey hight:  
Oft have I heard the fearfull tale  
From Sue, and Roger of the vale,  
On some long winter's night.

5

Deep in the dreary dismall cell,  
Which seem'd and was ycleped hell,  
This blear-eyed hag did hide:  
Nine wicked elves, as legends sayne,  
She chose to form her guardian trayne,  
And kennel near her side.

10

Here screeching owls oft made their nest,  
While wolves its craggy sides possess,  
Night-howling thro' the rock:  
No wholesome herb could here be found;  
She blasted every plant around,  
And blister'd every flock.

15

Her baggard face was foul to see;  
Her mouth unmeet a mouth to bee;  
Her eyne of deadly leer,  
She nought devis'd, but neighbour's ill;  
She wreak'd on all her wayward will,  
And marr'd all goodly chear.

20

All in her prime, have poets sung,  
No gaudy youth, gallant and young,  
E'er blest her longing armes;  
And hence arose her spight to vex,  
And blast the youth of either sex,  
By dint of bellish charms.

25

30

From Glaston came a lerned wight,  
Full bent to marr her fell desight,  
And well he did, I ween:  
Sich mischief never had been known,  
And, since his mickle lernings shewn,  
Sich mischief ne'er has been.

35

He chaunte out his godlie booke,  
He crost the water, blest the brooke,  
Then—pater noster done,—  
The ghastly hag he sprinkled o'er:  
When lo! where stood a hag before,  
Now stood a ghastly stone.

40

Full well 'tis known adown the dale:  
Tho' passing strange indeed the tale,

And doubtfull may appear,  
I'm bold to say, there's never a one,  
That has not seen the witch in stone,  
With all her household gear.

45

But tho' this lernede clerke did well;  
With griev'd heart, alas! I tell,  
She left this curse behind:  
That Wokey-nymphs forsaken quite,  
Tho' sense and beauty both unite,  
Should find no leman kind.

50

For lo! even, as the fiend did say,  
The sex have found it to this day,  
That men are wondrous scant:  
Here's beauty, wit, and sense combin'd,  
With all that's good and virtuous join'd,  
Yet hardly one gallant.

55

60

Shall then sich maids unpitied moane?  
They might as well, like her, be stone,  
As thus forsaken dwell.  
Since Glaston now can boast no clerks;  
Come down from Oxenford, ye sparks,  
And, oh! revoke the spell.

65

Yet stay—nor thus despond, ye fair:  
Virtue's the gods' peculiar care;  
I hear the gracious voice:  
Your sex shall soon be blest agen,  
We only wait to find sich men,  
As best deserve your choice.

70

## XV.

## BRYAN AND PEREENE,

## A WEST-INDIAN BALLAD,

— is founded on a real fact, that happened in the island of St. Christophers about the beginning of the present reign. The editor owes the following stanzas to the friendship of Dr. James Grainger\*, who was an eminent physician in that island when this tragical incident happened, and died there much honoured and lamented in 1767. To this ingenious gentleman the public are indebted for the fine *Ode on Solitude*, printed in the 4th vol. of Dodaley's Miscellany, p. 229, in which are assembled some of the sublimest images in nature. The reader will pardon the insertion of the first stanza here, for the sake of rectifying the two last lines, which were thus given by the author:

O Solitude, romantic maid,  
Whether by nodding towers you tread,  
Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,  
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,  
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,  
Or by the Nile's coy source abide,  
Or starting from your half-year's sleep  
From Hecla view the thawing deep,  
Or at the purple dawn of day  
Tadmor's marble wastes survey, &c.

alluding to the account of Palmyra published by

\* Author of a poem on the "Culture of the Sugar-Cane," &c. published by Messrs. Wood and Dawkins.

Some late ingenious travellers, and the manner in which they were struck at the first sight of those magnificent ruins by break of day\*.

The north-east wind can smask a blow,  
The ship was safely moor'd;  
Young Bryan thought the boat's-crew slow,  
And so leapt over-board.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,  
His heart long held in thrall;  
And whoso his impatience blames,  
I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

5

A long long year, one month and day,  
He dwelt on English land,  
Nor once in thought or deed would stray,  
Tho' ladies sought his hand.

10

For Bryan he was tall and strong,  
Right blythesome roll'd his eye,  
Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung,  
He scant had twenty seen.

15

But who the countless charms can draw,  
That grac'd his mistress true;  
Such charms the old world seldom saw,  
Nor oft I ween the new.

20

\* So in page 225, it should be, Turn'd her magic eye.



Her raven hair plays round her neck,  
Like tendrils of the vine;  
Her cheeks red dewy rose buds deck,  
Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well-known ship she spied, 25  
She cast her weeds away,  
And to the palmy shore she hied,  
All in her best array.

In sea-green silk so neatly clad 30  
She there impatient stood;  
The crew with wonder saw the lad  
Repell the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd, 35  
Which he at parting gave;  
Well pleas'd the token he survey'd,  
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all,  
Rejoicing crowd the strand;

For now her lover swam in call,  
And almost touch'd the land. 40

Then through the white surf did she haste,  
To clasp her lovely swain;  
When, ah! a shark bit through his waste:  
His heart's blood dy'd the main!

He shriek'd! his half sprang from the wave, 45  
Streaming with purple gore,  
And soon it found a living grave,  
And ah! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray, 50  
Fetch water from the spring:  
She falls, she swoons, she dies away,  
And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May morning round her tomb, 55  
Ye fair, fresh flowerets strew,  
So may your lovers scape his doom,  
Her hapless fate scape you.

## XVI.

## GENTLE RIVER, GENTLE RIVER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

Although the English are remarkable for the number and variety of their ancient ballads, and retain, perhaps, a greater fondness for these old simple rhapsodies of their ancestors than most other nations, they are not the only people who have distinguished themselves by compositions of this kind. The Spaniards have great multitudes of them, many of which are of the highest merit. They call them in their language *Romances*, and have collected them into volumes under the titles of *El Romancero*, *El Cancionero*\*, &c. Most of them relate to their conflicts with the Moors, and display a spirit of gallantry peculiar to that romantic people. But, of all the Spanish ballads, none exceed in poetical merit those inserted in a little Spanish "History of the Civil Wars of Granada," describing the dissensions which raged in that last seat of Moorish empire before it was conquered in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, in 1491. In this history (or perhaps romance) a great number of heroic songs are inserted, and appealed to as authentic vouchers for the truth of facts. In reality, the prose narrative seems to be drawn up for no other end, but to introduce and illustrate those beautiful pieces.

The Spanish editor pretends—how truly I know not—that they are translations from the Arabic or Morisco language. Indeed, from the plain unadorned nature of the verse, and the native simplicity of the language and sentiment, which runs through these poems, one would judge them to have been composed soon after the conquest of Granada above mentioned; as the prose narrative in which they are inserted was published about a century after. It should seem, at least, that they were written before the Castilians had formed themselves so generally, as they have done since, on the model of the Tuscan poets, or had imported from Italy that fondness for conceit and refinement, which has for near two centuries past so much infected the Spanish poetry, and rendered it so frequently affected and obscure.

\* i. e. The ballad-singer.

As a specimen of the ancient Spanish manner, which very much resembles that of our old English bards and minstrels, the reader is desired candidly to accept the two following poems. They are given from a small collection of pieces of this kind, which the Editor some years ago translated for his amusement, when he was studying the Spanish language. As the first is a pretty close translation, to gratify the curious it is accompanied with the original. The metre is the same in all these old Spanish ballads: it is of the most simple construction, and is still used by the common people in their extemporaneous songs, as we learn from Baretti's Travels. It runs in short stanzas of four lines, of which the second and fourth alone correspond in their terminations; and in these it is only required that the vowels should be alike; the consonants may be altogether different, as

pono	caso	meta	arces
noble	causa	mura	gamo

Yet has this kind of verse a sort of simple harmonious flow, which atones for the imperfect nature of the rhyme, and renders it not unpleasant to the ear. The same flow of numbers has been studied in the following versions. The first of them is given from two different originals, both of which are printed in the *Hist. de las Civiles Guerras de Granada. Mad. 1694*. One of them hath the rhymes ending in *aa*, the other in *ia*. It is the former of these that is here reprinted. They both of them begin with the same line:

*Rio verde, rio verde*\*,

which could not be translated faithfully:

*Verdant river, verdant river,*

would have given an affected stiffness to the verse; the great merit of which is easy simplicity; and therefore a more simple epithet was adopted, though less poetical or expressive.

\* Literally, *Green river, green river*. *Rio Verde* is said to be the name of a river in Spain; which ought to have been attended to by the translator had he known it.

" Rio verde, rio verde, Quanto cuerpo en tí se baña De Christianos y de Moros Muertos por la dura espada!		GENTLE river, gentle river, Lo, thy streams are stain'd with gore, Many a brave and noble captain Floats along thy willow'd shore.	
" Y tus ondas cristalinas De roxa sangre se esmaltan : Entre Moros y Christianos Muy gran batalla se trava.	5	All beside thy limpid waters, All beside thy sands so bright, Moorish chiefs and Christian warriors Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.	5
" Murieron Duques y Condes, Grandes señores de salva : Murio gente de valia De la nobleza de España.	10	Lords, and dukes, and noble princes On thy fatal banks were slain : Fatal banks that gave to slaughter All the pride and flower of Spain.	10
" En tí murio don Alonso, Que de Aguilar se llamaba ; El valeroso Urdiales, Con don Alonso acababa.	15	There the hero, brave Alonso Full of wounds and glory died : There the fearless Urdiales Fell a victim by his side.	15
" Por un ladera arriba El buen Sayavedra marcha ; Natural es de Sevilla, De la gente mas granada.	20	Lo! where yonder Don Saavedra Thro' their squadrons slow retires ; Proud Seville, his native city, Proud Seville his worth admires.	20
" Tras el iba un Renegado, Desta manera le habla ; Date, date, Sayavedra, No huyas de la batalla.		Close behind a renegade Loudly shouts with taunting cry ; Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra, Dost thou from the battle fly ?	
" Yo te conozco muy bien, Gran tiempo estuve en tu casa ; Y en la Plaza de Sevilla Bien te vide jagar cañas.	25	Well I know thee, haughty Christian, Long I liv'd beneath thy roof ; Oft I've in the lists of glory Seen thee win the prize of proof.	25
" Conozco a tu padre y madre, Y a tu muger doña Clara ; Siete años fui tu cautivo, Malamente me trataba.	30	Well I know thy aged parents Well thy blooming bride I know ; Seven years I was thy captive, Seven years of pain and woe.	30
" Y ahora lo seras mio, Si Mahoma me ayudara ; Y tambien te tratare, Como a mí me trataba.	35	May our prophet grant my wishes, Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine ; Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow, Which I drank when I was thine.	35
" Sayavedra que lo oyera, Al Moro bolvio la cara ; Tirole el Moro una flecha, Pero nunca le acertaba.	40	Like a lion turns the warrior, Back he sends an angry glare : Whizzing came the Moorish javelin, Vainly whizzing thro' the air.	40
" Hirióle Sayavedra De una herida muy mala : Muerto cayo el Renegado Sin poder hablar palabra.		Back the hero full of fury Sent a deep and mortal wound : Instant sunk the Renegado, Mute and lifeless on the ground.	
" Sayavedra fue cercado De mucha Mora canalla, Y al cabo cayo allí muerto De una muy mala lançada.	45	With a thousand Moors surrounded, Brave Saavedra stands at bay : Wearied out but never daunted, Cold at length the warrior lay.	45
" Don Alonso en este tiempo Bravamente peleava, Y el cavallo le avian muerto, Y le tiene por muralla."	50	Near him fighting great Alonso Stout resists the Paynim bands ; From his slaughter'd steed dismounted Firm intrench'd behind him stands.	50
" Mas cargaron tantos Moros Que mal le bieren y tratan : De la sangre, que perdía, Don Alonso se desmaya.	55	Furious press the hostile squadron, Furious he repels their rage : Loss of blood at length enfeebles : Who can war with thousands wage!	55

" Al fin, al fin oayo muerto  
Al pie de un pena alta,—  
Muerto queda don Alonso,  
Eterna fama ganara." . . . .

60

Where you rock the plain o'er shadows.  
Close beneath its foot retir'd,  
Fainting sunk the bleeding hero,  
And without a groan expir'd.

60

\* \* In the Spanish original of the foregoing ballad, follow a few more stanzas, but being of inferior merit were not translated.

"Renegado" properly signifies an Apostate; but it is sometimes used to express an Infidel in general; as it seems to do above in ver. 21, &c.

The image of the "Lion" &c. in ver. 37, is taken from the other Spanish copy, the rhymes of which end in "ia," viz.

"Sayavedra, que lo oyera,  
Como un leon rebolbia."

## XVII.

## ALCANZOR AND ZAYDA,

A MOORISH TALE,

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

THE foregoing version was rendered as literal as the nature of the two languages would admit. In the following a wider compass hath been taken. The Spanish poem that was chiefly had in view, is preserved in the same history of the civil wars of Granada, f. 22, and begins with these lines:

" Por la calle de su dama  
Paseando se anda, &c."

Softly blow the evening breezes,  
Softly fall the dews of night;  
Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,  
Shunning every glare of light.

In yon palace lives fair Zaida, 5  
Whom he loves with flame so pure:  
Loveliest she of Moorish ladies;  
He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for the appointed minute, 10  
Oft he paces to and fro;  
Stopping now, now moving forwards,  
Sometimes quick, and sometimes slow.

Hope and fear alternate teize him, 15  
Oft he sighs with heart-felt care.—  
See, fond youth, to yonder window  
Softly steps the timorous fair.

Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre 20  
To the lost benighted swain,  
When all silvery bright she rises,  
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.

Lovely seems the sun's full glory  
To the fainting seaman's eyes,  
When some horrid storm dispersing  
O'er the wave his radiance flies.

But a thousand times more lovely 25  
To her longing lover's sight  
Steals half seen the beauteous maiden  
Thro' the glimmerings of the night,

Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,  
Whispering forth a gentle sigh. 30  
Alla\* keep thee, lovely lady;  
Tell me, am I doom'd to die?

Is it true the dreadful story, 35  
Which thy damsel tells my page,  
That seduc'd by sordid riches  
Thou wilt sell thy bloom to age?

An old lord from Antiquera  
Thy stern father brings along;  
But canst thou, inconstant Zaida,  
Thus consent my love to wrong? 40

If 'tis true now plainly tell me,  
Nor thus trifle with my woes;  
Hide not then from me the secret,  
Which the world so clearly knows.

Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden, 45  
While the pearly tears descend:  
Ah! my lord, too true the story;  
Here our tender loves must end.

Our fond friendship is discover'd, 50  
Well are known our mutual vows:  
All my friends are full of fury;  
Storms of passion shake the house.

Threats, reproaches, fears surround me;  
My stern father breaks my heart:  
Alla knows how dear it costs me,  
Generous youth, from thee to part. 55

Ancient wounds of hostile fury  
Long have rent our house and thine;  
Why then did thy shining merit  
Win this tender heart of mine? 60

Well thou know'st how dear I lov'd thee  
Spite of all their hateful pride,  
Tho' I fear'd my haughty father  
Ne'er would let me be thy bride.

\* Alla is the Mahometan name of God.

Well thou know'st what cruel chidings Oft I've from my mother borne ; What I've suffer'd here to meet thee Still at eve and early morn.	65	—To him all amas'd, confounded, Thus she did her woes impart : Deep he sigh'd, then cry'd,—O Zaida ! Do not, do not break my heart.	85
I no longer may resist them ; All, to force my hand combine ; And to-morrow to thy rival This weak frame I must resign.	70	Canst thou think I thus will lose thee ? Canst thou hold my love so small ? No ! a thousand times I'll perish !— My curst rival too shall fall.	90
Yet think not thy faithful Zaida Can survive so great a wrong ; Well my breaking heart assures me That my woes will not be long.	75	Canst thou, wilt thou yield thus to them ? O break forth, and fly to me ! This fond heart shall bleed to save thee, These fond arms shall shelter thee.	95
Farewell then, my dear Alcanzor ! Farewell too my life with thee ! Take this scarf a parting token ; When thou wear'st it think on me.	80	'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor, Spies surround me, bars secure : Scarce I steal this last dear moment, While my damsel keeps the door.	100
Soon, lov'd youth, some worthier maiden Shall reward thy generous truth : Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida Died for thee in prime of youth.		Hark, I hear my father storming ! Hark, I hear my mother chide ! I must go : farewell for ever ! Gracious Alla be thy guide !	

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

## SERIES THE SECOND.

### BOOK I.

Though some make slight of Libels, yet you may see by them how the wind sits : As, take a straw and throw it up into the air, you may see by that which way the wind is, which you shall not do by casting up a stone. More solid things do not show the complexion of the times so well as Ballads and Libels.

Selden's TABLE-TALK.

### I.

## RICHARD OF ALMAIGNE.

"A BALLAD made by one of the adherents to Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, soon after the battle of Lewes, which was fought May 14, 1264."

—affords a curious specimen of ancient satire, and shows that the liberty, assumed by the good people of this realm, of abusing their kings and princes at pleasure, is a privilege of very long standing.

To render this antique libel intelligible, the reader is to understand that just before the battle of Lewes, which proved so fatal to the interests of Henry III. the barons had offered his brother Richard King of the Romans 30,000*l.* to procure a peace upon such terms as would have divested Henry of all his regal power, and therefore the treaty proved abortive. The consequences of that

battle are well known : the king, prince Edward his son, his brother Richard, and many of his friends, fell into the hands of their enemies ; while two great barons of the king's party, John Earl of Warren, and Hugh Bigot the king's Justiciary, had been glad to escape into France.

In the 1st stanza the aforesaid sum of thirty thousand pounds is alluded to ; but, with the usual misrepresentation of party malevolence, is asserted to have been the exorbitant demand of the king's brother.

With regard to the 2d stanza the reader is to note that Richard, along with the earldom of Cornwall, had the honours of Wallingford and Eyre confirmed to him on his marriage with Sanchia,

daughter of the Count of Provence, in 1243—Windsor Castle was the chief fortress belonging to the king, and had been garrisoned by foreigners: a circumstance which furnishes out the burthen of each stanza.

The 3d stanza alludes to a remarkable circumstance which happened on the day of the battle of Lewes. After the battle was lost, Richard King of the Romans took refuge in a windmill, which he barricaded, and maintained for some time against the barons, but in the evening was obliged to surrender. See a very full account of this in the Chronicle of Mailros; Oxon. 1684. p. 229.

The 4th stanza is of obvious interpretation: Richard, who had been elected King of the Romans in 1256, and had afterwards gone over to take possession of his dignity, was in the year 1259 about to return into England, when the barons raised a popular clamour that he was bringing with him foreigners to over-run the kingdom: upon which he was forced to dismiss almost all his followers, otherwise the barons would have opposed his landing.

In the 5th stanza the writer regrets the escape of the Earl of Warren; and in the 6th and 7th stanzas insinuates, that, if he and Sir Hugh Bigot once fell into the hands of their adversaries, they should never more return home; a circumstance which fixes the date of this ballad; for, in the year 1265, both these noblemen landed in South Wales, and the royal party soon after gained the ascendant. See Holinshed, Rapin, &c.

The following is copied from a very ancient MS. in the British Museum. [Harl. MSS. 2253. a. 23.] This MS. is judged, from the peculiarities of the writing, to be not later than the time of Richard II.; th being every where expressed by the character p; the y is pointed after the Saxon manner, and the i hath an oblique stroke over it.

SITTETH alle stille, ant herkneth to me;  
The Kyng of Alemaigne, bi mi leaute,  
Thritti thousand pound askede he  
For to make the pees in the countre,  
Ant so he dude more. 5  
Richard, thah thou be ever trichard,  
Triethen shalt thou never more.

Richard of Alemaigne, whil that he was kying,  
He spende al is tresour opon swyvyng,  
Haveth he nout of Walingford oferlyng, 10  
Let him habbe, ase he brew, bale to dryng,  
Maugre Wyndesore.  
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

The kyng of Alemaigne wende do ful wel  
He saisede the mulne for a castel, 13  
With hare sharpe swardes he grounde the stel,  
He wende that the sayles were mangonel  
To helpe Wyndesore.  
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

The kyng of Alemaigne gederede ys host, 20  
Makede him a castel of a mulne post,  
Wende with is prude, ant is muchele boist,  
Brohte from Alemaigne mony sori gost  
To store Wyndesore.  
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c. 25

By God, that is aboven ous, he dude muche synne,  
That lette passen over see the Erl of Warynne:  
He hath robbed Engelond, the mores, ant th fenne,  
The gold, ant the selver, and y-boren henne,  
For love of Wyndesore. 30  
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Sire Simond de Mountfort hath suore bi ys chayn,  
Hevede he nou here the Erl of Waryn,  
Shuld he never more come to is yn,  
Ne with sheld, ne with spere, ne with other gyn, 35  
To help of Wyndesore.  
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Sire Simond de Montfort hath suore bi ys cop  
Hevede he nou here Sire Hue de Bigot:  
Al he shulde grante here twelfmoneth scot 40  
Shulde he never more with his sot pot  
To helpe Wyndesore.  
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Be the luef, be the loht, sire Edward,  
Thou shalt ride sporeles o thy lyard 45  
Al the ryhte way to Dovere-ward,  
Shalt thou never more breke forward;  
Ant that reweth sore  
Edward, thou dudest as a shreward,  
Forsoke thyn emes lore 50  
Richard, &c.

•• This ballad will rise in its importance with the reader, when he finds that it is even believed to have occasioned a law in our Statute Book, viz. "Against slanderous reports or tales, to cause discord betwixt king and people." (Westm. Primer, c. 34, anno 3. Edw. I.) That it had this effect, is the opinion of an eminent writer: See "Observations upon the Statutes, &c." 4to, 2d edit. 1766, p. 71.

However, in the Harl. Collection may be found other satirical and defamatory rhymes of the same age, that might have their share in contributing to this first law against libels.

## II.

## ON THE DEATH OF KING EDWARD THE FIRST.

We have here an early attempt at elegy. Edward I. died July 7, 1307, in the thirty-fifth year of his reign, and sixty-ninth of his age. This poem appears to have been composed soon after his death. According to the modes of thinking peculiar to those times, the writer dwells more upon his devo-

tion than his skill in government; and pays less attention to the martial and political abilities of this great monarch, in which he had no equal, than to some little weaknesses of superstition, which he had in common with all his contemporaries. The

Ver. 2, kyn, MS.

Ver. 40, g'te here MS. i. e. grant their. Vbl. Gloss.  
Ver. 44, This stanza was omitted in the former editions.

king had in the decline of life vowed an expedition to the Holy Land; but finding his end approach, he dedicated the sum of 32,000*l.* to the maintenance of a large body of knights (one hundred and forty say historians, eighty says our poet), who were to carry his heart with them into Palestine. This dying command of the king was never performed. Our poet, with the honest prejudices of an Englishman, attributes this failure to the advice of the King of France, whose daughter Isabel, the young monarch who succeeded immediately married. But the truth is, Edward and his destructive favourite Piers Gaveston spent the money upon their pleasures.—To do the greater honour to the memory of his hero, our poet puts his eloge in the mouth of the Pope, with the same poetic licence, as a more modern bard would have introduced Britannia, or the Genius of Europe, pouring forth his praises.

This antique elegy is extracted from the same MS. volume as the preceding article; is found with the same peculiarities of writing and orthography; and, though written at near the distance of half a century, contains little or no variation of idiom: whereas the next following poem by Chaucer, which was probably written not more than fifty or sixty years after this, exhibits almost a new language. This seems to countenance the opinion of some antiquaries, that this great poet made considerable innovations in his mother tongue, and introduced many terms, and new modes of speech from other languages.

ALLE, that beoth of huerte trewe,  
A stounde herkneth to my song  
Of duel, that Deth hath diht us newe,  
That maketh me syke, ant sorewe among; 5  
Of a knyht, that wes so strong,  
Of wham God hath don ys wille;  
Me-thuncheth that deth hath don us wrong,  
That he so sone shall ligge stille.

Al Englonde ahte for te knowe  
Of wham that song is, that y syng; 10  
Of Edward kyng, that lich so lowe,  
Zent al this world is nome con springe:  
Trewest mon of alle thinge,  
Ant in werre war ant wys,  
For him we ahte oure hounden wrynge, 15  
Of Christendome he ber the prys.

Byfore that oure kyng was ded,  
He spek ase mon that wes in care,  
"Clerkes, knyhtes, barons, he sayde,  
Y charge ou by oure swure, 20  
That ye to Englonde be trewe.  
Y deze, y ne may lyven na more;  
Helpeth mi sone, ant crouneth him newe,  
For he is nest to buen y-core.

Ich biqueth myn herte arhyt, 25  
That hit be write at my devys,  
Over the see that Hue\* be diht,  
With fourscore knyhtes al of prys,  
In werre that buen war ant wys,  
Azein the hethene for te fyhte, 30  
To wynne the crois that lowe lys,  
Myself yeholde zef that y myhte."

\* The name of the person who was to preside over this business.

Kyng of Fraunce, thou hevedest 'sinne,'  
That thou the counsaill woldest fonde, 35  
To latte the wille of 'Edward kyng'  
To wende to the holy londe:  
That oure kyng hede take on honde  
All Englonde to zeme ant wyasse,  
To wenden in to the holy londe  
To wyannen us heveriche blisse. 40

The messenger to the pope com,  
And seyde that our kyng was ded:  
Ya oune hond the lettre he nom,  
Ywis his herte was full gret: 45  
The Pope him self the lettre redde,  
Ant spec a word of gret honour.  
Alas! he seid, is Edward ded!  
Of Christendome he ber the flour."

The Pope to is chaumbre wende,  
For dol ne mihte he speke na more; 50  
Ant after cardinals he sende,  
That mucche coutheen of Cristes lore,  
Bothe the lasse, ant eke the more,  
Bed hem bothe rede ant syng: 55  
Gret deol me myhte se thore,  
Mony mon is honde wrynge.

The Pope of Peyters stod at is masse  
With ful gret solempneté,  
Ther me con the soule blisse:  
"Kyng Edward honoured thou be: 60  
God love thi sone come after the,  
Bringe to ende that thou hast bygonne,  
The holy crois y-mad of tre,  
So fain thou wouldest hit bay y-wonne.

Jerusalem, thou hast i-lore 65  
The flour of al chivalrie  
Now kyng Edward liveth na more:  
Alas! that he zet shulde deye!  
He wolde ha rered up full heyze  
Oure banners, that brueth broht to ground; 70  
Wel! longe we mowe clepe and crie  
Er we a such kyng han y-founde."

Nou is Edward of Carnarvan  
King of Englonde al aplyht,  
God lete him nar be worse man 75  
Then his fader, ne lasse of myht,  
To holden is pore men to ryht,  
And understonde good counsaill,  
Al Engelong for to wyasse ant dyht;  
Of gode knyhtes darh him nout fail.

Thah mi tonge were mad of stel, 80  
Ant min herte yzote of bras,  
The godless myht y never telle,  
That with kyng Edward was:  
Kyng, as thou art cleped conquerour,  
In uch bataille thou hadest prys; 85  
God bringe thi soule to the honour,  
That ever wes, ant ever ya.

\* \* Here follow in the original three lines more, which, as seemingly redundant, we chuse to throw to the bottom of the page, viz.

That lasteth ay withouten ende,  
Bidde we God ant oure Ledy to thilke blisse  
Jesus us sende. Amen.

Ver. 32, same, MS. Ver. 26, Kyng Edward, MS. Ver. 42, ys is probably a contraction of in hys or yn his. Ver. 55, 56, Me, i. e. Men; so in Robert of Gloucester passim.

## III.

## AN ORIGINAL BALLAD BY CHAUCER.

THIS little sonnet, which hath escaped all the editors of Chaucer's works, is now printed for the first time from an ancient MS. in the Pepysian library, that contains many other poems of its venerable author. The versification is of that species, which the French call Rondeau, very naturally Englished by our honest countrymen Round O. Though so early adopted by them, our ancestors had not the honour of inventing it: Chaucer picked it up, along with other better things, among the neighbouring nations. A fondness for laborious trifles hath always prevailed in the dark ages of literature. The Greek poets have had their wings and axes: the great father of English poetry may therefore be pardoned one poor solitary rondeau.—Geoffrey Chaucer died Oct. 25, 1400, aged 72.

## I. 1.

Yours two eyn will sle me sodenly,  
I may the beaute of them not sustene,  
So wendeth it thorowout my herte kene.

## 2.

And but your words will helen hastily  
My hertis wound, while that it is grene,  
Yours two eyn will ale me sodenly.

## 3.

Upon my trouth I sey yow feithfully,  
That ye ben of my life and deth the quene,  
For with my deth the trouth shal be sene.  
Yours two e

## II. 1.

So hath youre beauty fro your herte chased  
Pitee, that me n' availleth not to pleyne;  
For daunger halt your mercy in his cheyne.

## 2.

Giltless my deth thus have ye purchased;  
I sey yow soth, me nedeth not to fayn:  
So hath your beaute fro your herte chased.

## 3.

Alas, that nature hath in yow compassed  
So grete beaute, that no man may atteyn  
To mercy, though he sterve for the peyn.  
So hath youre beaute, &c.

## III. 1.

Syn I fro love escaped am so fat  
I nere thinke to ben in his prison sene.  
Syn I am fre, I counte him not a bene.

## 2.

He may answer, and sey this and that,  
I do no fors, I speak ryght as I mene;  
Syn I fro love escaped am so fat.

## 3.

Love hath my name i-strike out of his sclat,  
And he is strike out of my bokes clene:  
For ever mo' ther<sup>e</sup> is non other mene.  
Syn I fro love escaped, &c.

## IV.

## THE TURNAMENT OF TOTTENHAM:

"OR THE WOOING, WINNING, AND WEDDING OF TIRRE, THE REEV'S DAVORTER THERE."

It does honour to the good sense of this nation, that while all Europe was captivated with the bewitching charms of Chivalry and Romance, two of our writers in the rudest times could see through the false glare that surrounded them, and discover whatever was absurd in them both. Chaucer wrote his Rhyme of Sir Thopas in ridicule of the latter; and in the following poem we have a humorous burlesque of the former. Without pretending to decide whether the institution of chivalry was upon the whole useful or pernicious in the rude ages, a question that has lately employed many good writers\*, it evidently encouraged a vindictive spirit, and gave such force to the custom of duelling, that there is little hope of its being abolished. This, together with the fatal consequences which often attended the diversion of the Turnament, was sufficient to render it obnoxious to the graver part of mankind. Accordingly the church early denounced its censures

against it, and the state was often prevailed on to attempt its suppression. But fashion and opinion are superior to authority: and the proclamations against tilting were as little regarded in those times, as the laws against duelling are in these. This did not escape the discernment of our poet, who easily perceived that inveterate opinions must be attacked by other weapons, besides proclamations and censures; he accordingly made use of the keen one of Ridicule. With this view he has here introduced with admirable humour a parcel of clowns, imitating all the solemnities of the Tournay. Here we have the regular challenge—the appointed day—the lady for the prize—the formal preparations—the display of armour—the scutcheons and devices—the oaths taken on entering the lists—the various accidents of the encounter—the victor leading off the prize—and the magnificent feasting—with all the other solemn folleries that usually attended the pompous Turnament. And how acutely the sharpness of the author's humour must have been felt in those days,

\* See [Mr. Hurd's] *Letters on Chivalry*, 8vo. 1762. *Mémoires de la Chevalerie*, par M. de la Curne des Palais, 1750, 2 tom. 12mo. &c.

\* This, MS.

we may learn from what we can percieve of its keenness now, when time has so much blunted the edge of his ridicule.

The Turnament of Tottenham was first printed from an ancient MS in 1631, 4to, by the Rev. Whilhem Bedwell, rector of Tottenham, who was one of the translators of the Bible, and afterwards Bishop of Kilmore in Ireland, where he lived and died with the highest reputation of sanctity, in 1641. He tells us, it was written by Gilbert Pilkington, thought to have been some time parson of the same pariah, and author of another piece, intituled *Passio Domini Jesu Christi*. Bedwell, who was eminently skilled in the oriental and other languages, appears to have been but little conversant with the ancient writers in his own; and he so little entered into the spirit of the poem he was publishing, that he contends for its being a serious narrative of a real event, and thinks it must have been written before the time of Edward III, because Turnaments were prohibited in that reign. "I do verily believe," says he, "that this Turnament was acted before this proclamation of King Edward. For how durst any to attempt to do that, although in sport, which was so straightly forbidden, both by the civill and ecclesiasticall power? For although they fought not with lances, yet, as our author sayth, 'It was no childrens game.' And what would have become of him, thinke you, which should have slayne another in this manner of jeasting? Would he not, trow you, have been hang'd for it in earnest? yes, and have bene buried like a dogge?" It is, however, well known that Turnaments were in use down to the reign of Elizabeth.

In the first editions of this work, Bedwell's copy was reprinted here, with some few conjectural emendations; but as Bedwell seemed to have reduced the orthography at least, if not the phraseology, to the standard of his own time, it was with great pleasure that the Editor was informed of an ancient MS. copy preserved in the Museum [Harl. MSS. 5396.] which appeared to have been transcribed in the reign of King Hen. VI. about 1456. This obliging information the Editor owed to the friendship of Thomas Tyrwhit, Esq., and he has chiefly followed that more authentic transcript, improved however by some readings from Bedwell's Book.

Or all thes kene conquerours to carpe it were kynde;  
Of fele feyxtynge folk ferly we fynde,  
The Turnament of Totenham have we in mynde;  
It were harme sych hardynes were holden byhynde,

In story as we rede 5  
Of Hawkyn, of Herry,  
Of Tomkyn, of Terry,  
Of them that were doughty  
And stalworth in dede.

It befel in Totenham on a dere day, 10  
Ther was mad a shurtyng be the hy-way.  
Theder com al the men of the contray,  
Of Hyssylton, of Hy-gate, and of Hakenay,  
And all the swete swynkers.

Ther hopped Hawkyn, 15  
Ther daunsed Dawkyn,  
Ther trumped Tomkyn,  
And all were trewe drynkens.

Tyl the day was gon and evyn-song past, [cast;  
That they schuld reckyn ther scoot and ther counts

Perkyn the pottor into the preas past, 21  
And sayd Randol the refe, a doxter thou hast,  
Tyb the dere:

Therfor faine wyt wold I, 25  
Whych of all thys bachelery  
Were best worthye  
To wed hur to hys fere.

Upetyrt thos gadelyngys wyth ther lang staves,  
And sayd, Randol the refe, lo! thys lad raves;  
Boldely amang us thy doxter he craves; 30  
We er rycher men than he, and mor gode haves  
Of cattell and corn;

Then sayd Perkyn, To Tybbe I have hyzt  
That I schal be alway redy in my ryzt,  
If that it schuld be thys day sevenyzt, 35  
Or elles set to morn.

Then sayd Randolfe the refe, Ever be he waryd.  
That about thys carpyng lenger wold be taryd:  
I wold not my doxter, that scho were miscaryd,  
But at hur most worschip I wold scho were maryd;

Therfor a Turnament schal begynne 41

Thys day sevenyzt,—

Wyth a flayl for to fyst:

And 'he,' that is most of myght  
Schal brouke hur wyth wyne. 45

Whoso berys hym best in the turnament,  
Hym schal be granted the gre be the comon assent.  
For to wyne my doxter wyth 'dughtynesse' of dent,  
And 'coppell' my brode-henne 'that' was brozt out  
of Kent:

And my dunnyd kowe 50

For no spens wyl I spare,

For no cattell wyl I care,

He schall have my gray mare,

And my spottyd sowe.

Ther was many 'a' bold lad ther bodyes to bede: 55  
Than thay toke thayr leve, and homward they zede;  
And all the weke afterward graythed ther wede,  
Tyll it come to the day, that thay suld do ther dede.

They armed ham in matts;

They set on ther nollis, 60

For to kepe ther pollys,

Gode blake bollys,

For batryng of bats.

They sowed tham in schepeskynnes, for thay schuld  
not brest:

Ilk-on toke a blak hat, insted of a crest: 65

'A basket or a panyer before on ther brest,'

And a flayle in ther hande; for to fyght preat,

Furth gon thay fare:

Ther was kyd mekyl fors

Who schuld best fend hys cors: 70

He that had no gode hors,

He gat hym a mare.

Sych another gadryng have I not sene oft,  
When all the gret company com rydand to the croft  
Tyb on a gray mare was set up on loft 75  
On a sek ful of fedys, for scho schuld syt soft,

Ver. 20, It is not very clear in the MS. whether it should be cost or costers. Ver. 48, dosty, MS. V. 48, coppled. We still use the phrase, "a copple-crowned hen." Ver. 57, gayed, PC. Ver. 68, is wanting in MS. and supplied from PC. Ver. 72, He borrowed him, PC. V. 74, The MS. had once sedys, i.e. seeds, which appears to have been altered to fedys, or feathers. Bedwell's copy has Seavy, i.e. Mustard-seed.



And led 'till the gap.  
For cryeng of the men  
Forther wold not Tyb then,  
Tyl scho had hur brode hen  
Set in hur Lap. 80

A gay gyrdyl Tyb had on, borrowed for the nonys,  
And a garland on hur hed ful of rounde bonys,  
And a broche on hur brest ful of 'sapphyre' stonys,  
Wyth the holy-rode tokenyng, was wrotyn for the  
nonys; 85

For no 'spendings' thay had spared.  
When joly Gyb saw hur there,  
He gyrd so hys gray mare,  
'That scho lete a fowkin' fare  
At the rereward. 90

I wot to God, quoth Herry, I schal not lefe behynde,  
May I mete wyth Bernard on Bayard the blynde,  
Ich man kepe hym out of my wynde,  
For whatsoever that he be, before me I fynde,

I wot I schall hym greve.  
Wele sayd, quoth Hawkyn.  
And I wot, quoth Dawkyn,  
May I mete wyth Tomkyn,  
Hys flayle I schal hym reve.

I make a vow, quoth Hud, Tyb, son schal thou  
se, 100

Whych of all thys bachelery 'granted' is the gre:  
I schal scomfet thaym all, for the love of the;  
In what place so I come they schal have dout of me,  
Myn armes ar so clere:

I bere a reddyl, and a rake, 105  
Poudred wyth a brenand drake,  
And three cantells of a cake  
In ycha corners.

I vow to God, quoth Hawkyn, yf 'I' have the gowt,  
Al that I fynde in the felde 'thrustand here  
abouts, 110

Have I twyes or thryes redyn thurgh the route,  
In ycha stede ther thay me se, of methay schal have  
When I begyn to play. [doute.

I make avowe that I ne schall,  
But yf Tybbe wyl me call, 115  
Or I be thryes don fall,  
Ryst enys eom away.

Then sayd Terry, and swore be hys erode;  
Saw thou never yong boy forther hys body bede,  
For when thay fyst fastest and most ar in drede, 120  
I schall take Tyb by the hand, and hur away lede:

I am armed at the full;  
In myn armys I bere wele  
A doz trogh, and a pele,  
A sadyll wythout a panell, 125  
Wyth a fles of woll.

I make a vow, quoth Dudman, and swore be the stra,  
Whyls me ys left my 'mare,' thou gets hurr not swa;  
For scho ys wele schapen, and list as the rae,  
Ther is no capul in thys myle befor hur schal ga; 130

Ver. 77, And led hur to cap, MS. V. 83, Bedwell's P.C.  
has, 'Ruel-Bones.' V. 84, safer stones, MS. V. 85, wrotyn,  
i.e. wrought, P.C. reads, written. V. 86, No catel [perhaps  
chatel] they had spared, MS. V. 82. Then... faucon, MS.  
V. 101, grant, MS. V. 100, yf he have, MS. V. 110, the  
MS. literally has thr. sand here V. 128 merth, MS.

Sche wul ne nozt begyle.  
Sche wyl me bere, I dar say,  
On a lang somerys day,  
Fro Hyssylton to Hakensy,  
Nozt other half myle. 133

I make a vow, quoth Perkyn, thow speks of cold rost,  
I schal wyroh 'wyaelyer' without any bozt:  
Five of the best capulys, that ar in thys ost, [cost,  
I wot I schal thaym wynne, and bryng thaym to my  
And here I grant thaym Tybbe. 140  
Wele boyes here ys he,  
That wyl fyzt, and not fle,  
For I am in my jolyte,  
Wyth so forth, Gybbe.

When thay had ther vowes made, furth can thay  
hie, 145

Wyth flayles, and hornes, and trumpes mad of tre:  
Ther were all the bachelerys of that contre;  
Thay were dyzt in aray, as thaymaelfes wold be:

Thayr baners were ful bryzt  
Of an old rotten fell; 150  
The cheveron of a plow-mell;  
And the schadow of a bell,  
Poudred wyth the mone lyst.

[met,  
I wot yt 'was' ne chylder game, when thay togedyr  
When icha freke in the feld on hys feloy bet, 155

And layd on styfly, for nothyng wold thay let,  
And focht ferly fast, tyll ther horses swet,  
And few wordys spoken.

Ther were flayles al to slatred,  
Ther were scheldys al to flatred, 160  
Bollys and dysches al to schatred,  
And many hedys brokyn.

There was clynkyng of cart-sade lys, and clatterryng  
of cannes;

Of fele frekys in the feld brokyn were their farnes;  
Of sum were the hedys brokyn, of sum the brayn-  
pannes,

And yll were thay besene, or thay went thanas, 166  
Wyth swyppynge of swepyls:

Thay were so wery for-foght,  
Thay myzt not fyzt mare oloft,  
But creped about in the 'croft,' 170  
As thay were croked crepyls.

Perkyn was so wery, that he began to loute;  
Help, Hud, I am ded in thys ylk rowte:

An hors for forty pens, a gode and a stoute!  
That I may lyzdy come of my noye oute,

For no cost wyl I spare.  
He styrt up as a snale,  
And hent a capul be the tayle,  
And 'reft' Dawkin hys flayle, 180  
And wan there a mare.

Perkyn wan five, and Hud wan twa:  
Glad and blythe thay ware, that they had don sa;  
Thay wold have tham to Tyb, and present hur with  
tha:

The Capulys were so wery, that thay myzt not ga.

Ver. 137, swysellor, MS. V. 146, flalles, and harabise,  
P.C. V. 151, The Chiefe, P.C. V. 184, yt ys, MS. V. 184,  
The boyes were, MS. V. 170, creped then about in the croft,  
MS. V. 179, rast, MS.

- But styl gon thay stond. 185  
 Alas! quoth Hudde, my joye I lese;  
 Mee had lever then a ston of chese,  
 That dere Tyb had al these,  
 And wyst it were my sond.
- Perkyn turnyd hym about in that ych thrang 190  
 Among thos very boyes he wrest and he wrang;  
 He threw tham down to the erth, and thrust tham  
 amang.
- When he saw Tyrry away wyth Tyb fang,  
 And after hym ran;  
 Off his horse he hym drogh, 195  
 And gaf hym of hys flayl inogh:  
 We te he! quoth Tyb, and lugh,  
 Ye er a dughly man.
- 'Thus' thay tugged, and rugged, tyl yt was nere  
 nyzt:  
 All the wyves of Tottenham came to se that syzt 200  
 Wyth wyspes, and kexis, and ryachys there lyzt,  
 To fetch hom ther husbandes, that were tham trowth  
 And sum brost gret harwos, [plyst;  
 Ther husbandes hom to fetch,  
 Sum on dores, and sum on bech, 205  
 Sum on hyrdyllys, and som on erech,  
 And sum on whele-barows.
- They gaderyd Perkyn about, 'on' everych syde,  
 And grant hym ther 'the gre,' the more was hys  
 pryde: [ryde,  
 Tyb and he, wyth gret 'mirth' homward con thay  
 And were al nyzt togedyr, tyl the morn tyde; 211
- And thay 'to church went':  
 So wele hys nedys lie has sped,  
 That dere Tyb he 'hath' wed;  
 The prayse-folk, that hur led, 215  
 Were of the Turnament.
- To that ylk fest com many for the nones;  
 Some come hyphalte, and some trippand 'thither' on  
 the stonys:  
 Sum a staf in hys hand, and sum two at onys;  
 Of sum where the hedes broken, of some the schulder  
 bonys; 220  
 With sorrow come thay thedyr.  
 Wo was Hawkyn, wo was Herry,  
 Wo was Tomkyn, wo was Terry,  
 And so was all the bachelary,  
 When thay met togedyr. 225
- \*At that fest thay war servyd with a ryche aray,  
 Every fyve & fyve had a cokenay;  
 And so thay sat in jolyte al the lung day;  
 And at the last thay went to bed with ful gret de-  
 ray:  
 Mekyl myrth was them among; 230  
 In every corner of the hous  
 Was melody delycious  
 For to here precyus  
 Of six menyys songt.

## V.

## FOR THE VICTORY AT AGINCOURT.

- THAT our plain and martial ancestors could wield  
 their swords much better than their pens, will  
 appear from the following homely rhymes, which  
 were drawn up by some poet laureat of those  
 days to celebrate the immortal victory gained at  
 Agincourt, Oct. 25, 1415. This song or hymn is  
 given merely as a curiosity, and is printed from a  
 MS copy in the Pepys collection, vol. I. folio.
- Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria!*
- Owre kyng went forth to Normandy,  
 With grace and myst of chivalry;  
 The God for hym wrouzt marvelously,  
 Wherefore Englonde may calle, and cry 5  
*Deo gratias:*  
*Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.*
- He sette a sege, the sothe for to say,  
 To Harflue toune with ryal aray;  
 That toune he wan, and made a fray, 10  
 That Fraunce shall rywe tyl domes day.  
*Deo gratias: &c.*
- Then went owre kyng, with alle his oste,  
 Thorowe Fraunce for alle the Frenshe boate;  
 He spared 'for' drede of leste, ne most, 15  
 Tyl he come to Agincourt coate.  
*Deo gratias, &c.*
- Than for sothe that knyzt comely  
 In Agincourt feld he faust manly, 20  
 Thorow grace of God most myzty  
 He had bothe the felds, and the victory:  
*Deo gratias, &c.*
- Ther dukys, and erlys, lorde and barone,  
 Were take, and alayne, and that wel sone, 25  
 And some were ledde in to Londone  
 With joye, and merthe, and grette renome.  
*Deo gratias, &c.*
- Now gracious God he save owre kyng,  
 His peple, and all his wel wyllynge, 30  
 Gef him gode lyfe, and gode endygne,  
 That we with merth mowe savelly synge  
*Deo gratias:*  
*Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.*

Ver. 186, stand, MS. V. 189, sand, MS. V. 190, Thys  
 MS. V. 204, hom for to fetch, MS. V. 205, about everych  
 side, MS. V. 206, the gre, is wanting in MS. V. 210,  
 mothe, MS.

\*Ver. 212, And thay were assest, MS. V. 214, had wed,  
 MS. V. 215, The cheefemen, PC. V. 218, trippand on,  
 MS.

\* In the former impressions, this concluding stanza was  
 only given from Bedwell's printed edition; but it is here  
 copied from the old MS. wherein it has been since found  
 separated from the rest of the poem, by several pages of a  
 money-account, and other heterogeneous matter.

† Six-men's song, i. e. a song for six voices. So Shakes-  
 peare uses *Three-men song-men*, in his *Winter's Tale*, A. III.  
 sc. 2, to denote men that could sing catches composed for  
 three voices. Of this sort are Weelker's Madrigals men-  
 tioned below, Book II. Song 9. So again Shakespeare has  
*Three-men Beatie*; i. e. a Beatie or Rammer worked by  
 three men. 2 Bea. IV. A. I. Sc. 2.

## VI.

## THE NOT-BROWNE MAYD.

THE sentimental beauties of this ancient ballad have always recommended it to readers of taste, notwithstanding the rust of antiquity which obscures the style and expression. Indeed, if it had no other merit than the having afforded the ground-work to Prior's "Henry and Emma," this ought to preserve it from oblivion. That we are able to give it in so correct a manner, is owing to the great care and exactness of the accurate Editor of the "Prolusions," 8vo, 1760; who has formed the text from two copies found in two different editions of Arnolde's Chronicle, a book supposed to be first printed about 1521. From the copy in the Prolusions the following is printed, with a few additional improvements gathered from another edition of Arnolde's book\* preserved in the Public Library at Cambridge. All the various readings of this copy will be found here, either received into the text, or noted in the margin. The references to the Prolusions will shew where they occur. In our ancient folio MS. described in the preface, is a very corrupt and defective copy of this ballad, which yet afforded a great improvement in one passage. See v. 310.

It has been a much easier task to settle the text of this poem, than to ascertain its date. The ballad of the "Nuthrowne Mayd" was first revived in "The Muses Mercury for June, 1707." 4to. being prefaced with a little "Essay on the old English Poets and Poetry:" in which this poem is concluded to be "near 300 years old," upon reasons which, though they appear inconclusive to us now, were sufficient to determine Prior; who there first met with it. However, this opinion had the approbation of the learned Wanley, an excellent judge of ancient books. For that whatever related to the reprinting of this old piece was referred to Wanley, appears from two letters of Prior's preserved in the British Museum [Harl. MSS. No 3777.] The Editor of the Prolusions thinks it cannot be older than the year 1500, because, in Sir Thomas More's Tale of "The Serjeant," &c. which was written about that time, there appears a sameness of rhythmus and orthography, and a very near affinity of words and phrases, with those of this ballad. But this reasoning is not conclusive; for if Sir Thomas More made this ballad his model, as is very likely, that will account for the sameness of measure, and in some respect for that of words and phrases, even though this had been written long before: and, as for the orthography, it is well known that the old printers reduced that of most books to the standard of their own times. Indeed, it is hardly probable that an antiquary like Arnolde would have inserted it among his historical collections, if it had been then a modern piece; at least, he would have been apt to have named its author. But to show how little can be inferred from a resemblance of rhythmus or style, the editor of these

volumes has in his ancient folio MS. a poem on the victory of Floddenfield, written in the same numbers, with the same alliterations, and in orthography, phraseology, and style nearly resembling the Visions of Pierce Plowman, which are yet known to have been composed above 160 years before that battle. As this poem is a great curiosity, we shall give a few of the introductory lines:

"Grant gracious God, grant me this time,  
That I may 'say, or I cease, thy selven to please;  
And Mary his mother, that maketh this world;  
And all the seemlie saints, that sitten in heaven;  
I will carpe of kings, that conquered full wide,  
That dwelled in this land, that was alyes noble;  
Henry the seventh, that soveraigne lord, &c."

With regard to the date of the following ballad, we have taken a middle course, neither placed it so high as Wanley and Prior, nor quite so low as the editor of the Prolusions: we should have followed the latter in dividing every other line into two, but that the whole would then have taken up more room than could be allowed it in this volume,

Be it ryght, or wrong, these men among  
On women do complayne\*;  
Affyrmynge this, how that it is  
A labour spent in vayne,  
To love them wele; for never a dele 5  
They love a man agayne:  
For late a man do what he can,  
Theyr favour to attayne,  
Yet, yf a newe do them persue,  
Theyr first true lover than 10  
Laboureth for nought: for from her thought  
He is a banyshed man.

I say nat nay, but that all day  
It is bothe writ and sayd  
That womans faith is, as who sayth, 15  
All utterly decayd;  
But, nevertheless ryght good wytnesse  
In this case might be layd,  
That they love true, and continue:  
Records the Not-browne Mayde: 20  
Which, when her love came, her to prove,  
To her to make his mone,  
Wolde nat depart; for in her hart  
She loved but hym alone.

Than betwaine us late us dyscuss 25  
What was all the manere  
Betwayne them two: we wyll also  
Tell all the payne, and fere,  
That she was in. Now I begyn,  
So that ye me answer; 30

\* This (which my friend Mr. Farmer supposes to be the first edition) is in folio: the folios are numbered at the bottom of the leaf; the Song begins at folio 75. The poem has since been collated with a very fine copy that was in the collection of the late James West, Esq.; the readings extracted thence are denoted thus, 'Mr. W.'

Ver. 2, woman. Prolusions, and Mr. West's copy. V. 11, her, i. e. their.

\* My friend, Mr. Farmer, proposes to read the first lines thus, as a Latinian:

Be it right or wrong, 'tis men among,  
On women to complayne.

Wherefore, all ye, that present be  
I pray you, gyve an ere  
"I am the knyght; I come by nyght,  
As secret as I can;  
Sayinge, Alas! thus standeth the case,  
I am a banyshed man."

35

SHE.

And I your wyll for to fulfill  
In this wyll nat refuse;  
Trustyng to shewe, in wordes fewe,  
That men have an yll use  
(To theyr own shame) women to blame,  
And causelesse them accuse;  
Therefore to you I answere nowe,  
All women to excuse,—  
Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere? 43  
I pray you, tell anone;  
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
I love but you alone.

HE.

It standeth so; a dede is do  
Wherof grete harme shall growe:  
My destiny is for to dy  
A shamefull deth, I trowe;  
Or elles to fle: the one must be.  
None other way I knowe,  
But to withdrawe as an outlawe,  
And take me to my bowe.  
Wherefore, adue, my owne hart true!  
None other rede I can;  
For I must to the grene wode go,  
Alone, a banyshed man.

50

55

60

SHE.

O Lord, what is thys worldys blysse,  
That changeth as the mone!  
My somers day in lusty may  
Is darked before the none.  
I here you say, farewell: Nay, nay,  
We depart nat so sone.  
Why say ye so? wheder wyll ye go?  
Alas! what have ye done?  
All my welfare to sorrowe and care  
Sholde change, yf ye were gone;  
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
I love but you alone.

65

70

HE.

I can beleve, it shall you greve,  
And somewhat you dystayne;  
But, afterwarde, your paynes harde  
Within a day or twayne  
Shall sone aslake; and ye shall take  
Comfort to you agayne.  
Why sholde ye ought? for, to make thought,  
Your labour were in vayne.  
And thus I do; and pray you to,  
As hartely, as I can;  
For I must to the grene wode go,  
Alone, a banyshed man.

75

80

SHE.

Now, syth that ye have shewed to me  
The secret of your mynde,  
I shall be playne to you agayne,  
Lyke as ye shall me fynde.  
Syth it is so, that ye wyll go,  
I wolde not leve behynde;

85

90

Shall never be sayd, the Not-browne Mayd  
Was to her love unkynde:  
Make you redy, for so am I,  
Although it were anone;  
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
I love but you alone,

95

HE.

Yet I you rede to take good hede  
What men wyll thynke, and say:  
Of yonge, and olde it shall be tolde,  
That ye be gone away,  
Your wanton wyll for to fulfill,  
In grene wode you to play;  
And that ye myght from your delyght  
No lenger make delay.  
Rather than ye sholde thus for me 105  
Be called an yll woman,  
Yet wolde I to the grene wode go  
Alone, a banyshed man.

100

105

SHE.

Though it be songe of old and yonge,  
That I sholde be to blame,  
Theyrs be the charge, that speke so large  
In hurtyng of my name:  
For I wyll prove, that faythfulle love  
It is devoyd of shame;  
In your dystresse, and hevynesse,  
To part with you, the same:  
And sure all tho, that do not so,  
True lovers are they none;  
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
I love but you alone.

110

115

120

HE.

I counceyle you, remember howe,  
It is no maydens lawe,  
Nothyng to dout, but to renne out  
To wode with an outlawe:  
For ye must there in your hand bere  
A bowe, redy to drawe;  
And, as a thefe, thus must you lyve,  
Ever in drede and awe;  
Wherby to you grete harme myght growe:  
Yet had I lever than,  
That I had to the grene wode go,  
Alone, a banyshed man.

125

130

SHE.

I thinke nat nay, but as ye say,  
It is no maydens lore:  
But love may make me for your sake,  
As I have sayd before  
To come on fote, to hunt, and shote  
To gete us mete in store;  
For so that I your company  
May have, I aske no more:  
From which to part, it maketh my hart  
As colde as ony stone;  
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
I love but you alone.

135

140

HE.

For an outlawe this is the lawe,  
That men hym take and bynde;  
Without pyte, hanged to be,  
And waver with the wynde,

145

Ver. 91, Shall it never, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 94, Al-  
though Mr. W. V. 117, To shewe all. Prol. and Mr. W.  
V. 123, I say nat, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 130, and store,  
Camb. copy.

If I had nede, (as God forbede!)  
What rescous coude ye fynde? 150  
Forsoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe  
For fere wolde drawe behynde:  
And no mervayle; for lytell awayle  
Were in your counceyle than:  
Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go, 155  
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Ryght wele knowe ye, that women be  
But feble for to fyght;  
No womanhede it is indede  
To be bolde as a knyght: 160  
Yet, in such fere yf that ye were  
With enemyes day or nyght,  
I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande,  
To greve them as I myght,  
And you to save; as women have 165  
From deth 'men' manv one:  
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
I love but you alone.

HE.

Yet take good hede; for ever I drede  
That ye coude nat sustayne 170  
The thornie wayes, the depe valëies,  
The snowe, the frost, the rayne,  
The colde, the hete: for dry, or wete,  
We must lodge on the playne;  
And, us above, none other rofe 175  
But a brake bush, or twayne:  
Which sone sholde greve you, I beleve;  
And ye wolde gladly than  
That I had to the grene wode go, 180  
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Syth I have here bene partynère  
With you of joy and blysse,  
I must also parte of your wo  
Endure, as reson is:  
Yet am I sure of one pleisure; 185  
And, shortely, it is this:  
That, where ye be, me semeth, pardè,  
I coude nat fare amyse.  
Without more speche, I you beseeche  
That we were sone agone; 190  
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
I love but you alone.

HE.

If ye go thyder, ye must consyder,  
Whan ye have lust to dyne,  
There shall no mete be for you gets, 195  
Nor drinke, here, ale, ne wyne.  
No shetës clene, to lye betwene,  
Made of threde and twyne;  
None other house, but leves and bowes,  
To cover your hed and myne, 200  
O myne harte swete, this evyll dyète  
Sholde make you palp and wan;  
Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go,  
Alone, a banyshed man.

Ver. 150, socours, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 162, and night, Camb. Copy. V. 164, to helpe ye with my myght, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 172, frost and rayne Mr. W. V. 174, Ye must, Prol. V. 190, shortley gone, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 196, Neyther here. Prol. and Mr. W. V. 201, Lo myn, Mr. W.

SHE.

Amonge the wylyde dere, such an archère, 215  
As men say that ye be,  
Ne may nat fayle of good vitayle,  
Where is so grete plentè:  
And water clere of the ryvére  
Shall be full swete to me; 210  
With which in hale I shall ryght wele  
Endure, as ye shall see;  
And, or we go, a bedde or two  
I can provyde anone;  
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde 215  
I love but you alone.

HE.

Lo yet, before, ye must do more,  
Yt ye wyll go with me:  
As cut your here up by your ere,  
Your kyrtel by the kne; 220  
With bowe in hande, for to withstande  
Your enemyes yf nede be:  
And this same nyght before day-lyght,  
To wode-warde wyll I fle.  
Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill, 225  
Do it shortely as ye can:  
Els wyll I to the grene wode go,  
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

I shall as nowe do more for you  
Than loughet to womanhede; 230  
To shote my here, a bowe to bere,  
To shote in tyme of nede.  
O my swete mother, before all other  
For you I have most drede:  
But nowe, adue! I must ensue, 235  
Where fortune doth me lede.  
All this make ye: Now let us fle;  
The day cometh fast upon;  
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
I love but you alone. 240

HE.

Nay, nay, nat so; ye shall nat go,  
And I shall tell ye why,—  
Your appetyght is to be lyght  
Of love, I wele espy:  
For, lyke as ye have sayed to me, 245  
In lyke wyse hardely  
Ye wolde answeré whosoever it were,  
In way of company.  
It is sayd of olde, Sone hots, sone colde;  
And so is a womän. 250  
Wherfore I to the wude wyll go,  
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Yf ye take hede, it is no nede  
Such wordes to say by me;  
For oft ye prayed, and longe assayed, 255  
Or I you loved, pardè:  
And though that I of auncestry  
A barons daughter be,  
Yet have you proved howe I you loved  
A squyer of lowe degré; 260

Ver. 207, May ye nat fayle, Prol. 1b. May nat fayle, Mr. W. V. 210, above your ere, Prol. V. 220, above the kne, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 223, the same, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 251, For I must to the grene wode go, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 253, yet is, Camb. Copy. Perhaps for yt is.

And ever shall, whatso befall ;  
To dy therfore\* anone ;  
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
I love but you alone.

HE.

A barons chyld to be begyde ! 265  
It were a cursed dede ;  
To be felawe with an outlawe !  
Almighty God forbode !  
Yet beter were, the pore squyere  
Alone to forest yede, 270  
Than ye sholde say another day,  
That, by my cursed dede,  
Ye were betray'd : Wherfore, good mayd,  
The best rede that I can,  
Is, that I to the grene wode go,  
Alone, a banyshed man. 275

SHE.

Whatever befall, I never shall  
Of this thyng you upbrayd :  
But yf ye go, and leve me so,  
Than have ye me betrayd. 280  
Remember you wele, howe that ye dele ;  
For, yf ye, as ye sayd,  
Be so unkynde, to leve behynde,  
Your love, the Not-browne Mayd,  
Trust me truly, that I shall dy 285  
Sone after ye be gone ;  
For, in my mynde of all mankynde  
I love but you alone.

HE.

Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent ;  
For in the forest nowe 290  
I have purveyed me of a mayd,  
Whom I love more than you ;  
Another fayrere, than ever ye were,  
I dare it wele avowe ;  
And of you bothe eche sholde be wrothe 295  
With other, as I trowe :  
It were myne ese, to lyve in pese ;  
So wyll I, yf I can ;  
Wherfore I to the wode wyll go,  
Alone, a banyshed man. 300

SHE.

Though in the wode I undyrstode  
Ye had a paramour,  
All this may nought remove my thought,  
But that I wyll be your :  
And she shall fynde me soft, and kynde 305  
And courteys every hour ;  
Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll  
Commaunde me to my power :  
For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,  
'Of them I wolde be one ;' 310  
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
I love but you alone.

Ver. 262, dy with him. Editor's MS. V. 278, outbrayd,  
Prol. and Mr. W. V. 262, ye be as, Prol. and Mr. W. V.  
263, Ye were unkynde to ley me behynde, Prol. and Mr. W.  
Ver. 310. So the Editor's MS. All the printed copies  
read :

Yet wold I be that one.

\* i.e. for this cause : though I were to die for having  
loved you.

HE.

Myne owne dere love, I see the prove  
That ye be kynde, and true ;  
Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe, 315  
The best that ever I knewe.  
Be mery and glad, be no more sad,  
The case is chaunged newe ;  
For it were ruth, that, for your truthe,  
Ye sholde have cause to rewe. 320  
Be nat dismayed ; whatsoever I sayd  
To you, whan I began ;  
I wyll nat to the grene wode go,  
I am no banyshed man.

SHE.

These tydings be more gladd to me,  
Than to be made a quene,  
Yf I were sure they sholde endure :  
But it is often sene,  
Whan men wyll breke promyse, they speke 325  
The wordes on the splene.  
Ye shape some wyle me to begyle,  
And stele from me, I wene :  
Than were the case worse than it was,  
And I more wo-begone :  
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde 330  
I love but you alone.

HE.

Ye shall nat nede further to drede ;  
I wyll nat dysparage  
You, (God defend !) syth ye descend  
Of so grete a lynage. 340  
Nowe undyrstande ; to Westmarlande,  
Which is myne herytage,  
I wyll you brynge ; and with a ryng  
By way of maryage  
I wyll you take, and lady make, 345  
As shortely as I can :  
Thus have you won an erlys son  
And not a banyshed man.

AUTHOR.

Here may ye see, that women be  
In love, meke, kynde, and stable : 350  
Late never man reprove them than,  
Or call them variable ;  
But, rather, pray God, that we may  
To them be comfortable ;  
Which sometyme proveth such, as he loveth, 355  
Yf they be charytable.  
For syth men wolde that women sholde  
Be meke to them each one,  
Moche more ought they to God obey,  
And serve but hym alone. 360

Ver. 315, of all, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 326, gladder, Prol. and  
Mr. W. V. 340, grete lynage, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 347,  
Then have. Prol. V. 348, and no banyshed, Prol. and Mr.  
W. V. 342, This line wanting in Prol. and, Mr. W. V.  
356, proved-loved, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 1b. as loveth, Camb.  
V. 357, Forsooth, Prol. and Mr. W.

## VII.

## A BALET BY THE EARL RIVERS.

THE amiable light in which the character of Anthony Widville the gallant Earl Rivers has been placed by the elegant Author of the Catalogue of Noble Writers, interests us in whatever fell from his pen. It is presumed therefore that the insertion of this little Sonnet will be pardoned, though it should not be found to have much poetical merit. It is the only original Poem known of that nobleman's; his more voluminous works being only translations. And if we consider that it was written during his cruel confinement in Pomfret castle a short time before his execution in 1483, it gives us a fine picture of the composure and steadiness with which this stout Earl beheld his approaching fate.

This ballad we owe to Rouse a contemporary historian, who seems to have copied it from the Earl's own hand writing: *In tempore*, says this writer, *incarcerationis apud Pontem-fractum edidit unum Balet in anglicis, ut mihi monstratum est, quod subsequitur sub his verbis*: SUM WHAT MUMNG, &c. "*Rossi Hist.* 8vo. 2 Edit. p. 213." In Rouse the 2d Stanza, &c. is imperfect, but the defects are here supplied from a more perfect copy printed in "*Ancient Songs*, from the time of King Henry III. to the Revolution," page 87.

This little piece, which perhaps ought rather to have been printed in stanzas of eight short lines, is written in imitation of a poem of Chaucer's, that will be found in Urry's Edit. 1721, p. 555, beginning thus:

"Alone walkyng, In thought plainyng,  
And sore sighyng, All desolate.  
My remembryng Of my livyng  
My death wishyng Bothe erly and late.

Inf fortunate Is so my fate  
That wote ye what, Out of mesure  
My life I hate; Thus desperate  
In such pore estate, Doe I endure, &c."

SUMWHAT musyng, And more mornyng,  
In remembreng The unстыdfastnes;  
This world being Of such wheylng,  
Me contrarieng, What may I gesse?

I fere dowties, Remediles, 5  
Is now to seee My wofull chaunce,  
[For unkyndnes, Withouten leas,  
And no redress, Me doth avaunce,

With displeaunce, To my grevaunce,  
And no suraunce Of remedy.] 10  
Lo in this traunce, Now in substaunce,  
Such is my dawnee, Wylling to dye.

Me thynkys truly, Bowwodyn am I,  
And that gretly, To be content;  
Seyng playnly, Fortune doth wry 15  
All contrary From myn entent.

My lyff was lent Me to on intent,  
Hytt is ny spent. Welcome fortune!  
But I ne went Thus to be shent,  
But sho hit ment; such is hur won. 20

## VIII.

## CUPID'S ASSAULT: BY LORD VAUX.

THE Reader will think that infant Poetry grew apace between the times of Rivers and Vaux, though nearly contemporaries; if the following Song is the composition of that Sir Nicholas (afterwards Lord) Vaux, who was the shining ornament of the court of Henry VII. and died in the year 1523.

And yet to this Lord it is attributed by Puttenham in his "*Art of Eng. Poesie*, 1589. 4to." a writer commonly well informed: take the passage at large. "In this figure [Counterfait Action] the Lord Nicholas Vaux, a noble gentleman and much delighted in vulgar making, and a man otherwise of no great learning, but having herein a marvelous facilitie, made a dittie representing the Battayle and Assault of Cupide, so excellently well, as for the gallant and propre application of his fiction in every part I cannot choose but set downe the greatest part of his ditty, for in truth it cannot be amended. When Cupid Scaled, &c." p. 200.—For a farther account of Nicholas Lord Vaux, see Mr. Walpole's Noble Authors. Vol. I.

The following Copy is printed from the first Edit. of Surrey's Poems, 1557, 4to.—See another Song of Lord Vaux's in the preceding Vol. Book II. No. II.

WHEN Cupide scaled first the fort,  
Wherein my hart lay wounded sore;  
The batry was of such a sort,  
That I must yelde or die therefore.

There sawe I Love upon the wall, 5  
How he his banner did display:  
Alarime, alarime, he gan to call:  
And bad his souldiours kepe aray.

The armes, the which that Cupide bare,  
Were pearced hartes with teares besprent, 10  
In silver and sable to declare  
The stedfast love, he alwayes ment.

Ver. 15, That fortune Rossi Hist. V. 19, went, i. e. weened.

There might you se his band all drest  
In colours like to white and blacke,  
With powder and with pelletes prest  
To bring the fort to spoile and sacke.

15

Good-wyll, the maister of the shot,  
Stode in the rampire brave and proude,  
For spence of powder he spared not  
Assault! assault! to crye aloude.

20

There might you heare the cannons rore;  
Eche pece discharged a lovers loke;  
Which had the power to rent, and tore  
In any place whereas they toke.

And even with the trumpettes sowne  
The scaling ladders were up set,  
And Beautie walked up and downe,  
With bow in hand, and arrowes whet.

25

Then first Desire began to scale,  
And abrouded him under 'his' targe;  
As one the worthiest of them all,  
And aptest for to geve the charge.

30

Then pushed souldiers with their pikes,  
And halberdes with handy strokes;  
The argubushes in fieshe it lightes,  
And duns the ayre with misty smokes.

35

And, as it is the souldiers use  
When shot and powder gins to want,  
I hanged up my flagge of truce,  
And pleaded up for my livres grant.

40

When Fanny thus had made her breche,  
And Beauty entred with her band,  
With bagge and baggage, sely wretch,  
I yelded into Beauties hand.

Then Beautie had to blow retirete,  
And every souldier to retire,  
And mercy wyll'd with spede to fet  
Me captive bound as prisoner.

45

Madame, quoth I, sith that this day  
Hath served you at all assayes,  
I yeld to you without delay  
Here of the fortresse all the kayes.

50

And sith that I have ben the marke,  
At whom you shot at with your eye;  
Nedes must you with your handy warke  
Or salve my sore, or let me die.

55

\* \* Since the foregoing song was first printed off, reasons have occurred, which incline me to believe that Lord Vaux the poet was not the Lord Nicholas Vaux, who died in 1523, but rather a successor of his in the title.—For in the first place it is remarkable that all the old writers mention Lord Vaux, the poet, as contemporary or rather posterior to Sir Thomas Wyatt, and the Earl of Surrey, neither of which made any figure till long after the death of the first Lord Nicholas Vaux. Thus Puttenham, in his "Art of English Poesie, 1589," in p. 48, having named Skelton, adds, "In the latter end of the same kings raigne [Henry VIII.] sprong up a new company of courtly makers [poets], of whom Sir Thomas Wyatt th' elder, and Henry Earl of Surrey, were the two chieftaines, who having travailed into Italie, and there tasted the sweet and stately measures and stile of the Italian poesie . . . greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesie . . . In the same time, or not long after, was the Lord Nicholas Vaux, a man of much facilitie in vulgar making \*." —Webbe, in his Discourse of English Poetrie, 1586, ranges them in the following order, "The Earl of Surrey, the Lord Vaux, Norton, Bristow." And Gascoigne, in the place quoted in the 1st vol. of this work [B. II. No. II.] mentions Lord Vaux after Surrey.—Again, the stile and measure of Lord Vaux's pieces seem too refined and polished for the age of Henry VII. and rather resemble the smoothness and harmony of Surrey and Wyatt, than the rude metre of Skelton and Hawes.—But what puts the matter out of all doubt, in the British Museum is a copy of his poem, *I lothe that I did love*, [vid. vol. I. ubi supra] with this title, "A dyttie or sonet made by the Lord Vaux, in the time of the noble Quene Marye, representing the image of Death." Harl. MSS. No. 1703, § 25.

It is evident then that Lord Vaux the poet was not he that flourished in the reign of Henry VII. but either his son, or grandson: and yet according to Dugdale's Baronage, the former was named Thomas, and the latter William: but this difficulty is not great, for none of the old writers mention the Christian name of the poetic Lord Vaux†, except Puttenham; and it is more likely that he might be mistaken in that lord's name, than in the time in which he lived, who was so nearly his contemporary.

Thomas Lord Vaux, of Harrowden in Northamptonshire, was summoned to parliament in 1531. When he died does not appear; but he probably lived till the latter end of Queen Mary's reign, since his son

William was not summoned to parliament till the last year of that reign, in 1558. This Lord died in 1595. See Dugdale, vol. ii. p. 304.—Upon the whole I am inclined to believe that Lord Thomas was the poet.

## IX.

## SIR ALDINGAR.

This old fabulous legend is given from the editor's folio MS. with conjectural emendations, and the insertion of some additional stanzas to supply and complete the story.

It has been suggested to the editor, that the

author of this poem seems to have had in his eye the story of Gunhilda, who is sometimes called Eleanor, and was married to the emperor (here called King) Henry.

\* I. e. Compositions in English.

† In the *Paradise of Deity Devices*, 1606, he is called simply "Lord Vaux the elder."



Oua king he kept a false stewarde,  
Sir Aldingar they him call ;  
A falsar steward than he was one,  
Serude not in bower nor hall.

He wolde have layne by our comelye queene, 5  
Her deere worshippe to betraye :  
Our queene she was a good womân,  
And evermore said him naye.

Sir Aldingar was wrothe in his mind, 10  
With her hee was never content,  
Till traiterous meanes he colde devyse,  
In a fyre to have her brent.

There came a lasar to the kings gate,  
A lasar both blinde and lame : 15  
He tooke the lasar upon his backe,  
Him on the queenes bed has layne.

" Lye still, lazâr, wheras thou lyst,  
Looke thou goe not hence away ;  
He make thee a whole man and a sound 20  
In two howers of the day \*."

Then went him forth sir Aldingar,  
And hyed him to our king :  
" If I might have grace, as I have space,  
Sad tydings I could bring."

Say on, say on, sir Aldingar, 25  
Saye on the soothe to mee,  
" Our queene hath chosen a new new love,  
And shee will have none of thee.

" If shee had chosen a right good knight,  
The lease had bene her shame ; 30  
But she hath chose her a lasar man,  
A lasar both blinde and lame."

If this be true, thou Aldingar,  
The tyding thou tellest to me,  
Then will I make thee a rich rich knight, 35  
Rich both of golde and fee.

But if it be false, sir Aldingar,  
As God nowe grant it bee !  
Thy body, I swear by the holy rood, 40  
Shall hang on the gallows tree.

He brought our king to the queenes chambër,  
And opend to him the dore.  
A lodye love, king Harry says,  
For our queene dame Elinore !

If thou were a man, as thou art none, 45  
Here on my sword thoust dye ;  
But a payre of new gallows shall be built,  
And there shalt thou hang on hye.

Forth then hyed our king, I wysee,  
And an angry man was hee ; 50  
And soone he found queene Elinore,  
That bride so bright of blee.

Now God you save, our queene, madame,  
And Christ you save and see ;  
Heere you have chosen a newe newe love, 55  
And you will have none of mee.

If you had chosen a right good knight,  
The lesse had been your shame :  
But you have chose you a lasar man,  
A lasar both blinde and lame. 60

Therefore a fyre there shall be built,  
And brent all shalt thou bee.—  
" Now out alacke ! said our comly queene,  
Sir Aldingar's false to mee.

Now out alacke ! sayd our comlye queene, 65  
My heart with grieve will brast.  
I had thought swerens had never been true ;  
I have proved them true at last.

I dreamt in my sweren on thursday eve,  
In my bed wheras I laye, 70  
I dreamt a grype and a grimlie beast  
Had carryed my crowne awaye :

My gorgett and my kirtle of golde,  
And all my faire head-geere ;  
And he wold worrye me with his tush 75  
And to his nest y-beare :

Saving there came a little 'gray' hawke,  
A merlin him they call,  
Which untill the grounde did strike the grype,  
That dead he downe did fall. 80

Giffe I were a man, as now I am none,  
A battell wold I prove,  
To fight with that traitor Aldingar ;  
Att him I cast my glove.

But seeing I me able noe battell to make, 85  
My liege, grant me a knight  
To fight with that traitor sir Aldingar,  
To maintaine me in my right."

" Now forty dayes I will give thee  
To seeke thee a knight therin : 90  
If thou find not a knight in forty dayes  
Thy bodye it must brenn."

Then shee sent east, and shee sent west,  
By north and south bedeene :  
But never a champion colde she find, 95  
Wolde fight with that knight soe keene.

Now twenty dayes were spent and gone,  
Noe helpe there might be had ;  
Many a teare shed our comelye queene  
And eye her hart was sad. 100

Then came one of the queenes damselles,  
And knelt upon her knee,  
" Cheare up, cheare up, my gracious dame,  
I trust yet helpe may be :

And here I will make mine avowe, 105  
And with the same me binde ;  
That never will I return to thee,  
Till I some helpe may finde."

Then forth she rode on a faire palfraye  
Oer hill and dale about : 110  
But never a champion colde she finde,  
Wolde fighte with that knight so stout.

\* He probably insinuates that the king should heal him by his power of touching for the King's Evil.

- And nowe the daye drewe on a pace,  
When our good queene must dye;  
All woe-begone was that faire damselle, 115  
When she found no helpe was nye.
- All woe-begone was that faire damselle,  
And the salt teares fell from her eye:  
When lo! as she rode by a rivers side,  
She met with a tinye boye. 120
- A tinye boye she mette, God wot,  
All clad in mantle of golde;  
He seemed noe more in mans likensse,  
Then a childe of four yere olde.
- Why grieve you, damselle faire, he sayd, 125  
And what doth cause you moene?  
The damselle scant wolde deigne a looke,  
But fast she pricked on.
- Yet turn againe, thou faire damselle,  
And greete thy queene from mee: 130  
When bale is att hyest, boote is nyest,  
Nowe helpe enoughe may bee.
- Bid her remember what she dreamt  
In her bedd, wheras shee laye;  
How when the grype and the grimly beast 135  
Wolde have carried her crowne awaye,
- Even then there came the little gray hawke,  
And saved her from his clawes:  
Then bidd the queene be merry at hart,  
For heaven will fende her cause. 140
- Back then rode that faire damselle,  
And her hart it lept for glee:  
And when she told her gracious dame  
A gladd woman then was shee.
- But when the appointed day was come, 145  
No helpe appeared nye:  
Then woeful, woeful was her hart,  
And the teares stood in her eye.
- And nowe a fyre was built of wood;  
And a stake was made of tree; 150  
And nowe Queene Elinor forth was led,  
A sorrowful sight to see.
- Three times the herault he waved his hand,  
And three times spake on hye:  
Giff any good knight will fende this dame, 155  
Come forth, or shee must dye.
- No knight stood forth, no knight there came,  
No helpe appeared nye:  
And now the fyre was lighted up,  
Queen Elinor she must dye. 160
- And now the fyre was lighted up,  
As hot as hot might bee;  
When riding upon a little white steed,  
The tinye boy they see.
- "Away with that stake, away with those brands,  
And loose our comelye queene: 166  
I am come to fight with Sir Aldingar,  
And prove him a traitor keene."
- Forth then stood Sir Aldingar,  
But when he saw the chylde, 170  
He laughed, and scoffed and turned his backe,  
And weened he had been beguyld.
- "Now turne, now turne thee, Aldingar,  
And eyther fighte or flee;  
I trust that I shall avenge the wronge, 175  
Though I am so small to see."
- The boye pulld forth a well-good sworde  
So gilt it dazaled the ee;  
The first stroke stricken at Aldingar  
Smote off his leggs by the knee. 180
- "Stand up, stand up, thou false traitor,  
And fight upon thy feete,  
For and thou thrive, as thou begin'st,  
Of height wee shall be meete."
- A priest, a priest, sayes Aldingar, 185  
While I am a man alive.  
A priest, a priest, sayes Aldingar,  
Me for to housle and shrive.
- I wolde have laine by our comlie queene,  
Bot shee wolde never consent; 190  
Then I thought to betraye her unto our kinge  
In a fyre to have her brent.
- There came a lazar to the kings gates,  
A lazar both blind and lame;  
I tooke the lazar upon my backe, 195  
And on her bedd had him layne.
- Then ranne I to our comlye king,  
These tidings sore to tell.  
But ever alacke! sayes Aldingar,  
Falsing never doth well, 200
- Forgive, forgive me, queene, madame,  
The short time I must live,  
"Nowe Christ forgive thee, Aldingar,  
As freely I forgive."
- Here take thy queene, our King Harrye, 205  
And love her as thy life,  
For never had a king in Christentye,  
A truer and fairer wife.
- King Henrye ran to claspe his queene,  
And loosed her full sone; 210  
Then turnd to look for the tinye boye;  
—The boye was vanisht and gone.
- But first he had touchd the lazar man,  
And stroakt him with his hand:  
The lazar under the gallows tree 215  
All whole and sounde did stand.
- The lazar under the gallows tree  
Was comelye, straight and tall;  
King Henrye made him his head stewarde  
To wryte withinn his hall. 220

## X.

## THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

## A SCOTTISH SONG.

Tradition informs us that the author of this song was King James V. of Scotland. This prince (whose character for wit and libertinism bears a great resemblance to that of his gay successor Charles II.) was noted for strolling about his dominions in disguise\*, and for his frequent gallantries with country girls. Two adventures of this kind he hath celebrated with his own pen, viz. in this ballad of "The Gaberlunzie Man;" and in another, entitled "The Jolly Beggar," beginning thus:

"Thair was a jollie beggar, and a begging he was boun,  
And he tuk up his quarters into a land'art toun.

Fa, la, la, &c."

It seems to be the latter of these ballads (which was too licentious to be admitted into this collection) that is meant in the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors †, where the ingenious writer remarks, that there is something very ludicrous in the young woman's distress when she thought her first favour had been thrown away upon a beggar.

Bishop Tanner has attributed to James V. the celebrated ballad of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," which is ascribed to King James I. in Bannatyne's MS. written in 1568: and notwithstanding that authority, the editor of this book is of opinion that Bishop Tanner was right.

King James V. died Dec. 13th, 1542, aged 33.

THE pauky auld Carle came ovr the lee  
Wi' mony good-eens and days to mee,  
Saying, Goodwife, for zour courtesie,  
Will ze lodge a silly poor man?

The night was cauld, the carle was wat,  
And down about the ingle he sat;  
My dochters shoulders he gan to clap,  
And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow! quo he, were I as free,  
As first when I saw this countrie,  
How blyth and merry wad I bee!

And I wad nevir think lang,  
He grew canty, and she grew fain;  
But little did her auld minny ken  
What thir slee twa together were say'n,  
When wooing they were sa thrang.

And O! quo he, ann ze were as black,  
As evir the crown of your dadyes hat,  
Tis I wad lay thee by my back,  
And awa wi' me thou sould gang.  
And O! quoth she, ann I were as white,  
As evir the snaw lay on the dike,  
Ild clead me braw, and lady-like,  
And awa with thee Ild gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;  
They raise a wee before the cock,  
And wyliey they shot the lock,

And fast to the bent are they gane.  
Up the morn the auld wife raise,  
And at her leisure put on her claiths,  
Syns to the servants bed she gae  
To speir for the silly poor man.

She gae to the bed, whair the beggar lay,  
The strae was cauld, he was away,  
She clapt her hands, cryd, Dulefu' day!

For some of our geir will be gane.  
Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,  
But nought was stown that could be mist.  
She dancid her lane, cryd, Praise be blest,  
I have lodgd a leal poor man.

Since naithings awa, as we can learn,  
The kims to kinn, and milk to earn,  
Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,  
And bid her come quickly ben.

The servant gae where the dochter lay,  
The sheets was cauld, she was away,  
And fast to her goodwife can say,  
Shes aff with the gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,  
And hast ze, find these traitors agen;  
For shees be burnt, and hees be slein,

The wearyfou gaberlunzie-man,  
Some rade upo horse, some ran a fit,  
The wife was wood, and out o' her wit;  
She could na gang, nor yet could ahe sit,  
But ay did curse and did ban.

Mean time far hind out owre the lee,  
For snug in a glen, where nane could see,  
The twa, with kindlie sport and glee,  
Cut frae a new cheese a whang.  
The priving was gude, it pleas'd them baith,  
To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.  
Quo she, to leave thee, I will be laith,  
My winsome gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I were wi' zou,  
Illfardly wad she crook her mou,  
Sic a poor man sheld nevir trow,  
Affir the gaberlunzie-mon.  
My dear, quo he, zee're zet owre songe;  
And hae na learnt the beggars tonge,  
To follow me frae toun to toun,  
And carrie the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' katk and keel, I'll win zour bread,  
And spindles and whorles for them wha need  
Whilk is a gentil trade indeed

The gaberlunzie to carrie—o.  
I'll bow my leg and crook my knee,  
And draw a black clout owre my ee,  
A cripel or blind they will cau me:  
While we sall sing and be merrie—o.

\* sc. of a tinker, beggar, &c. Thus he used to visit a smith's daughter at Niddry, near Edinburgh.  
† Vol. II. p. 202.

## XI.

## ON THOMAS LORD CROMWELL.

It is ever the fate of a disgraced minister to be forsaken by his friends, and insulted by his enemies, always reckoning among the latter the giddy inconstant multitude. We have here a spurn at fallen greatness from some angry partisan of declining Popery, who could never forgive the downfall of their Diana, and loss of their craft. The ballad seems to have been composed between the time of Cromwell's commitment to the Tower, June 11, 1540, and that of his being beheaded July 28, following. A short interval! but Henry's passion for Catharine Howard would admit of no delay. Notwithstanding our libeller, Cromwell had many excellent qualities: his great fault was too much obsequiousness to the arbitrary will of his master; but let it be considered that this master had raised him from obscurity, and that the high-born nobility had shewn him the way in every kind of mean and servile compliance.—The original copy printed at London in 1540, is intitled, "A newe ballade made of Thomas Crumwel, called Trolle on away." To it is prefixed this distich by way of burthen,

Trolle on away, trolle on awaye.

Synge heave and howe rombelowe trolle on away.

Born man and chylde is glad to here tell  
Of that false traytoure Thomas Crumwell,  
Now that he is set to learne to spell.

Synge trolle on away.

When fortune lokyd the in thy face,  
Thou haddyst fayre tyme, but thou lackydyst grace;  
Thy cofers with golde thou fyllydast a pace. 6

Synge, &c.

Both plate and chalys came to thy fyst,  
Thou lockydast them vp where no man wyst,  
Tyll in the kynges treasure suche thinges were  
myst.

Synge, &c.

Both crust and crumme came thorowe thy handes, 10  
Thy marchaundyse sayled over the sandes,  
Therefore nowe thou art layde fast in bandes.

Synge, &c.

Fyrste when kyng Henry, God saue his grace!  
Perceyud myschefe kyndlyd in thy face,  
Then it was tyme to purchase the a place. 15

Synge, &c.

Hys grace was euer of gentyll nature,  
Mouyd with petye, and made the hys seruyture;  
But thou, as a wretche, suche thinges dyd procure.  
Syng, &c.

Thou dyd not remembre, false heretyke,  
One God, one fayth, and one kyng catholyke, 20  
For thou hast bene so long a scysmetyke.

Synge, &c.

Thou woldyst not learne to knowe these thre;  
But euer was full of iniquite:  
Wherfore all this lande hathe ben troubled with the.  
Synge, &c.

All they, that were of the new trycke, 25  
Agaynst the churche thou baddest them stycke;  
Wherfore nowe thou haste touchyd the quycke.  
Synge, &c.

Bothe sacramentes and sacramentalles  
Thou woldyst not suffre within thy walles;  
Nor let vs praye for all chrysten soules. 30  
Synge, &c.

Of what generacyon thou were no tonge can tell,  
Whyther of Chayme, or Syschemell,  
Or else sent vs frome the deuyll of hell.  
Synge, &c.

The woldest neuer to vertue applye,  
But couetyd euer to clymme to hye, 35  
And nowe haste thou trodden thy shoo awrye.  
Synge, &c.

Who-so-euer dyd winne thou wolde not lose;  
Wherfore all Englande doth hate the, as I suppose.  
Bycause thou wast false to the redolent rose.  
Synge, &c.

Thou myghtest have learned thy cloth to flocks 40  
Upon thy greasy fullers stocke;  
Wherfore lay downe thy heade vpon this blocke.  
Synge, &c.

Yet saue that soule, that God hath bought,  
And for thy carcas care thou nought,  
Let it suffre payne, as it hath wrought. 45  
Synge, &c.

God saue kyng Henry with all his power,  
And prynce Edwards that goodly flowre,  
With al hys lordes of great honoure.  
Synge trolle on awaye, syng trolle on awaye.  
Heve and how rombelowe trolle on awaye.

††† The foregoing Piece gave rise to a poetio controversy, which was carried on through a succession of seven or eight Ballads written for and against Lord Cromwell. These are all preserved in the archives of the Antiquarian Society, in a large folio Collection of Proclamations, &c., made in the reigns of King Henry VIII., King Edward VI., Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, King James I, &c.

Ver. 32, i. e. Cain or Ishmael. V. 41. Cromwell's father is generally said to have been a blacksmith at Putney: but the author of this Ballad would insinuate that either he himself or some of his ancestors were Fullers by trade.

## XII.

## HARPALUS.

## AN ANCIENT ENGLISH PASTORAL.

This beautiful poem, which is perhaps the first attempt at pastoral writing in our language, is preserved among the "Songs and Sonnettes" of the Earl of Surrey, &c. 4to, in that part of the collection, which consists of pieces by "Uncertain Auctours." These poems were first published in 1557, ten years after that accomplished nobleman fell a victim to the tyranny of Henry VIII, but it is presumed most of them were composed before the death of Sir Thomas Wyatt in 1541. See Surrey's Poems, 4to, fol. 19, 49.

Though written perhaps near half a century before the "Shepherd's Calendar," this will be found far superior to any of those Eclogues, in natural unaffected sentiments, in simplicity of style, in easy flow of versification, and all other beauties of pastoral poetry. Spenser ought to have profited more by so excellent a model.

PHYLIDA was a faire mayde,  
As fresh as any flowre;  
Whom Harpalus the Herdman prayde  
To be his paramour.

Harpalus, and eke Corin, 5  
Were herdmen both yfere:  
And Phylida could twist and spinne,  
And thereto sing full clere.

But Phylida was all to coye, 10  
For Harpalus to winne:  
For Corin was her onely joye,  
Who forst her not a pinne.

How often would she flowers twine?  
How often garlandes make 15  
Of couslips and of colombine?  
And al for Corin's sake.

But Corin, he had hankes to lure,  
And forced more the field:  
Of lovers lawe he toke no cure;  
For once he was begilde. 20

Harpalus prevailed nought,  
His labour all was lost;  
For he was fardest from her thought,  
And yet he loved her most.

Therefore waxt he both pale and leane, 25  
And drye as clot of clay:  
His fleshe it was consumed cleane.  
His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long be shave;  
His heare hong all unkempt: 30  
A man most fit even for the grave,  
Whom spitefull love had spent.

His eyes were red, and all 'forewacht';  
His face besprent with teares:  
It semde unhap had him long 'hatcht', 35  
In mids of his dispaire.

His clothes were blacke, and also bare;  
As one forlorne was he;  
Upon his head alwayes he ware  
A wreath of wyllow tree. 40

His beastes he kept upon the hyll,  
And he sate in the dale;  
And thus with sighes and sorrowes shril,  
He gan to tell his tale.

Oh Harpalus! (thus would he say) 45  
Unhappiest under sunne!  
The cause of thine unhappy day,  
By love was first begunne.

For thou wentest first by sute to seeke  
A tigre to make tame, 50  
That settet not by thy love a leeke;  
But makes thy grieffe her game.

As easy it were for to convert  
The frost into 'a' flame;  
As for to turne a frowarde hert, 55  
Whom thou so faine wouldst frame.

Corin he liveth carelesse:  
He leapes among the leaves:  
He eates the frutes of thy redresse:  
Thou 'reapt', he takes the sheaves. 60

My beastes, a whyle your foodes refraine,  
And harke your herdman's sounde;  
Whom spitefull love, alas! hath slaine,  
Through-girt with many a wounde.

O happy be ye, beastes wilde, 65  
That here your pasture takes:  
I see that ye be not begilde  
Of these your faithfull makes.

The hart he feedeth by the hinde:  
The bucke harde by the do: 70  
The turtle dove is not unkinde  
To him that loves her so.

The ewe she hath by her the ramme;  
The young cow hath the bull:  
The calfe with many a lusty lambe 75  
Do fede their hunger full.

But, wel-away! that nature wrought  
The, Phylida, so faire:  
For I may say that I have bought  
Thy beauty all to deare. 80

\* First published in 1579.

Ver. 33, &c. The Corrections are from Ed. 1574.

What reason is that crueltye  
With beaultie should have part?  
Or els that such great tyranny  
Should dwell in womans hart?

I see therefore to shape my death 85  
She crueltye is preest;  
To th' ende that I may want my breath:  
My dayes been at the best.

O Cupide, graunt this my request, 90  
And do not stoppe thine eares,  
That she may feele within her brest  
The paines of my dispaire:

Of Corin 'who' is carelesse,  
That she may crave her fee:  
As I have done in great distresse, 95  
That loved her faithfully.

But since that I shal die her slave;  
Her slave, and eke her thrall:  
Write you, my frendes, upon my grave 100  
This chaunce that is befall.

"Here lieth unhappy Harpalus  
By cruell love now alaine:  
Whom Phylida unjustly thus  
Hath mured with disdaine."

## XIII.

## ROBIN AND MAKYNE.

## AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH PASTORAL.

The palm of pastoral poesy is here contested by a contemporary writer with the author of the foregoing. The critics will judge of their respective merits; but must make some allowance for the preceding ballad, which is given simply, as it stands in the old editions: whereas this, which follows, has been revised and amended throughout by Allan Ramsay, from whose "Ever-Green," Vol. I. it is here chiefly printed. The curious Reader may however compare it with the more original copy, printed among "Ancient Scottish Poems, from the MS. of George Bannatyne, 1568, Edinb. 1770, 12mo." Mr. Robert Henryson (to whom we are indebted for this Poem) appears to so much advantage among the writers of eclogue, that we are sorry we can give little other account of him besides what is contained in the following elege, written by W. Dunbar, a Scottish poet, who lived about the middle of the 16th century:

"In Dumferling, he [Death] hath tane Broun,  
With gude Mr. Robert Henryson."

Indeed some little further insight into the history of this Scottish bard is gained from the title prefixed to some of his poems preserved in the British Museum; viz. "The morall Fabillis of Eaop compylit be Maister Robert Henrisoun, Scolmaister of Dumfermling, 1571." Harleian MSS. 3865. §. 1.

In Ramsay's "Ever-Green," Vol. I. whence the above distich is extracted, are preserved two other little Doric pieces by Henryson; the one intitled "The Lyon and the Mouse;" the other "The Garment of Gude Ladyis." Some other of his Poems may be seen in the "Ancient Scottish Poems" printed from Bannatyne's MS. above referred to.

Roun sat on the gude grene hill,  
Keipand a flock of fis,  
Quhen mirry Makyne said him till,  
"O Robin rew on me:  
I haif thee luvt baith loud and still, 5  
Thir towmonds twa or thre;  
My dule in dern bot gif thou dill,  
Doubtless but dreed ill die."

Robin replied, Now by the rude, 10  
Naithing of luv I knaw,  
But keip my sheip undir yon wod:  
Lo quhair they raik on raw.

Quhat can have mart thee in thy mude,  
Thou Makyne to me schaw;  
Or quhat is luv, or to be lude? 15  
Fain wald I leir that law.

"The law of luv gin thou wald leir,  
Tak thair an A, B, C;  
Be heynd, courtas, and fair of feir,  
Wyse, hardy, kind and frie, 20  
See that nae danger do the deir,  
Quhat dule in dern thou drie;  
Press ay to pleis and blyth appeir,  
Be patient and privie."

Robin, he answert her againe, 25  
I wat not quhat is luv;  
But I haif marvel in certaine  
Quhat makes thee thus wanrufe.  
The wedder is fair, and I am fain;  
My sheip gais hail abuve; 30  
And sould we play us on the plain,  
They wald us baith repruve.

"Robin, tak tent unto my tale,  
And wrik all as I reid;  
And thou sall, haif my heart all hale, 35  
Eik and my maidenheid:  
Sen God, he sendis bute for bale,  
And for murning remeid,  
I'dern with thee bot gif I dale, 40  
Doubtless I am but deid."

Makyne, to-morn be this ilk tyde,  
Gif ye will meit me heir,  
Maybe my sheip may gang besyde,  
Quhyle we have liggd full neir; 45  
But maugre haif I, gif I byde,  
Frae thay begin to steir,  
Quhat lyes on heart I will nocht hyd,  
Then Makyne mak gude cheir.

Ver. 10, Bannatyne's MS. reads as above, heynd, not keynd, as in the Edinb. edit. 1770. V. 21, So that no dapper. Bannatyne's MS.

" Robin, thou raivs me of my rest ; I luvè bot thee alane." Makyne, adieu ! the sun goes west, The day is neir-hand gane. " Robin, in dule I am so drest, That luvè will be my bane." Mykyn, gae luvè quhair-eir ye list, For leman I luid nane.	50	" Robin, thou hast heard sung and say, In gasts and storys auld, The man that will not when he may, Sall have nocht when he wald. I pray to heaven baith nicht and day, Be eiked their cares sae cauld, That preeses first with thee to play Be forrest, firth, or fauld."	90
" Robin, I stand in sic a style, I sich and that full sair." Makyne, I have bene here this quyle ; At hame I wish I were. " Robin, my hinny, talk and amyle, Gif thou will do nae sair." Makyne, som other man beguyle, For hameward I will fare.	60	Makyne, the nicht is soft and dry, The wether warm and fair, And the grene wod richt neir-hand by, To walk attowre all where : There may nae janglers us espy, That is in luvè contrair ; Therin, Makyne, baith you and I Unseen may mak repair.	100
Syne Robin on his ways he went, As light as leif on tree ; But Makyne murt and made lament, Scho trow'd him neir to see. Robin he brayd attowre the bent : Then Makyne cried on hie, " Now may thou sing, for I am shent ! Quhat allis luvè at me ?"	65	" Robin, that warld is now away, And quyt brocht till an end : And nevir again thereto, perfay, Sall it be as thou wend ; For of my pain thou made bot play ; I words in vain did spend : As thou hast done, sae sall I say, Murn on, I think to mend."	105
Makyne went hame withouten fail, And weirylic could weip ; Then Robin in a full fair dale Assemblit all his sheip. Be that some part of Makyne's ail, Out-throw his heart could creip ; Hir fast he followt to assail, And till her tuke gude keip.	70	Makyne, the hope of all my heil, My heart on thee is set ; I'll evermair to thee be leil, Quhyle I may live but lett, Never to fail as uthers feill, Quhat grace so eir I get. Robin, with thee I will not deil ; Adieu, for this we met."	110
Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne, A word for ony thing ; For all my luvè, it sall be thyne, Withouten departing. All hale thy heart for till have myne, Is all my coveting ; My sheip to morn quhyle houris nyne, Will need of nae keiping.	75	Makyne, the hope of all my heil, My heart on thee is set ; I'll evermair to thee be leil, Quhyle I may live but lett, Never to fail as uthers feill, Quhat grace so eir I get. Robin, with thee I will not deil ; Adieu, for this we met."	115
	80	Makyne went hameward blyth enough, Outowre the holtis hair ; Pure Robin murt, and Makyne leugh ; Scho sang, and he sicht sair : And so left him bayth wo and wreuch, In dolor and in care, Keipand his herd under a heuch, Amang the rushy gair.	120
	85		125

## XIV.

## GENTLE HERDSMAN, TELL TO ME.

## DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND HERDSMAN.

The scene of this beautiful old ballad is laid near Walsingham, in Norfolk, where was anciently an image of the Virgin Mary, famous over all Europe for the numerous pilgrimages made to it, and the great riches it possessed. Erasmus has given a very exact and humorous description of the superstitions practised there in his time. (See his account of the "Virgo Parathalassia," in his colloquy, intitled, "Peregrinatio Religionis Ergo." He tells us, the rich offerings in silver, gold, and precious stones, that were there shewn him, were incredible, there being scarce a person of any note in England, but what some time or other paid a visit, or sent a present to "Our Lady of Walsingham." At the disso-

lution of the monasteries in 1538, this splendid image, with another from Ipswich, was carried to Chelsea, and there burnt in the presence of commissioners ; who, we trust, did not burn the jewels and the finery.

This poem is printed from a copy in the editor's folio MS. which had greatly suffered by the hand of time ; but vestiges of several of the lines remaining, some conjectural supplements have been attempted, which, for greater exactness, are in this one ballad distinguished by italics.

\* See at the end of this Ballad an account of the annual offerings of the Earls of Northumberland.

Ver. 90, Bannatyne's MS. has wold, not wood, as in Ed. 1770. V. 117, Bannatyne's MS. reads as above feill, no fall, as in Ed. 1770.

GENTLE herdsman, tell to me,  
Of curtesy I thee pray,  
Unto the towne of Walsingham  
Which is the right and ready way.

"Unto the towne of Walsingham 5  
The way is hard for to be gon;  
And verrey crooked are those pathes  
For you to find out all alone."

Weere the miles doubled thrise, 10  
And the way never soe ill,  
Itt were not enough for mine offence,  
Itt is soe grievous and soe ill.

"Thy yeeares are young, thy face is faire,  
Thy witts are weake, thy thoughts are greene;  
Time hath not given thee leave, as yett, 15  
For to committ so great a sinne."

Yes, herdsman, yes, soe woldest thou say,  
If thou knewest soe much as I;  
My witts, and thoughts, and all the rest, 20  
Have well deserved for to dye.

I am not what I seeme to bee,  
My clothes and sex doe differ farr.  
I am a woman, woe is me!  
Born to greffe and irksome care.

For my beloved, and well-beloved, 25  
My wayward cruelty could kill:  
And though my teares will nought avail,  
Most dearly I bewail him still.

He was the flower of noble wights,  
None ever more sincere cold bee;  
Of comely mien and shape hee was, 30  
And tenderly hee loved mee.

When thus I saw he loved me well,  
I grew so proud his paine to see,  
That I, who did not know my selfe, 35  
Thought scorn of such a youth as hee.

\*And grew soe coy and nice to please,  
As women's lookes are often soe,  
He might not kisse, nor hand forsooth, 40  
Unlesse I willed him soe to doe.

\* Three of the following stanzas have been finely paraphrased by Dr. Goldsmith, in his charming ballad of "Edwin and Emma;" the reader of taste will have a pleasure in comparing them with the original.

"And' still I try'd each sickle art,  
Importunate and vain;  
And while his passion touch'd my heart,  
I triumph'd in his paine.

"Till quite dejected with my scorn  
He left me to my pride;  
And sought a solitude forlorn,  
In secret, where he dy'd."

Thus being wearyed with delayes  
To see I pittied not his greiffe,  
He gott him to a secrett place,  
And there he dyed without releefe.

And for his sake these weeds I weare, 45  
And sacrifice my tender age;  
And every day Ile begg my bread,  
To undergo this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I fast and pray, 50  
And ever will doe till I dye;  
And gett me to some secrett place,  
For soe did hee, and soe will I.

Now, gentle herdsman, aske no more,  
But keepe my secretts I thee pray:  
Unto the towne of Walsingham 55  
Show me the right and ready way.

"Now goe thy wayes, and God before!  
For he must ever guide thee still:  
Turne downe that dale, the right hand path,  
And soe, faire pilgrim, fare thee well!"

\* \* \* To show what constant tribute was paid to  
"Our Lady of Walsingham," I shall give a few ex-  
tracts from the "Household-Book of Henry Algernon  
Percy, 5th Earl of Northumberland." Printed 1770,  
8vo.

Sect. XLIII. page 337, &c.

ITEM, My Lorde usith yerly to send afor Michaelmas  
for his Lordschip's Offerynge to our Lady of  
Walsyngeham.—*iiij d.*

ITEM, My Lorde usith ande accustomyth to sende  
yerely for the upholdyng of the Light of Wax  
which his Lordschip fyndith birnyng yerly befor  
our Lady of Walsyngham, contenyng *ij lb.* of  
Wax in it after *vij d. ob.* for the fyndyng of every  
*lb.* redy wrought by a covenant maid with the  
Channon by great, for the hole yere, for the fynd-  
inge of the said Lyght byrning.—*vi s. viiij d.*

ITEM, My Lord usith and accustomith to syende  
yerely to the Channon that kepith the Light before  
our Lady of Walsyngham, for his reward for the  
hole yere, for kepyng of the said Light, lyghtyng  
of it at all service tymes dayly thorowt the yere,—  
*xiij d.*

ITEM, My Lord usith and accustomyth yerely to  
send to the Preat that kepith the Light, lyghtyng  
of it at all service tymes daily thorowt the yere,—  
*iiij s. iiij d.*

But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,  
And well my life shall pay;  
I'll seek the solitude he sought,  
And stretch me where he lay.

And there forlorn despairing hid,  
I'll lay me down and die:  
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,  
And so for him will I.



## XV.

## KING EDWARD IV. AND THE TANNER OF TAMWORTH.

Was a story of great fame among our ancestors. The author of the "Art of English Poesie," 1589, 4to. seems to speak of it as a real fact.—Describing that vicious mode of speech, which the Greeks called *Acyron*, i. e. "When we use a dark and obscure word, utterly repugnant to that we should express;" he adds, "Such manner of uncouth speech did the Tanner of Tamworth use to king Edward the Fourth; which Tanner, having a great while mistaken him, and used very broad talke with him, at length perceiving by his traine that it was the king, was afraide he should be punished for it, [and] said thus, with a certain rude repentance,

"I hope I shall be hanged to-morrow,

"for [*I feare me*] *I shall be hanged*; whereat the king laughed a good\*, not only to see the Tanner's vaine feare, but also to heare his illshapen terme: and gave him for recompence of his good sport, the inheritance of Plumpton-parke. 'I am afraid,'" concludes this sagacious writer, "the poets of our times that speake more finely and correctedly, will come too short of such a reward," p. 214.—The phrase here referred to, is not found in this ballad at present†, but occurs with some variation in another old poem, intitled "John the Reeve," described in the following volume, (see the Preface to "the King and the Miller,") viz.:

"Nay, sayd John, by Gods grace,  
And Edward wer in this place,  
Hee shold not touch this tonne:  
He wold be wroth with John I hope,  
Therefore I beshrew the soupe,  
That in his mouth shold come." Pt. 2. st. 24.

The following text is selected (with such other corrections as occurred) from two copies in black letter. The one in the Bodleyan library, intitled, "A merrie, pleasant, and delectable historie betwene King Edward the Fourth, and a Tanner of Tamworth, &c. printed at London, by John Danter, 1596." This copy, ancient as it now is, appears to have been modernized and altered at the time it was published; and many vestiges of the more ancient readings were recovered from another copy, (though more recently printed,) in one sheet folio, without date, in the Pepys collection.

But these are both very inferior in point of antiquity to the old Ballad of "The King and the Barker," reprinted with other "Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry from Authentic Manuscripts, and old Printed Copies, &c. Lond. 1791, 8vo. As that very antique Poem had never occurred to the Editor of the Reliques, till he saw it in the above collection, he now refers the curious Reader to it, as an imperfect and incorrect copy of the old original Ballad.

In summer time, when leaves grow greene,  
And blossoms bedecke the tree,  
King Edward wolde a hunting ryde,  
Some pastime for to see.

\* Vid. Gloss.

†Nor in that of the Barker mentioned below.

With hawke and hounde he made him bowne, 5  
With horne, and eke with bowe;  
To Drayton Basset he tooke his waye,  
With all his lordes a rowe.

And he had ridden ore dale and downe 10  
By eight of clocke in the day,  
When he was ware of a bold tannèr,  
Come ryding along the waye.

A fayre russet coat the tanner had on  
Fast buttoned under his chin, 15  
And under him a good cow-hide,  
And a mare of four shilling\*.

Nowe stand you still, my good lordes all,  
Under the grene wood spraye;  
And I will wend to yonder fellowe,  
To weet what he will saye. 20

God speede, God speede thee, said our king.  
Thou art welcome, sir, sayd hee.  
"The readiest waye to Drayton Basset  
I praye thee to shewe to mee."

"To Drayton Basset woldst thou goe, 25  
Fro the place where thou dost stand?  
The next payre of gallows thou comest unto,  
Turne in upon thy right hand."

That is an unreadye waye, sayd our king,  
Thou doest but jest I see; 30  
Nowe shewe me out the nearest waye,  
And I pray the wend with mee.

Awaye with a vengeance! quoth the tanner:  
I hold thee out of thy witt:  
All daye have I rydden on Brocke my mare, 35  
And I am fasting yett.

"Go with me downe to Drayton Basset,  
No daynties we will spare;  
All daye shalt thou eate and drinke of the best,  
And I will paye thy fare." 40

Gramercye for nothing, the tanner replyde,  
Thou payest no fare of mine:  
I trowe I've more nobles in my purse,  
Than thou hast pence in thine.

God give thee joy of them, sayd the king, 45  
And send them well to priefe.  
The tanner wolde faine have beene away,  
For he weende he had beene a thiefe.

\* In the reign of Edward IV. Dame Cecili, lady of Torboke, in her will, dated March 7, A.D. 1466, among many other bequests, has this, "Also I will that my sonne Thomas of Torboke have 13s. 4d. to buy him an horse." Vid. Harleian Catalog. 2176. 27.—Now if 13s. 4d. would purchase a steed fit for a person of quality, a tanner's horse might reasonably be valued at four or five shillings.

What art thou, hee sayde, thou fine fellowe,  
Of thee I am in great feare, 50  
For the clothes, thou wearest upon thy backe,  
Might besee me a lord to weare.

I never stole them, quoth our king,  
I tell you, sir, by the roode.  
"Then thou playest, as many an unthrift doth, 55  
And standest in midds of thy goode."

What tydinges heere you, sayd the kynge,  
As you ryde farre and neare?  
"I heare no tydinges, sir, by the masse,  
But that cowe-hides are deare." 60

"Cowe-hides! cowe-hides! what things are those?  
I marvell what they bee?"  
What art thou a foole? the tanner reply'd;  
I carry one under mee.

What craftsman art thou, said the king, 65  
I praye thee tell me trowe.  
"I am a barkert, sir, by my trade;  
Nowe tell me what art thou?"

I am a poore courtier, sir, quoth he,  
That am forth of service worne; 70  
And faine I wolde thy prentise bee.  
Thy cunnings for to learne.

Marrye heaven forfend, the tanner replyde,  
That thou my prentise were:  
Thou woldst spend more good than I shold winne  
By fortye shilling a yere. 76

Yet one thing wolde I, sayd our king,  
If thou wilt not seeme strange:  
Thoughe my horse be better than thy mare,  
Yet with thee I faine wold change. 80

"Why if with me thou faine wilt change,  
As change full well maye wee,  
By the faith of my bodye, thou proude fellowe,  
I will have some boot of thee."

That were against reason, sayd the king, 85  
I sweare, so mote I thee:  
My horse is better than thy mare,  
And that thou well mayst see.

"Yea, sir, but Brocke is gentle and mild,  
And softly she will fare: 90  
Thy horse is unrulye and wild, I wiss;  
Aye skipping here and there."

What boote wilt thou have? our king reply'd;  
Now tell me in this stound.  
"Noe pence, nor half pence, by my faye,  
But a noble in gold so round." 95

"Here's twentye groates of white moneye,  
Sith thou wilt have it of mee."  
I would have sworne now, quoth the tanner,  
Thou hadst not had one pennie. 100

But since we two have made a change,  
A change we must abide,  
Although thou hast gotten Brocke my mare,  
Thou gettest not my cow-hide.

I will not have it, sayd the kynge, 105  
I sweare, so mought I thee;  
Thy foule cowe-hide I wolde not beare,  
If thou woldst give it to mee.

The tanner hee tooke his good cowe-hide,  
That of the cow was hilt; 110  
And threwe it upon the king's sadelle,  
That was soe fayrelye gilte.

"Now help me up, thou fine fellowe,  
'Tis time that I were gone:  
When I come home to Gyllian my wife,  
Sheel say I am a gentilmou." 115

The king he tooke him up by the legges;  
The tanner a foote lett fall.  
Nowe marrye, good fellowe, sayd the kyng,  
Thy courtesye is but small. 120

When the tanner he was in the kinges sadelle,  
And his footes in his stirrup was;  
He marvelled greatlye in his minde,  
Whether it were golde or brasse.

But when his steede saw the cows taile wagge, 125  
And eke the blacke cowe-horne;  
He stamped, and stared, and awaye he ranne,  
As the devill had him borne.

The tanner he pulld, the tanner he sweat,  
And held by the pummil fast: 130  
At length the tanner came tumblinge dōwae;  
His necke he had well-nye brast.

Take thy horse again with a vengeance, he sayd,  
With mee he shall not byde.  
"My horse wolde have borne thee well enough, 135  
But he knewe not of thy cowe-hide.

"Yet if agayne thou faine woldst change,  
As change full well may wee,  
By the faith of my bodye, thou jolly tanner,  
I will have some boote of thee." 140

What boote wilt thou have, the tanner replyd,  
Nowe tell me in this stound?  
"Noe pence nor halfpence, sir, by my faye,  
But I will have twentye pound."

"Here's twentye groates out of my purse; 145  
And twentye I have of thine:  
And I have one more, which we will spend  
Together at the wine."

The king set a bugle horne to his mouthe,  
And blew both loude and shrille: 150  
And soone came lords, and soone came knights,  
Fast ryding over the hille.

Nowe, out alas! the tanner he cryde,  
That ever I sawe this daye!  
Thou art a strong thiefe, yon come thy fellowes  
Will beare my cowe-hide away. 156

They are no thieves, the king replyde,  
I sweare, soe mote I thee:  
But they are the lords of the north countrè,  
Here come to hunt with mee. 160

\* I.e. has no other wealth, but what thou carriest about thee.

† I.e. a dealer in Bark.

And soone before our king they came,  
And knelt downe on the groundes :  
Then might the tanner have beene awaye,  
And had lever than twentye pounce.

A collar, a collar, here : sayd the king, 165  
A collar he loud gan crye :  
Then woulde he lever then twentye pound,  
He had not beene so nigh.

A collar, a collar, the tanner he sayd,  
I trowe it will breed sorrowe : 170  
After a collar commeth a halter,  
I trow I shall be hang'd to-morrowe.

Be not afraid tanner, said our king ;  
I tell thee, so mought I thee,  
Lo here I make thee the best esquire 175  
That is in the North countrie\*.

For Plumpton-parke I will give thee,  
With tenements faire beside :  
'Tis worth three hundred markes by the yeare,  
To maintaine thy good cowe-hide. 180

Gramercye, my liege, the tanner replyde,  
For the favour thou hast me showne ;  
If ever thou comest to merry Tamworth,  
Neates leather shall clout thy shoen.

## XVI.

## AS YE CAME FROM THE HOLY LAND.

## DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND TRAVELLER.

THE scene of this song is the same as in N.m. XIV. The pilgrimage to Walsingham suggested the plan of many popular pieces. In the Pepys collection, vol. I. p. 226, is a kind of interlude in the old ballad style, of which the first stanza alone is worth reprinting.

As I went to Walsingham,  
To the shrine with speede,  
Met I with a jolly palmer  
In a pilgrimes weede.  
Now God you save, you jolly palmer !  
"Welcome, lady gay,  
Oft have I sued to thee for love."  
—Oft have I said you nay.

The pilgrimages undertaken on pretence of religion, were often productive of affairs of gallantry, and led the votaries to no other shrine than that of Venus\*.

The following ballad was once very popular ; it is quoted in Fletcher's "Knight of the burning pestle," Act II. sc. ult. and in another old play, called, "Hans Bear-pot, his invisible Comedy, &c." 4to. 1618: Act I. The copy below was communicated to the Editor by the late Mr. Shenstone as corrected by him from an ancient copy, and supplied with a concluding stanza.

We have placed this, and "Gentle Herdsman," &c. thus early in the works, upon a presumption that they must have been written, if not before the dissolution of the monasteries, yet while the remembrance of them was fresh in the minds of the people.

As ye came from the holy land  
Of blessed Walsingham,  
O met you not with my true love  
As by the way ye came?

"How should I know your true love, 5  
That have met many a one,  
As I came from the holy land,  
That have both come, and gone?"

\* Even in the time of Langland, pilgrimages to Walsingham were not unfavourable to the rites of Venus. Thus in his *Visions of Pierce Plowman*, fo. 1.

"Hermets on a heape, with hoked staves,  
Wenten to Walsingham, and her wenchies after."

† i. e. their.

My love is neither white\*, nor browne,  
But as the heavens faire; 10  
There is none hath her form divine,  
Either in earth, or ayre.

"Such an one did I meet, good sir,  
With an angelicke face ;  
Who like a nympe, a queene appeard 15  
Both in her gait, her grace."

Yes : she hath cleane forsaken me,  
And left me all alone ;  
Who some time loved me as her life,  
And called me her owne. 20

"What is the cause she leaves thee thus,  
And a new way doth take,  
That some times loved thee as her life,  
And thee her joy did make?"

I that loved her all my youth, 25  
Grove old now as you see ;  
Love liketh not the falling fruites,  
Nor yet the withered tree.

For love is like a carelesse childe,  
Forgetting promise past :  
He is blind, or deaf, whenever he list ;  
His faith is never fast. 30

His fond desire is fickle found,  
And yielde a trustlesse joye ;  
Wonne with a world of toil and care, 35  
And lost ev'n with a toy.

\* This stanza is restored from a quotation of this Ballad in Selden's "Titles of Honour," who produces it as a good authority to prove, that one mode of creating Esquires at that time, was by the imposition of a collar. His words are, "Nor is that old pamphlet of the tanner of Tamworth and King Edward the Fourth so contemptible, but that we may thence note also an observable passage, wherein the use of making Esquires, by giving collars, is expressed." (Sub Tit. Esquire; & vide in Spelman's *Glossar. Armiger.*) This form of creating Esquires actually exists at this day among the Sergeants at Arms, who are invested with a collar (which they wear on Collar Days) by the King himself.

This information I owe to Samuel Pegge, Esq. to whom the Public is indebted for that curious work, the "Curialia," 4to.

† sc. pale.

Such is the love of womankind,  
Or Loves faire name abuse,  
Benesthe which many vaine desires,  
And follyes are excude.

40

' But true love is a lasting fire,  
Which viewless vestals \* tend,  
That burnes for ever in the soule,  
And knowes nor change, nor end.'

\* \*

## XVII.

## HARDYKNUTE.

## A SCOTTISH FRAGMENT.

As this fine morsel of heroic poetry hath generally past for ancient, it is here thrown to the end of our earliest pieces; that such as doubt of its age, may the better compare it with other pieces of genuine antiquity. For after all, there is more than reason to suspect, that it owes most of its beauties (if not its whole existence) to the pen of a lady, within the present century. The following particulars may be depended on. Mrs. Wardlaw, whose maiden name was Halket (sunt to the late Sir Peter Halket, of Pittferran, in Scotland, who was killed in America, along with General Braddock, in 1755), pretended she had found this poem, written on shreds of paper, employed for what is called the bottoms of clues. A suspicion arose that it was her own composition. Some able judges asserted it to be modern. The lady did in a manner acknowledge it to be so. Being desired to shew an additional stanza, as a proof of this, she produced the two last, beginning with "*There's nae light,*" &c. which were not in the copy that was first printed. The late Lord President Forbes, and Sir Gilbert Elliot, of Minto (late Lord Justice Clerk for Scotland) who had believed it ancient, contributed to the expence of publishing the first Edition, in folio, 1719. This account was transmitted from Scotland by Sir David Dalrymple, the late Lord Hailes, who yet was of opinion, that part of the ballad may be ancient; but retouched and much enlarged by the lady above mentioned. Indeed he had been informed, that the late William Thompson, the Scottish musician, who published the "*Orpheus Caledonius*," 1733, 2 vols. 8vo. declared he had heard Fragments of it repeated in his infancy, before Mrs. Wardlaw's copy was heard of.

The Poem is here printed from the original Edition, as it was prepared for the press with the additional improvements. (See below, page 116.)

## I.

Stately stept he east the wa',  
And stately stept he west,  
Full seventy years he now had seen,  
Wi' scarce seven years of rest.  
He liv'd when Britons breach of faith  
Wrought Scotland mickle wae:  
And ay his sword taik'd to their cost,  
He was their deadye fae.

5

## II.

High on a hill his castle stood,  
With ha's and tow'rs a height.  
And goodly chambers fair to see,  
Where he lodged mony a knight.  
His dame was peerless anes and fair,  
For chaste and beauty deem'd  
Nae marrow had in all the land,  
Save Elenor the queen.

15

## III.

Full thirteen sons to him she bare,  
All men of valour stout:  
In bloody fight with sword in hand  
Nine lost their lives bot doubt:  
Four yet remain, lang may they live  
To stand by liege and land;  
High was their fame, high was their might,  
And high was their command.

20

## IV.

Great love they bare to Fairly fair  
Their sister soft and dear,  
Her girdle shaw'd her middle gimp,  
And gowden glist her hair.  
What waefu' was her beauty bred?  
Waefu' to young and auld,  
Waefu' I trow to kyth and kin,  
As story ever tauld.

25

## V.

The King of Norse in summer tyde,  
Puff'd up with pow'r and might,  
Landed in fair Scotland the isle  
With mony a hardy knight.  
The tydings to our good Scots king  
Came, as he sat at dine,  
With noble chiefs in brave aray,  
Drinking the blood-red wine.

35

## VI.

"To horse, to horse, my royal liege,  
Your faes stand on the strand,  
Full twenty thousand glittering spears  
The King of Norse commands."  
Bring me my steed Mage dapple gray,  
Our good king rose and cry'd,  
A trustier beast in a' the land  
A Scots king nevir try'd.

45

## VII.

Go little page, tell Hardyknute,  
That lives on hill sae hie,  
To draw his sword, the dread of faes,  
And haste and follow me.  
The little page flew swift as dart  
Flung by his master's arm,  
"Come, down, come down, lord Hardyknute,  
And rid your king frae harm."

55

## VIII.

Then red red grew his dark brown cheeks,  
Sae did his dark-brown brow;  
His looks grew keen as they were wont  
In dangers great to do;

60

\* sc. Angels.

I

He's ta'en a horn as green as glass,  
And gi'en five sounds sae shill,  
That trees in green wood shook thereat,  
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

## IX.

His sons in manly sport and glee,  
Had past that summer's morn,  
When low down in a grassy dale,  
They heard their father's horn.  
That horn, quo' they, ne'er sounds in peace,  
We've other sport to bide.  
And soon they hy'd them up the hill,  
And soon were at his side.

## X.

"Late late the yestreen I ween'd in peace  
To end my lengthened life,  
My age might well excuse my arm  
Frae many feats of strife,  
But now that Norse do's proudly boast  
Fair Scotland to intrall,  
It's ne'er be said of Hardyknute,  
He fear'd to fight or fall.

## XI.

"Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow,  
Thy arrows shoot sae leel,  
That mony a comely countenance  
They've turned to deadly pale.  
Brade Thomas take you but your lance,  
You need nae weapons mair,  
If you fight wi't as you did anes  
'Gainst Westmoreland's fierce heir

## XII.

"And Malcolm, light of foot as stag  
That runs in forest wild,  
Get me my thousands three of men  
Well bred to sword and shield:  
Bring me my horse and harnisine,  
My blade of mettall clear.  
If faes but ken'd the hand it bare,  
They soon had fled for fear.

## XIII.

"Farewell my dame sae peerless good,  
(And took her by the hand),  
Fairer to me in age you seem,  
Than maids for beauty fam'd  
My youngest son shall here remain  
To guard these stately towers,  
And shut the silver bolt that keeps  
Sae fast your painted bowers."

## XIV.

And first she wet her comely cheiks,  
And then her boddice green,  
Her silken cords of twirl twist,  
Well plett with silver sheen;  
And apron set with mony a dice  
Of needle-wark sae rare,  
Wove by nae hand, as ye may guess,  
Save that of Fairly fair.

## XV.

And he has ridden o'er muir and moss,  
O'er hills and mony a glen,  
When he came to a wounded knight  
Making a heavy mane;

"Herè maun I lye, here maun I dye,  
By treacherie's false guilees;  
Widless I was that e'er ga faith  
To wicked woman's smiles."

## XVI.

"Sir knight, gin you were in my bower,  
To lean on silken seat,  
My lady's kindly care you'd prove,  
Who ne'er knew deadly hate.  
Herself wou'd watch you a' the day,  
Her maids a dead of night;  
And Fairly fair your heart wou'd chear,  
As she stands in your sight.

## XVII.

"Arise young knight, and mount your steed  
Full louns the shynand day:  
Choose frae my menzie whom ye please  
To lead you on the way."  
With smileless look, and visage wan  
The wounded knight reply'd,  
"Kind chieftain, your intent pursue,  
For here I maun abyde.

## XVIII.

To me nae after day nor night  
Can e're be sweet or fair,  
But soon beneath some draping tree,  
Cauld death shall end my care."  
With him nae pleading might prevail;  
Brave Hardyknute to gain  
With fairest words, and reason strong,  
Strave courteously in vain.

## XIX.

Syne he has gane far hynd out o'er  
Lord Chattan's land sae wide;  
That lord a worthy wight was ay  
When faes his courage sey'd:  
Of Pictish race by mother's side,  
When Picts rul'd Caledon,  
Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid,  
When he sav'd Pictish crown.

## XX.

Now with his fierce and stalwart train,  
He reach'd a rising hight,  
Quhair braid encampit on the dale,  
Norss menzie lay in sight.  
"Yonder my valiant sons and feirs  
Our raging revers wait  
On the unconquert Scottish sward  
To try with us their fate.

## XXI.

Make orisons to him that sav'd  
Our sauls upon the rude;  
Synne bravely shaw your veins are fill'd  
With Caledonian blude."  
Then furth he drew his trusty glave,  
While thousands all around  
Drawn frae their sheaths glanc'd in the sun;  
And loud the boules sound.

## XXII.

To joyn his king adoun the hill  
In hast his merch he made,  
While, playand pibrochs, minstalls meit  
Afore him stately strade,

"Thrice welcome valiant stoup of weir,  
Thy nations shield and pride ;  
Thy king nae reason has to fear  
When thou art by his side." 175

## XXIII.

When bows were bent and darts were thravn ;  
For thrang scarce cou'd they flee ;  
The darts clove arrows as they met,  
The arrows dart the tree. 180  
Lang did they rage and fight fu' fierce,  
With little skaith to mon,  
But bloody bloody was the field,  
Ere that lang day was done.

## XXIV.

The King of Scots, that sindle brook'd 185  
The war that look'd like play,  
Draw his braid sword, and brake his bow,  
Sin bows seem'd but delay.  
Quoth noble Rothsay, " Mine I'll keep,  
I wat it's bled a score. 190  
Haste up my merry men, cry'd the king  
As he rode on before.

## XXV.

The King of Norss he sought to find,  
With him to mense the faught,  
But on his forehead there did light 195  
A sharp unsonsie shaft :  
As he his hand put up to feel  
The wound, an arrow keen,  
O wae fu' chance ! there pinn'd his hand  
In midst between his een. 200

## XXVI.

" Revenge, revenge, cry'd Rothsay's heir,  
Your mail-coat sha' na bide  
The strength and sharpness of my dart : "  
Then sent it through his side.  
Another arrow well he mark'd, 205  
It pierc'd his neck in twa,  
His hands then quat the silver reins,  
He low as earth did fa'.

## XXVII.

" Sair bleids my liege, sair, sair he bleeds ! "  
Again wi' might he draw 210  
And gesture dread his sturdy bow,  
Fast the braid arrow flew :  
Wae to the knight he ettled at ;  
Lament now Queen Elgreed ;  
High dames too wail your darling's fall, 215  
His youth and comely meed.

## XXVIII.

" Take aff, take aff his costly jupe  
(Of gold well was it twin'd,  
Knit like the fowler's net, through quhilk,  
His steelly harness shin'd) 220  
Take, Norss, that gift frae me, and bid  
Him venge the blood it bears ;  
Say, if he face my bended bow,  
He sure nae weapon fears."

## XXIX.

Proud Norss with giant body tall, 225  
Braid shoulders and arms strong,  
Cry'd, " Where is Hardyknute sae fam'd  
And fear'd at Britain's throne :

Tho' Britons tremble at his name  
I soon shall make him wail, 230  
That e'er my sword was made sae sharp,  
Sae saft his coat of mail."

## XXX.

That brag his stout heart cou'd na bide,  
It lent him youthfu' might :  
" I'm Hardyknute ; this day, he cry'd, 235  
To Scotland's king I heght  
To lay thee low, as horses hoof ;  
My word I mean to keep."  
Syne with the first stroke e'er he strake,  
He garr'd his body bleed. 240

## XXXI.

Norss' een like gray goshawk's sta ir'd wyid,  
He sigh'd wi' shame and spite ;  
" Disgrac'd is now my far-fam'd arm  
That left thee power to strike : "  
Then ga' his head a blow sae fell, 245  
It made him doun to stoup,  
As laigh as he to ladies us'd  
In courtly guise to lout.

## XXXII.

Fu' soon he rais'd his bent body,  
His bow he marvell'd sair, 250  
Sin blows till then on him but darr'd  
As touch of fairly fair :  
Norss marvell'd too as sair as he  
To see his stately look ;  
Sae soon as e'er he strake a fae. 255  
Sae soon his life he took.

## XXXIII.

Where like a fire to heather set  
Bauld Thomas did advance,  
Ane sturdy fae with look enrag'd  
Up toward him did prance ; 260  
He spurr'd his steid through thickest ranks  
The hardy youth to quell,  
Wha stood unmov'd at his approach  
His fury to repell.

## XXXIV.

" That short brown shaft sae meanly trimm'd, 265  
Looks like poor Scotlands gear.  
But dreadfull seems the rusty point ! "  
And loud he leugh in jeer.  
" Oft Britons bood has dimm'd its shine ;  
This point cut short their vaunt : "  
Syne pierc'd the boasters bearded cheek ; 270  
Nae time he took to taunt.

## XXXV.

Short while he in his saddle swang,  
His stirrup was nae stay,  
Sae feeble hang his unbent knee 275  
Sure taiken he was fey :  
Swith on the harden't clay he fell,  
Right far was heard the thud :  
But Thomas look't nae as he lay.  
All waltering in his blud : 280

## XXXVI.

With careless gesture, mind unmov't,  
On roade he north the plain ;  
His seem in throng of fiercest strife,  
When winner ay the same :

Not yet his heart dames dimplet cheek  
 Could mease soft leve to bruik,  
 Till vengefu' Ann return'd his scorn,  
 Then languid grew his luik.

## xxxvii.

In thraws of death, with walowit cheik.  
 All panting on the plain,  
 The fainting corps of warrior's lay,  
 Ne're to arise again ;  
 Ne're to return to native land,  
 Nae mair with blithsome sounds  
 To boast the glories of the day,  
 And shaw their shining wounds.

## xxxviii.

On Norways coast the widowit dame  
 May wash the rocks with tears,  
 May lang luik ow'r the shipless seas  
 Before her mate appears.  
 Cease, Emma, cease to hope in vain ;  
 Thy lord lyes in the clay ;  
 The valiant Scots nae revers thole  
 To carry life away.

## xxxix.

Here on a lee, where stands a cross  
 Set up for monument,  
 Thousands fu' fierce that summer's day  
 Fill'd keen war's black intent.  
 Let Scots, while Scots, praise Hardyknute,  
 Let Norse the name ay dread,  
 Ay how he faught, aft how he spar'd  
 Shall latest ages read.

## xl.

Now loud and chill blew th' westlin wind,  
 Sair beat the heavy shower,  
 Mirk grew the night ere Hardyknute  
 Wan near his stately tower.  
 His tow'r that us'd wi' torches blaze  
 To shine sae far at night,  
 Seem'd now as black as mourning weed,  
 Nae marvel sair he sigh'd.

## xli.

"There's nae light in my lady's bower,  
 There's nae light in my ha' ;  
 Nae blink shines round my Fairly fair,  
 Nor ward stands on my wa'  
 "What bodes it ? Robert, Thomas, say ;"—  
 Nae answer fits their dread.  
 "Stand back, my sons, I'll be your guide ?"  
 But by they past with speed.

## xlii.

"As fast I've sped owre Scotland's faes,"—  
 There ceas'd his brag of weir,  
 Sair sham'd to mind ought but his dame,  
 And maiden Fairly fair.  
 Black fear he felt, but what to fear  
 He wist nae yet ; wi' dread  
 Sair shook his body, sair his limbs,  
 And a' the warrior fled.

\* \* In an elegant publication, intitled, "Scottish Tragic Ballads, printed by and for J. Nichols, 1781, 8vo," may be seen a continuation of the Ballad of Hardyknute, by the addition of a "Second Part," which hath since been acknowledged to be his own composition, by the ingenious Editor—To whom the

late Sir D. Dalrymple communicated (subsequent to the account drawn up above in p. 113.) extracts of a letter from Sir John Bruce, of Kinross, to Lord Binning, which plainly proves the pretended discoverer of the fragment of Hardyknute to have been Sir John Bruce himself. His words are, "To perform my promise, I send you a true copy of the Manuscript I found some weeks ago in a vault at Dumferline. It is written on vellum in a fair Gothic character, but so much defaced by time, as you'll find that the tenth part is not legible." He then gives the whole fragment as it was first published in 1719, save one or two stanzas, marking several passages as having perished by being illegible in the old MS. Hence it appears that Sir John was the author of Hardyknute, but afterwards used Mrs. Wardlaw to be the midwife of his Poetry, and suppressed the story of the vault ; as is well observed by the Editor of the Tragic Ballads, and of Maitland's Scot. Poets, vol. I. p. cxxvii.

To this gentleman we are indebted for the use of the copy, whence the second edition was afterwards printed, as the same was prepared for the press by John Clerk, M.D. of Edinburgh, an intimate companion of Lord President Forbes.

The title of the first edition was, "Hardyknute, a Fragment. Edinburgh, printed for James Watson, &c. 1719." folio, 12 pages.

Stanzas not in the first edition are, Nos. 17, 18, 20, 21, 22, 23, 34, 35, 36, 37, 41, 42.

In the present impression the orthography of Dr. Clerk's copy has been preserved, and his readings carefully followed, except in a few instances, wherein the common edition appeared preferable: viz. He had in ver. 20. *but*.—v. 56. *of harm*.—v. 64. *every*.—v. 67. *lo down*.—v. 83. *That omitted*.—v. 89. *And omitted*.—v. 143. *With argument but vainly strave Lang*.—v. 148. *say'd*.—v. 155. *incampit on the plain*.—v. 156. *Norse squadrons*.—v. 158. *regand revers*.—v. 170. *his strides he bent*.—v. 171. *minstrals play and Pibrochs fine*.—v. 172. *stately went*.—v. 182. *mon*.—v. 196. *sharp and fatal*.—v. 219. *which*.—v. 241. *stood wyld*.—Stanza 39 preceded stanza 38.—v. 305. *There*.—v. 313. *blew wrestling*.—v. 336. had originally been, *He fear'd a' cou'd be fear'd*.

The editor was also informed, on the authority of Dr. David Clerk, M.D. of Edinburgh (son of the aforesaid Dr. John Clerk,) that between the present stanzas 36 and 37, the two following had been intended, but were on maturer consideration omitted, and do not now appear among the MS. additions :

Now darts flew wavering through slaw speede,  
 Scarce could they reach their aim ;  
 Or reach'd, scarce blood the round point drew,  
 'Twas all but shot in vain :  
 Righ strengthy arms forfeeble'd grew,  
 Sair wreck'd wi' that day's toils :  
 E'en fierce-born minds now lang'd for peace,  
 And cur'd war's cruel broils.

Yet still wars horns sounded to charge,  
 Swords clash'd and harness rang ;  
 But saftly sae ilk blaster blew  
 The hills and dales fraemang.  
 Nae echo heard in double dints,  
 Nor the lang-winding horn,  
 Nae mair she blew out brade as she  
 Did eir that summers morn.

## SERIES THE SECOND.

## BOOK II.

## I.

## A BALLAD OF LUTHER, THE POPE, A CARDINAL, AND A HUSBANDMAN.

IN the former Book we brought down this second Series of poems as low as about the middle of the sixteenth century. We now find the Muses deeply engaged in religious controversy. The sudden revolution wrought in the opinions of mankind by the Reformation, is one of the most striking events in the history of the human mind. It could not but engross the attention of every individual in that age, and therefore no other writings would have any chance to be read, but such as related to this grand topic. The alterations made in the established religion by Henry VIII., the sudden changes it underwent in the three succeeding reigns within so short a space as eleven or twelve years, and the violent struggles between expiring Popery and growing Protestantism, could not but interest all mankind. Accordingly every pen was engaged in the dispute. The followers of the Old and New Profession (as they were called) had their respective ballad-makers; and every day produced some popular sonnet for or against the Reformation. The following ballad, and that intitled "Little John Nobody," may serve for specimens of the writings of each party. Both were written in the reign of Edward VI.; and are not the worst that were composed upon the occasion. Controversial divinity is no friend to poetic flights. Yet this ballad of "Luther and the Pope," is not altogether devoid of spirit; it is of the dramatic kind, and the characters are tolerably well sustained; especially that of Luther, which is made to speak in a manner not unbecoming the spirit and courage of that vigorous reformer. It is printed from the original black-letter copy (in the Pepys collection, vol. I. folio,) to which is prefixed a large wooden cut, designed and executed by some eminent master.

We are not to wonder that the ballad-writers of that age should be inspired with the zeal of controversy, when the very stage teemed with polemic divinity. I have now before me two very ancient quarto black-letter plays: the one published in the time of Henry VIII., intitled "Every Man;" the other called "Lusty Juventus," printed in the reign of Edward VI. In the former of these, occasion is taken to inculcate great reverence for old mother church and her superstitions\*: in the other, the

post, (one R. Wever) with great success attacks both. So that the stage in those days literally was, what wise men have always wished it—a supplement to the pulpit:—this was so much the case, that in the play of "Lusty Juventus," chapter and verse are every where quoted as formally as in a sermon; take an instance:

The Lord by his prophet Esachiel sayeth in this wise playnlye,  
As in the xxxij chapter it doth appere:  
Be converted, O ye children, &c.

From this play we learn that most of the young people were New Gospellers, or friends to the Reformation, and that the old were tenacious of the doctrines imbibed in their youth: for thus the devil is introduced lamenting the downfall of superstition:

"The olde people would believe stil in my lawes,  
But the yonger sort leade them a contrary way,  
They wyl not beleve, they playnly say,  
In olde traditions, and made by men, &c."

And in another place Hypocrisy urges,

"The worlde was never meri  
Since chyl dren were so bouldre:  
Now every boy will be a teacher,  
The father a foole, the chyld a preacher."

Of the plays above mentioned, to the first is subjoined the following, Printer's Colophon, ¶ "Thus endeth this moral playe of Every Man. ¶ Imprynted at London in Powles chyrche yerde by me John Skot." In Mr. Garrick's collection is an imperfect copy of the same play, printed by Richard Pynson.

The other is intitled, "An enterlude called Lusty Juventus:" and is thus distinguished at the end:

God hath to them more power gyven,  
Than to any aungell, that is in heven;  
With v. words he may consecrate  
Goddess body in fleshe, and blode to take,  
And handeleth his maker bytwene his handes.  
The preest byndeth and unbindeth all bandes,  
Both in erthe and in heven.—  
Thou ministrers all the sacramentes seven.  
Though we kyst thy fete thou were worthy;  
Thou art the sargyan that cureth synne dedly:  
No remedy may we fynde under God,  
But alone on preesthode.

— God gave preest that dignité,  
And letteth them in his stede amonge as be,  
Thus be they above aungels in degre."  
See Hawkins's Orig. of Eng. Drama Vol. I. p. 61.

\* Take a specimen from his high encomiums on the priesthood.

"There is no emperour, kyng, duke, ne baron  
That of God hath commissyon,  
As hath the leest preest in the world beyng.



\* Finis. quod R. Wever. Imprinted at London in Paules church yeard by Abraham Dele at the signe of the Lambe." Of this too Mr. Garrick has an imperfect copy of a different edition.

Of these two plays the reader may find some further particulars in Series the First, Book II. see "The Essay on the Origin of the English Stage;" and the curious reader will find the plays themselves printed at large in Hawkins's "Origin of the English Drama," 3 vols. Oxford, 1773, 12mo.

## THE HUSBANDMAN.

Let us lift up our hartes all,  
And prayse the Lordes magnificence,  
Which hath given the wolues a fall,  
And is become our strong defence :  
For they thorowe a false pretens 5  
From Christes bloude dyd all us leade\*,  
Gettyng from every man his pence,  
As satisfactours for the deade.

For what we with our Flayles coude get  
To kepe our house, and survauntes ; 10  
That did the Freers from us fet,  
And with our soules played the merchauntes :  
And thus they with theyr false warrantas  
Of our sweate have easely lyved,  
That for fatnesse theyr belyes pantes, 15  
So greatlye have they us deceaued.

They spared not the fatherlesse,  
The carefull, nor the pore wydowe ;  
They wolde have somewhat more or lesse,  
If it above the ground did growe : 20  
But now we husbandmen do knowe  
Al their subtelye, and theyr false caste ;  
For the Lorde hath them overthrowe  
With his swete word now at the laste.

## DOCTOR MARTIN LUTHER.

Thou antichrist, with thy thre crownes,  
Has usurped kynges powers,  
As having power over realmes and townes,  
Whom thou oughtest to serve all houres  
Thou thinkest by thy juggling colours 30  
Thou maist lykewise Gods word oppresse ;  
As do the deceitful foulers,  
When they theyr nettes craftelye dresse.

Thou flatterest every prince, and lord,  
Thretheneing poore men with swearde and fyre ;  
All those, that do followe Gods worde, 35  
To make them cleve to thy desire,  
Theyr bokes thou burnest in flaming fire ;  
Cursing with boke, bell, and candell,  
Such as to reade them have desyre,  
Or with them are wyllynge to meddell. 40

Thy false power wyl I bryng down,  
Thou shalt not raygne many a yere,  
I shal dryve the from citys and townes,  
Even with this pen that thou seyeste here :

Thou fyghtest with swerd shyld, and speare 45  
But I wyll fyght with Gods worde ;  
Which is now so open and cleare,  
That it shall brynge the under the borde \*.

## THE POPE.

Though I brought never so many to hel,  
And to utter dampnacion, 50  
Throughe myne ensample, and consel,  
Or thorow any abhominacion,  
Yet doth our lawe excuse my fashion.  
And thou, Luther, arte accused ;  
For blamyng me, and my condicion, 55  
The holy decreas have the condempned.

Thou stryvest against my purgatory,  
Because thou findest it not in scripture ;  
As though I by myne auctorite  
Myght not make one for myne honoure. 60  
Knowest thou not, that I have power  
To make, and mar, in heaven and hall,  
In erth, and every creature ?  
Whatsoever I do it must be well

As for scripture, I am above it ;  
Am not I Gods hye vicare ? 65  
Shulde I be bounde to followe it,  
As the carpenter his ruler † ?  
Nay, nay, hereticks ye are,  
That will not obey my auctoritie. 70  
With this sworde I wyll declare,  
That ye shal al be accused be.

## THE CARDINAL.

I am a Cardinall of Rome,  
Sent from Christes hye vicary,  
To graunt pardon to more, and sume, 75  
That wil Luther resist strongly :  
He is a greates hereticke treuly,  
And regardeth to much the scripture ;  
For he thinketh onely thereby  
To subdue the popes high honoure : 80

Receive ye this pardon devoutely,  
And loke that ye agaynst him fight ;  
Plucke up your herts, and be manlye,  
For the pope sayth ye do but ryght :  
And this be sure, that at one flyghte, 85  
Although ye be overcome by chaunce,  
Ye shall to heaven go with greates myghte ;  
God can make you no resistaunce.

But these heretikes for their medlynge  
Shall go down to hel every one ; 90  
For they have not the popes blessinge,  
Nor regard his holy pardoun :  
They thinke from all destruction  
By Christes bloud to be saved,  
Fearynge not our excommunicacion, 95  
Therefore shall they al be dampned.

\* I. e. denied us the Cup, see below, ver. 94.

\* I. e. Make thee knock under the table.  
† I. e. his rule.

## II.

## JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

## A SCOTTISH SONG.

While in England verse was made the vehicle of controversy, and Popery was attacked in it by logical argument, or stinging satire; we may be sure the zeal of the Scottish Reformers would not suffer their pens to be idle, but many a pasquil was discharged at the Romish priests, and their enormous encroachments on property. Of this kind perhaps is the following, (preserved in Maidland's MS Collection of Scottish poems in the Pepysian library:)

"Tak a Wobster, that is leill,  
And a Miller, that will not steill,  
With ane Priest, that is not gredy,  
And lay ane deid corpse thame by,  
And, throw virtue of thame three,  
That deid corpse sall qwyknit be."

Thus far all was fair: but the furious hatred of Popery led them to employ their rhymes in a still more licentious manner. It is a received tradition in Scotland, that at the time of the Reformation, ridiculous and obscene songs were composed to be sung by the rabble to the tunes of the most favourite hymns in the Latin service. *Green sleeves and pudding pies* (designed to ridicule the popish clergy) is said to have been one of these metamorphosed hymns: *Maggie Lauder* was another: *John Anderson my jo* was a third. The original music of all these burlesque sonnets was very fine. To give a specimen of their manner, we have inserted one of the least offensive. The Reader will pardon the meanness of the composition for the sake of the

anecdote, which strongly marks the spirit of the times.

In the present Edition this song is much improved by some new readings communicated by a friend; who thinks by the "Seven Bairns," in st. 2d. are meant the Seven Sacraments; five of which were the spurious offspring of Mother Church: as the first stanza contains a satirical allusion to the luxury of the popish clergy.

The adaptation of solemn church music to these ludicrous pieces, and the jumble of ideas, thereby occasioned, will account for the following fact.—From the Records of the General Assembly in Scotland, called, "The Book of the Universal Kirk," p. 90, 7th July, 1568, it appears, that Thomas Bassendyne, printer in Edinburgh, printed "a psalme buik, in the end whereof was found printit ane bauldy sang, called 'Welcome Fortunes \*'."

## WOMAN.

JOHN Anderson my jo, cum in as ze gae bye,  
And ze sall get a sheips heid weel baken in a pye;  
Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a pat;  
John Anderson my jo, cum in, and ze's get that.

## MAN.

And how doe ze, Cummer? and how hae ze threven?  
And how mony bairns hae ze? Wom. Cummer, I hae seven.

MAN. Are they to sour awin gude man? Wom. Na, Cummer, na;  
For five of tham were gotten, quhan he was awa'.

## III.

## LITTLE JOHN NOBODY.

We have here a witty libel on the Reformation under King Edward VI. written about the year 1550, and preserved in the Pepys collection, British Museum, and Strype's Memoirs of Cranmer. The author artfully declines entering into the merits of the cause, and wholly reflects on the lives and actions of many of the reformed. It is so easy to find flaws and imperfections in the conduct of men, even the best of them, and still easier to make general exclamations about the profligacy of the present times, that no great point is gained by arguments of that sort, unless the author could have proved that the principles of the reformed religion had a natural tendency to produce a corruption of manners; whereas he indirectly owns, that their Reverend Father [Archbishop Cranmer] had used the most proper means to stem the torrent, by giving the people access to the Scriptures, by teaching them to pray with understanding, and by publishing homilies, and other religious tracts. It must however be

acknowledged, that our libeller had at that time sufficient room for just satire. For under the banners of the reformed had enlisted themselves, many concealed papists, who had private ends to gratify; many that were of no religion; many greedy courtiers, who thirsted after the possessions of the church; and many dissolute persons, who wanted to be exempt from all ecclesiastical censures: and as these men were loudest of all others in their cries for Reformation, so in effect none obstructed the regular progress of it so much, or by their vicious lives brought vexation and shame more on the truly venerable and pious Reformers.

The reader will remark the fondness of our satirist for alliteration: in this he was guilty of no affectation or singularity: his versification is that of Pierce Plowman's Visions, in which a recurrence of similar letters is essential: to this he has only

\* See also Biograph. Briant. Ist. edit. vol. i p. 177.

superadded rhyme, which in his time began to be the general practice. See an Essay on this very peculiar kind of metre, prefixed to Book III. in this Series.

In december, when the dayes draw to be short,  
After november, when the nights wax noysome and long;

As I past by a place privily at a port,  
I saw one sit by himself making a song:  
His last \* talk of trifles, who told with his tongue  
That few were fast i' th' faith. I ' freyned † that  
freake, [wrong-  
Whether he wanted wit, or some had done him  
He said, he was little John Nobody, that durst not  
speake.

John Nobody, quoth I, what news? thou soon note  
and tell  
What maner men thou meane, thou are so mad.  
He said, These gay gallants, that wil construe the  
gospel,  
As Solomon the sage, with semblance full sad;  
To discusse divinity they nought adread;  
More meet it were for them to milk kye at a fleyke.  
Thou lyeast, quoth I, thou losel, like a leud lad.  
He said he was little John Nobody, that durst not  
speake.

Its meet for every man on this matter to talk,  
And the glorious gospel ghostly to have in mind;  
It is sothe said, that sect but much unseemly skalk,  
As boyes babble in books, that in scripture are blind:  
Yet to their fancy soon a cause will find;  
As to live in lust, in lechery to leyke:  
Such catives count to be come of Cains kind†;  
But that I little John Nobody durst not speake.

For our reverend father hath set forth an order,  
Our service to be said in our seignours tongue;  
As Solomon the sage set forth the scripture;  
Our suffrages, and services, with many a sweet song,  
With homilies, and godly books us among,  
That no stiff, stubborn stomacks we should freyke:  
But wretches nere worse to do poor men wrong;  
But that I little John Nobody dare not speake.

For bribery was never so great, since born was our  
Lord, [rowed hel,  
And whoredom was never les hated, sith Christ har-  
And poor men are so sore punished commonly  
through the world, [tel.  
That it would grieve any one, that good is, to hear  
For al the homilies and good books, yet their hearts  
be so quel, [wreake;  
That if a man do amisse, with mischief they wil him  
The fashion of these new fellows it is so vile and  
fell:  
But that I little John Nobody dare not speake.

Thus to live after their lust, that life would they  
And in lechery to leyke al their long life; [have,  
For al the preaching of Paul, yet many a proud  
knaue [wife  
Wil move mischief in their mind both to maid and  
To bring them in advoutry or else they wil strife,  
And in brawling about baudery, Gods command-  
ments breake: [thrive;  
But of these frantic il fellowes, few of them do  
Though I little John Nobody dare not speake.

If thou company with them, they wil curriashly carp,  
and not care [naught:  
According to their fooliah fantasy; but fast wil they  
Prayer with them is but prating; therefore they it  
forbear: [thought:  
Both almes deeds, and holiness, they hate it in their  
Therefore pray we to that prince, that with his bloud  
us bought, [freyke  
That he wil mend that is amiss: for many a manful  
Is sorry for these sects, though they say little or  
nought; [speake.  
And that I little John Nobody dare not once

Thus in no place, this Nobody, in no time I met,  
Where no man, 'ne\* NOUGHT WAS, nor NOTHING did  
appear;  
Through the sound of a synagogue for sorrow I swett,  
That 'Aeolus†' through the echo did cause me to  
hear.  
Then I drew me down into a dale, whereas the  
dumb deer [freyke:  
Did shiver for a shower; but I shunted from a  
For I would no wight in this world wist who I were,  
But little John Nobody, that dare not once speake.

## IV.

## QUEEN ELIZABETH'S VERSES, WHILE PRISONER AT WOODSTOCK,

WRIT WITH CHARCOAL ON A SHUTTER,

—are preserved by Hentzner, in that part of his  
Travels, which has been reprinted in so elegant a  
manner at Strawberry-hill. In Hentzner's book  
they were wretchedly corrupted, but are here given  
as amended by his ingenious Editor. The old  
orthography, and one or two ancient readings of  
Hentzner's copy are here restored.

Oh, Fortune! how thy restlesse wavering state  
Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt!

\* Perhaps He left talk. † feigned MSS. and P. C.  
† Cain's kind.] So in Pierce the Plowman's creed, the  
proud friars are said to be,  
"Of Caymes kind." Vld. Sig. C. ij. b.

Witnes this present prisonn, whither fate

Could beare me, and the joys I quit.  
Thou causedest the guiltie to be losed 5  
From bandes, wherein are innocents inclosed:  
Causing the guiltles to be strait reserved,  
And freeing those that death hath well deserved.  
But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,  
So God send to my foes all they have thoughte.

A. D. MDLV.

ELIZABETH, PRISONNER.

Ver 4, Could beare, is an ancient idiom, equivalent to  
Did bear or Hath borne. See below the Beggar Bednal  
Green, ver. 57, Could say.  
\* then, MSS. and PC. † Hercules, MS. and PC.

## V.

## THE HEIR OF LINNE.

The original of this Ballad is found in the Editor's folio MS. the breaches and defects in which, rendered the insertion of supplemental stanzas necessary. These it is hoped the Reader will pardon, as indeed the completion of the story was suggested by a modern ballad on a similar subject.

From the Scottish phrases here and there discernible in this poem, it would seem to have been originally composed beyond the Tweed.

The Heir of Linne appears not to have been a Lord of Parliament, but a Laird, whose title went along with his estate.

## PART THE FIRST.

LINNE and listen, gentlemen,  
To sing a song I will beginne:  
It is of a lord of faire Scotland,  
Which was the unthrifty heire of Linne

His father was a right good lord, 5  
His mother a lady of high degree;  
But they, alas! were dead, him free,  
And he lov'd keeping companie.

To spend the daye with merry cheare, 10  
To drinke and revell every night,  
To card and dice from eve to morne,  
It was, I ween, his hearts delighe.

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,  
To alwaye spend and never spare, 15  
I wott, an' it were the king himselfe,  
Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

Soe fares the unthrifty Lord of Linne  
Till all his gold is gone and spent;  
And he maun sell his landes so broad, 20  
His house, and landes, and all his rent.

His father had a keen stewarde,  
And John o' the Scales was called hee:  
But John is become a gentel-man,  
And John has gott both gold and fee.

Sayes, Welcome, welcome, Lord of Linne, 25  
Let nought disturb thy merry cheere;  
Iff thou wilt sell thy landes soe broad,  
Good store of gold Ile give thee heere

My gold is gone, my money is spent;  
My lande nowe take it unto thee: 30  
Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales,  
And thine for aye my lande shall bee.

Then John he did him to record draw,  
And John he cast him a gods-pennie\*; 35  
But for every pounce that John agreed,  
The lande, I wis, was well worth three.

\* I. e. earnest-money; from the French 'Denier à Dieu.' At this day, when application is made to the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle to accept an exchange of the tenant under one of their leases, a piece of silver is presented by the new tenant, which is still called a God's-penny.

He told him the gold upon the borde,  
He was right glad his land to winne;  
The gold is thine, the land is mine, 40  
And now Ile be the Lord of Linne.

Thus he bath sold his land soe broad,  
Roth hill and holt, and moore and fenne,  
All but a poore and lonesome lodge,  
That stood far off in a lonely glenne.

For soe he to his father hight. 45  
My sonne, when I am gonne, sayd hee,  
Then thou wilt spend thy lande so broad,  
And thou wilt spend thy gold so free:

But sweare me nowe upon the roode,  
That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend; 50  
For when all the world doth frown on thee,  
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend.

The heire of Linne is full of golde:  
And come with me, my friends, sayd hee, 55  
Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make,  
And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee.

They ranted, drank, and merry made,  
Till all his gold it waxed thinne;  
And then his friendes they slunk away;  
They left the unthrifty heire of Linne. 60

He had never a penny left in his purse,  
Never a penny left but three,  
And one was brass, another was lead,  
And another it was white monye.

Nowe well-aday, sayd the heire of Linne, 65  
Nowe well-adaye, and woe is mee,  
For when I was the Lord of Linne,  
I never wanted gold nor fee.

But many a trustye friend have I,  
And why shold I feel dole or care? 70  
Ile borrow of them all by turnes,  
Soe need I not be never bare.

But one, I wis, was not at home;  
Another had payd his gold away;  
Another call'd him thriftless loone, 75  
And bade him sharply wend his way.

Now well-aday, sayd the heire of Linne,  
Now well-aday, and woe is me;  
For when I had my landes so broad,  
On me they liv'd right merrilee. 80

To beg my bread from door to door  
I wis, it were a brenning shame:  
To rob and steal it were a sinne:  
To worke my limbs I cannot frame.

Now Ile away to lonesome lodge,  
For there my father bade me wend :  
When all the world should frown on mee  
I there shold find a trusty friend.

## PART THE SECOND.

AWAY then hyed the heire of Linne  
Oer hill and holt, and moor and fenne,  
Untill he came to lonesome lodge,  
That stood so lowe in a lonely glenne.

He looked up, he looked downe,  
In hope some comfort for to winne :  
But bare and lothly were the walles.  
Here's sorry cheare, quo' the heire of Linne.

The litle windowe dim and darke  
Was hung with ivy, brere, and yewe ;  
No shimmering sunn here ever shone ;  
No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, ne table he mote spye,  
No chearful hearth, ne welcome bed,  
Nought save a rope with renning noose,  
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad lettèrs,  
These words were written so plain to see :  
" Ah ! gracelesse wretch, hast spent thine all  
And brought thyselfe to penurie ?

" All this my boding mind misgave,  
I therefore left this trusty friend :  
Let it now sheeld thy foule disgrace,  
And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely shent wi' this rebuke,  
Sorely shent was the heire of Linne ;  
His heart, I wis, was near to brast  
With guilt and sorrowe, shame and sinne.

Never a word spake the heire of Linne,  
Never a word he spake but three :  
" This is a trusty friend indeed,  
And is right welcome unto mee."

Then round his necke the corde he drew,  
And sprang aloft with his bodie :  
When lo ! the ceiling burst in twaine,  
And to the ground come tumbling hee.

Astonyed lay the heire of Linne,  
Ne knewe if he were live or dead :  
At length he looked, and sawe a bille,  
And in it a key of gold so redd.

He took the bill, and lookt it on,  
Strait good comfort found he there :  
Itt told him of a hole in the wall,  
In which there stood three chests in-ferre\*.

Two were full of the beaten golde,  
The third was full of white monney ;  
And over them in broad lettèrs  
These words were written so plaine to see :

\* in-ferre, i. e. together.

" Once more, my sonne, I sette thee clere ;  
Amend thy life and follies past ;  
For but thou amend thee of thy life,  
That rope must be thy end at last."

And let it bee, sayd the heire of Linne ;  
And let it bee, but if I amend \*.  
For here I will make mine avow,  
This reade † shall guide me to the end.

Away then went with a merry cheare,  
Away then went the heire of Linne ;  
I wis, he neither ceas'd ne blanne,  
Till John o' the Scales house he did winne.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,  
Upp at the speere ‡ then looked hee ;  
There sate three lords upon a rowe,  
Were drinking of the wine so free.

And John himself sate at the bord-head,  
Because now lord of Linne was hee.  
I pray thee, he said, good John o' the Scales,  
One forty pence for to lend mee.

Away, away, thou thriftless loone ;  
Away, away, this may not bee :  
For Christs curse on my head, he sayd,  
If ever I trust thee one pennie.

Then bespake the heire of Linne,  
To John o' the Scales wife then spake he :  
Madame, some almes on me bestowe,  
I pray for sweet saint Charitie.

Away, away, thou thriftless loone,  
I swear thou gettest no almes of mee ;  
For if we shold hang any losel heere,  
The first we wold begin with thee.

Then bespake a good fellòw,  
Which sat at John o' the Scales his bord ;  
Sayd, Turn againe, thou heire of Linne ;  
Some time thou wast a well good lord :

Some time a good fellow thou hast been  
And sparedst not thy gold and fee ;  
Therefore Ile lend thee forty pence  
And other forty if need bee.

And ever, I pray thee, John o' the Scales,  
To let him sit in thy companie :  
For well I wot thou hadst his land,  
And a good bargain it was to thee.

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,  
All wood he answer'd him againe :  
Now Christs curse on my head, he sayd,  
But I did lose by that bargaine.

And here I proffer thee, heire of Linne,  
Before these lords so faire and free,  
Thou shalt have it backe again better cheape,  
By a hundred markes, than I had it of thee.

Ver. 60, an old northern phrase.

\* i. e. unless I amend.

† i. e. advice, counsel.

‡ Perhaps the Hole in the door or window, by which it was *speered*, i. e. *spared*, fastened, or shut.—In Bal's 2d Part of the Acts of Eng. Votaries, we have this phrase, (fol. 38.) "The dore therof oft tymes opened and *speered* agayne."

I drawe you to record, lords, he said.  
With that he cast him a gods pennie.  
Now by my fay, sayd the heire of Linne,  
And here, good John, is thy money.

And he pull'd forth three bagges of gold, 105  
And layd them down upon the bord :  
All woe begone was John o' the Scales,  
Soe shent he cold say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,  
He told it forth mickle dinne. 110  
The gold is thine, the land is mine,  
And now lme againe the Lord of Linne.

Sayes, Have thou here, thou good fellowe,  
Forty pence thou didst lend mee :  
Now I am againe the Lord of Linne, 115  
And forty pounds I will give thee.

He make the keeper of my forrest,  
Both of the wild deere and the tame ;  
For but I reward thy bounteous heart,  
I wis, good fellowe, I were to blame. 120

Now welladay ! sayth Joan o' the Scales .  
Now welladay ! and woe is my life !  
Yesterday I was Lady of Linne,  
Now lme but John o' the Scales his wife.

Now fare thee well, sayd the heire of Linne ; 125  
Farewell now, John o' the Scales, said hee :  
Christs curse light on me, if ever again  
I bring my lands in jeopardy. \*.

†† In the present edition of this ballad several  
ancient readings are restored from the folio MS.

VI.

GASCOIGNE'S PRAISE OF THE FAIR BRIDGES, AFTERWARDS LADY SANDES,

ON HER HAVING A SCAR IN HER FOREHEAD.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE was a celebrated poet in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and appears to great advantage among the miscellaneous writers of that age. He was author of three or four plays, and of many smaller poems ; one of the most remarkable of which is a satire in blank verse, called the " Steele-glass," 1576, 4to.

Gascoigne was born in Essex, educated in both universities, whence he removed to Gray's-inn ; but, disliking the study of the law, became first a dangler at court, and afterwards a soldier in the wars of the Low Countries. He had no great success in any of these pursuits, as appears from a poem of his, intitled, " Gascoigne's Wodmanship, written to Lord Gray of Wilton." Many of his epistles dedicatory are dated in 1575, 1576, from " his poore house in Walthamstoe : " where he died a middle-aged man in 1578, according to Anth. Wood : or rather in 1577, if he is the person meant in an old tract, intitled, " A remembrance of the well employed life and godly end of George Gascoigne, Esq. who deceased at Stamford in Lincolnshire, Oct. 7, 1577, by Geo. Whetstone, Gent. an eye-witness of his godly and charitable end in this world," 4to. no date.—[From a MS. of Oldys.]

Mr. Thomas Warton thinks " Gascoigne has much exceeded all the poets of his age, in smoothness and harmony of versification\*." But the truth is, scarce any of the earlier poets of Queen Elizabeth's time are found deficient in harmony and smoothness, though those qualities appear so rare in the writings of their successors. In the " Paradise of Dainty Devises †," (the Dodaleys' Miscellany of those times) will hardly be found one rough, or inharmo-

nious line\* : whereas the numbers of Jonson Donne, and most of their contemporaries, frequently offend the ear, like the filing of a saw.—Perhaps this is in some measure to be accounted for from the growing pedantry of that age, and from the writers affecting to run their lines into one another after the manner of the Latin and Greek poets.

The following poem (which the elegant writer above quoted hath recommended to notice, as possessed of a delicacy rarely to be seen in that early state of our poetry), properly consists of alexandrines of twelve and fourteen syllables, and is printed from two quarto black-letter collections of Gascoigne's pieces ; the first intitled, " A hundreth sundrie flowres, bounde up in one small posie, &c. London, imprinted for Richarde Smith : " without date, but from a letter of H. W. (p. 202.) compared with the printer's epist. to the reader, it appears to have been published in 1572, or 3. The other is intitled, " The Posies of George Gascoigne, Esq. corrected, perfected, and augmented by the author, 1575.—Printed at London, for Richard Smith, &c." No year, but the epist. dedicat. is dated 1576.

In the title page of this last (by way of printer's† or bookseller's device) is an ornamental wooden cut, tolerably well executed, wherein Time is represented drawing the figure of Truth out of a pit or cavern, with this legend, " Occulta veritas tempore patet" [a. s.] This is mentioned because it is not improbable but the accidental sight of this or some other title page containing the same device, suggested to Rubens that well-known design of a similar kind, which he has introduced into the Luxemburgh gallery‡, and which has been so justly censured for the unnatural manner of its execution.

Ver. 24, of Part I. and 102, of Part II. cast is the reading of the MS.

\* Observation on the Faerie Queen, Vol. II. p. 108.

† Printed in 1578, 1586, and perhaps oftener, in 4to. black-letter.

\* The same is true of most of the poems in the " Mirrour of Magistrates," 1563, 4to, and also of " Surrey's Poems," 1557.

† Henrie Blinneman.

‡ Le Temps decouvre la Verite.

IN court whose demaundes  
What dame doth most excell;  
For my conceit I must needs say,  
Faire Bridges beares the bel.

Upon whose lively cheeke,  
To prove my judgment true,  
The rose and lillie seeme to strive  
For equall change of hewe:

And therewithall so well  
Hir graces all agree;  
No frowning cheere dare once presume  
In hir sweet face to bee.

Although some lavishe lippes,  
Which like some other best,  
Will say, the blemishe on hir browe  
Disgraceth all the rest.

Thereto I thus replie;  
God wotte, they little knowe  
The hidden cause of that mishap,  
Nor how the harm did growe:

For when dame Nature first  
Had framde hir heavenly face,  
And thoroughly bedecked it  
With goodly gleames of grace;

It lyked hir so well:  
Lo here, quod she, a peece  
For perfect shape, that passeth all  
Appelles' worke in Greece.

This bayt may chauce to catche  
The greatest God of love,  
Or mightie thundring Jove himself,  
That rules the roast above.

But out, alas! those wordes  
Were vaunted all in vayne:  
And some unseen wer present there,  
Pore Bridges, to thy paine.

For Cupide, crafty boy,  
Close in a corner stodee,  
Not blyndfold then, to gaze on hir:  
I gesse it did him good.

Yet when he felte the flame  
Gan kindle in his brest,  
And herd dame Nature boast by hir  
To break him of his rest.

His hot newe-chosen love  
He chaunged into hate,  
And sodeynly with mightie mace  
Gan rap hir on the pate.

It greaved Nature muche  
To see the cruell deede:  
Mee seemes I see hir, how she wept  
To see hir dearling bleede.

Wel yet, quod she, this hurt  
Shal have some helpe I trowe:  
And quick with skin she covered it,  
That whiter is than snowe.

Wherwith Dan Cupide fled,  
For feare of further flame,  
When angel-like he saw hir shine,  
Whome he had smit with shame.

Lo, thus was Bridges hurt  
In cradel of hir kind.  
The coward Cupide brake hir browe  
To wreke his wounded mynd.

The skar still there remains;  
No force, there let it bee:  
There is no cloude that can eclipse  
So bright a sunne, as she.

\* \* The lady here celebrated was Catharine, daughter of Edmond second Lord Chandos, wife of William Lord Sands. See Collins's Peerage, vol. ii. p. 133, ed. 1779.

## VII.

## FAIR ROSAMOND:

Most of the circumstances in this popular story of King Henry II. and the beautiful Rosamond have been taken for fact by our English Historians; who, unable to account for the unnatural conduct of Queen Eleanor in stimulating her sons to rebellion, have attributed it to jealousy, and supposed that Henry's amour with Rosamond was the object of that passion.

Our old English annalists seem, most of them, to have followed Higden the monk of Chester, whose account, with some enlargements, is thus given by Stow. "Rosamond the fayre daughter of Walter Lord Clifford, concubine to Henry II. (poisoned by Queen Elianor, as some thought) dyed at Woodstocke [A. D. 1177.] where King Henry had made for her a house of wonderfull working; so that no man or woman might come to her, but he that was

instructed by the King, or such as were right secret with him touching the matter. This house after some was named Labyrinthus, or Dedalus worke, which was wrought like unto a knot in a garden, called a Maze\*; but it was commonly said, that lastly the Queene came to her by a clue of thridde, or silke, and so dealt with her, that she lived not long after: but when she was dead, she was buried at Godstow in an house of nunnes, beside Oxford, with these verses upon her tombe:

"Hic jacit in tumbâ, Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda:  
Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet

Ver. 62, In cradel of hir' kind: i. e. in the cradle of her family. See Warton's Observations, vol. II, p. 127.

\* Consisting of vaults under ground, arched and walled with brick and stone, according to Drayton. See note on his Epistle of Rosamond.

"In English thus :

"The rose of the world, but not the cleane flowre,  
Is now here graven; to whom beauty was lent :  
In this grave full darke nowe is her bowre,  
That by her life was sweete and redolent :  
But now that she is from this life blent,  
Though she were sweete, now foully doth she stinke.  
A mirroure good for all men, that on her thinke."

Stowe's *Annals*, ed. 1631, p. 154.

How the queen gained admittance into Rosamond's bower is differently related. Holinshed speaks of it, as "the common report of the people, that the queene . . . founde hir out by a silken thread, which the king had drawne after him out of hir chamber with his foot, and dealt with hir in such sharpe and cruell wise, that she lived not long after." Vol. III, p. 115. On the other hand, in Speede's *Hist.* we are told that the jealous queen found her out "by a clew of silke, fallen from Rosamund's lappe, as shee sate to take ayre, and suddenly fleeing from the sight of the searcher, the end of her silke fastened to her foot, and the clew still unwinding, remained behinde : which the queene followed, till shee had found what she sought, and upon Rosamund so vented her spleene, as the lady lived not long after." 3d. edit. p. 509. Our ballad-maker with more ingenuity, and probably as much truth, tells us the clue was gained by surprise, from the knight, who was left to guard her bower.

It is observable, that none of the old writers attribute Rosamond's death to poison, (Stowe, above, mentions it merely as a slight conjecture;) they only give us to understand, that the queen treated her harshly; with furious menaces, we may suppose, and sharp expostulations, which had such effect on her spirits, that she did not long survive it. Indeed on her tomb-stone, as we learn from a person of credit\*, among other fine sculptures, was engraven the figure of a *cup*. This, which perhaps at first was an accidental ornament, (perhaps only the Chalice) might in after-times suggest the notion that she was poisoned; at least this construction was put upon it, when the stone came to be demolished after the nunnery was dissolved. The account is, that "the tombstone of Rosamund Clifford was taken up at Godstow, and broken in pieces, and that upon it were interchangeable weavings drawn out and decked with roses red and green, and the picture of the cup, out of which she drank the poison given her by the queen, carved in stone."

Rosamond's father having been a great benefactor to the nunnery of Godstow, where she had also resided herself in the innocent part of her life, her body was conveyed there, and buried in the middle of the choir; in which place it remained till the year 1191, when Hugh bishop of Lincoln caused it to be removed. The fact is recorded by Hovedon, a contemporary writer, whose words are thus translated by Stowe: "Hugh bishop of Lincoln came to the abbey of nunnes, called Godstow, . . . and when he had entred the church to pray, he saw a tombe in the middle of the quire, covered with a pall of silke, and set about with lights of waxe: and demanding whose tomb it was, he was answered, that it was the tombe of Rosamond, that was some time lemman to

Henry II. . . . who for the love of her had done much good to that church. Then quoth the bishop, take out of this place the harlot, and bury her without the church, lest Christian religion should grow in contempt, and to the end that, through the example of her, other women being made afraid may beware, and keepe themselves from unlawfull and advouterous company with men." *Annals*, p. 159.

History further informs us, that king John repaired Godstow nunnery, and endowed it with yearly revenues, "that these holy virgins might relieve with their prayers, the soules of his father King Henrie, and of Lady Rosamund thereinterred." . . . In what situation her remains were found at the dissolution of the nunnery, we learn from Leland, "Rosamundes tumber at Godstowe nunnery was taken up [of] late; it is a stone with this inscription, *TUMBA ROSAMUNDE*. Her bones were closid in lede, and withyn that bones were cloydy yn lether. When it was opened a very swete smell came owt of it." See Hearn's discourse above quoted, written in 1718; at which time he tells us, were still seen by the pool at Woodstock the foundations of a very large building, which were believed to be the remains of Rosamond's labyrinth.

To conclude this (perhaps too prolix) account, Henry had two sons by Rosamond, from a computation of whose ages, a modern historian has endeavoured to invalidate the received story. These were William Longue-espée; (or Long-sword) earl of Salisbury, and Geoffrey bishop of Lincoln†. Geoffrey was the younger of Rosamond's sons, and yet is said to have been twenty years old at the time of his election to that see in 1173. Hence this writer concludes, that King Henry fell in love with Rosamond in 1149, when in King Stephen's reign he came over to be knighted by the king of Scots; he also thinks it probable that Henry's commerce with this lady "broke off upon his marriage with Eleanor [in 1152] and that the young lady, by a natural effect of grief and resentment at the defection of her lover, entered on that occasion into the nunnery of Godstow, where she died probably before the rebellion of Henry's sons in 1173." [Carte's *Hist.* Vol. I, p. 652.] But let it be observed, that Henry was but sixteen years old when he came over to be knighted; that he staid but eight months in this island, and was almost all the time with the King of Scots; that he did not return back to England till 1153, the year after his marriage with Eleanor; and that no writer drops the least hint of Rosamond's having ever been abroad with her lover, nor indeed is it probable that a boy of sixteen should venture to carry over a mistress to his mother's court. If all these circumstances are considered, Mr. Carte's account will be found more incoherent and improbable than that of the old ballad; which is also countenanced by most of our old historians.

Indeed the true date of Geoffrey's birth, and consequently of Henry's commerce with Rosamond, seems to be best ascertained from an ancient manuscript in the Cotton library: wherein it is thus registered of Geoffrey Plantagenet, "Natus est 5<sup>o</sup> Henry II. [1159.] Factus est miles 25<sup>o</sup> Henry II.

\* Vid. Reign of Henry II. in Speed's History, writ by Dr. Barcham, Dean of Bucking.

† This would have passed for miraculous, if it had happened in the tomb of any clerical person, and a proof of his being a saint.

‡ Afterwards Archbishop of York, temp. Rich. I.

\* Tho. Allen of Gloc. Hall, Oxon. who died in 1632, aged 96. See Hearn's rambling discourse concerning Rosamond, at the end of Gal. Neubrig. *Hist.* vol. III. p. 739.



[1179.] Elect. in Episcop. Lincoln, 28° Henry II, [1182.] Vid Chron. de Kirkstall, (Domitian XII.) Drake's Hist. of York, p. 422.

The Ballad of Fair Rosamond appears to have been first published in "Strange Histories or Songs and Sonnets, of Kinges, Princes, Dukes, Lords, Ladyes, Knights, and Gentlemen. &c. By Thomas Delone. Lond. 1612." 4to. It is now printed (with conjectural emendations) from four ancient copies in black-letter; two of them in the Pepys library.

When as King Henry rulde this land,  
The second of that name,  
Besides the queene, he dearly lovde  
A faire and comely dame.

Most peerlesse was her beautye founde, 5  
Her favour, and her face;  
A sweeter creature in this worlde  
Could never prince embrace.

Her crisped lockes like threads of golde 10  
Appeard to each mans sight;  
Her sparkling eyes, like Orient pearles,  
Did cast a heavenly light.

The blood within her crystal cheekes 15  
Did such a colour drive,  
As though the lillie and the rose  
For mastership did strive.

Yea Rosamonde, fair Rosamonde, 20  
Her name was called so,  
To whom our queene, dame Ellinor,  
Was known a deadly foe.

The king therefore, for her defence,  
Against the furious queene,  
At Woodstocke builded such a bower,  
The like was never seene.

Most curiously that bower was built 25  
Of stone and timber strong,  
An hundred and fifty doore  
Did to this bower belong:

And they so cunninglye contriv'd 30  
With turnings round about,  
That none but with a clue of thread,  
Could enter in or out.

And for his love and ladyes sake, 35  
That was so faire and brighte,  
The keeping of this bower he gave  
Unto a valiant knighte.

But fortune, that doth often frowne 40  
Where she before did smile,  
The kinges delighe and ladyes joy  
Full soon shee did beguile:

For why, the kinges ungracious sonne,  
Whom he did high advance,  
Against his father raised warres  
Within the realme of France.

But yet before our comelye king 45  
The English land forsooke,  
Of Rosamond, his lady faire,  
His farewell thus he tooke:

" My Rosamonde, my only Rose,  
That pleasest best mine eye:  
The fairest flower in all the worlde  
To feed my fantasie:

The flower of mine affected heart,  
Whose sweetness doth excelle 5  
My royal Rose, a thousand times  
I bid thee nowe farwelle!

For I must leave my fairest flower,  
My sweetest Rose, a space,  
And cross the seas to famous France,  
Proud rebelles to abase. 60

But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt  
My coming shortly see,  
And in my heart, when hence I am,  
He beare my Rose with mee."

When Rosamond, that ladye brighte, 65  
Did heare the king saye soe,  
The sorrowe of her grieved heart  
Her outward lookes did shewe;

And from her cleare and crystall eyes 70  
The teares gush't out space,  
Which like the silver-pearled dewe  
Ranne down her comely face.

Her lippes, erst like the corall redde,  
Did waxe both wan and pale,  
And for the sorrow she conceivde 75  
Her vitall spirits faile;

And falling down all in a swoone  
Before king Henryes face,  
Full oft he in his princelye armes  
Her bodye did embrace: 80

And twentye times, with watery eyes,  
He kist her tender cheekes,  
Until he had revivde againe  
Her senses milde and meeke.

Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose? 85  
The king did often say.  
Because, quoth shee, to bloodye warres  
My lord must part awaye.

But since your grace on forrayne coastes 90  
Amonge your foes unkinde  
Must goe to hazarde life and limbe,  
Why should I staye behinde?

Nay rather, let me, like a page, 95  
Your sworde and target beare,  
That on my breast the blowes may lighte,  
Which would offend you there.

Or lett mee, in your royal tent.  
Prepare your bed at nighte,  
And with sweete baths refresh your grace,  
At your returne from fighte. 100

So I your presence may enjoye  
No toill I will refuse;  
But wanting you, my life is death:  
Nay, death it rather chace:

"Content thy self, my dearest love ; Thy rest at home shall bee In Englandes sweet and pleasant isle ; For travell fits not thee.	105	Cast off from thee those robes, she said, That riche and costlye bee ; And drinke thou up this deadlye draught, Which I have brought to thee.	150
Faire ladies brooke not bloodye warres ; Soft peace their sexe delightes : 'Not rugged campos, but courtlye bowers ; Gay feastes, nor cruell fightes.'	110	Then presentlye upon her knees Sweet Rosamonde did falle ; And pardon of the queene she crav'd For her offences all.	155
My Rose shall safely here abide, With musicke passe the day ; Whilst I, amonge the piercing pikes, My foes seeke far awaye.	115	"Take pitty on my youthfull yeares, Faire Rosamonde did crye ; And lett mee not with poison stronge Enforced bee to dye.	160
My Rose shall shine in pearle, and gulde, Whilst I me in armour dighte ; Gay galliards here my love shall dance, Whilst I my foes goe fighte.	120	I will renounce my sinfull life, And in some cloyster bide ; Or else be banisht, if you please, To range the world soe wide.	
And you, Sir Thomas, whom I truste To bee my loves defence ; Be careful of my gallant Rose When I am parted hence."		And for the fault which I have done, Though I was for'd theretoe, Preserve my life, and punish mee As you thinke meet to doe."	165
And therewithall he fetcht a sigh, As though his heart would breake : And Rosamonde, for very grieve, Not one plaine word could speake.	125	And with these words, her lillie handes She wrunge full often there ; And downe along her lovely face Did trickle many a teare.	170
And at their parting well they mighte In heart be grieved sore : After that daye faire Rosamonde The king did see no more.	130	But nothing could this furious queene Therewith appeased bee ; The cup of deadlye poyson stronge, As she knelt on her knee,	175
For when his grace had past the seas, And into France was gone ; With envious heart, Queene Ellinor, To Woodstocke came anone.	135	Shee gave this comelye dame to drinke ; Who tooke it in her hand, And from her bended knee arose, And on her feet did stand :	180
And forth she calls this trustye knighte In an unhappy houre ; Who with his clue of twined thread, Came from this famous bower.	140	And casting up her eyes to heaven, Shee did for mercye calle ; And drinking up the poison stronge, Her life she lost withalle.	
And when that they had wounded him, The queene this thread did gette, And went where ladye Rosamonde Was like an angell sette.		And when that death through everye limbe Had showde its greatest spits, Her chiefeest foes did plaine confesse Shee was a glorious wight.	185
But when the queene with stedfast eye Beheld her beauteous face, She was amazed in her minde At her exceeding grace.	145	Her body then they did entomb, When life was fled awaye, At Godstowe, neare to Oxford towne, As may be seene this day.	190

VIII.

QUEEN ELEANOR'S CONFESSION.

"Eleanor, the daughter and heiress of William duke of Guienne, and count of Poitou, had been married sixteen years to Louis VII. king of France, and had attended him in a croisade, which that monarch commanded against the infidels ; but having lost the affections of her husband, and even fallen un-

der some suspicions of gallantry with a handsome Saracen, Louis, more delicate than politic, procured a divorce from her, and restored her those rich provinces, which by her marriage she had annexed to the crown of France. The young count of Anjou, afterwards Henry II. King of England, though at

that time but in his nineteenth year, neither discouraged by the disparity of age, nor by the reports of Eleanor's gallantry, made such successful courtship to that princess, that he married her six weeks after her divorce, and got possession of all her dominions as a dowry. A marriage thus founded upon interest was not likely to be very happy: it happened accordingly. Eleanor, who had disgusted her first husband by her gallantries, was no less offensive to her second by her jealousy: thus carrying to extremity, in the different parts of her life, every circumstance of female weakness. She had several sons by Henry, whom she spirited up to rebel against him; and endeavouring to escape to them disguised in man's apparel in 1173, she was discovered and thrown into a confinement, which seems to have continued till the death of her husband in 1189. She however survived him many years; dying in 1204, in the sixth year of the reign of her youngest son, John." See Hume's History, 4to. vol. I. pp. 260, 307. Speed, Stowe, &c.

It is needless to observe that the following ballad (given, with some corrections, from an old printed copy) is altogether fabulous; whatever gallantries Eleanor encouraged in the time of her first husband, none are imputed to her in that of her second.

QUEENS Elianor was a sicke woman,  
And afraid that she should dye;  
Then she sent for two fryars of France  
To speke with her speedilye.

The king calld downe his nobles all, 5  
By one, by two, by three;  
"Earl marshall, Ile goe shrive the queene,  
And thou shalt wend with mee."

A boone, a boone; quoth earl marshall, 10  
And fell on his bended knee;  
That whatsoever Queene Elianor saye,  
No harme therof may bee.

Ile pawne my landes, the king then cryd, 15  
My sceptre, crowne, and all,  
That whatsoere Queen Elianor sayes  
No harme thereof shall fall.

Do thou put on a fryars coat,  
And Ile put on another;  
And we will to Queen Elianor goe  
Like fryar and his brother. 20

Thus both attired then they goe:  
When they came to Whitehall,  
The bells did ring, and the quiristers sing,  
And the torches did lighte them all.

When that they came before the queene 25  
They fell on their bended knee;  
A boone, a boone, our gracious queene,  
That you sent so hastilee.

Are you two fryars of France, she sayd, 30  
As I suppose you bee?  
But if you are two Englishe fryars,  
You shall hang on the gallowes tree.

We are two fryars of France, they sayd,  
As you suppose we bee,  
We have not been at any masse 35  
Sith we came from the sea.

The first vile thing that ever I did  
I will to you unfold;  
Earl marshall had my maidenhead,  
Beneath this cloth of golde. 40

That's a vile sinne, then sayd the king;  
May God forgive it thee!  
Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall;  
With a heavy heart spake bee.

The next vile thing that ever I did, 45  
To you Ile not denye,  
I made a boxe of poyson strong,  
To poison King Henrye.

Thats a vile sinne, then sayd the king, 50  
May God forgive it thee!  
Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall;  
And I wish it so may bee.

The next vile thing that ever I did,  
To you I will discover;  
I poysoned fair Rosamonde, 55  
All in fair Woodstocks bower.

Thats a vile sinne, then sayd the king;  
May God forgive it thee!  
Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall;  
And I wish it so may bee. 60

Do you see yonders little boye,  
A tossing of the ball? 65  
That is earl marshall's eldest sonne,  
And I love him the best of all.

Do you see yonders little boye, 70  
A catching of the ball?  
That is king Henryes youngest sonne  
And I love him the worst of all.

His head is fashyon'd like a bull;  
His nose is like a boare. 75  
No matter for that, king Henrye cryd,  
I love him the better therefore

The king pulled off his fryars coate,  
And appeared all in redde:  
She shrieked, and cryd, and wrung her hands, 80  
And sayd she was betrayde.

The king lookt over his left shoulder,  
And a grimme look looked hee,  
Earl marshall, he sayd, but for my oathe  
Or hanged thou shouldst bee. 85

Ver. 63, 67. She means that the eldest of these two was  
by the Earl Marshall, the youngest by the king

## IX.

## THE STURDY ROCK.

This poem, subscribed M. T. [perhaps invertedly for T. Marshall\*] is preserved in "The Paradise of daintie Devises," quoted above in page 123. The two first stanzas may be found accompanied with musical notes in "An Howres Recreation in Musicke," &c. by Richard Alison, Lond. 1606, 4to: usually bound up with three or four sets of "Madrigals set to Music by Thomas Weelkes, Lond. 1597, 1600, 1608, 4to." One of these madrigals is so complete an example of the Bathos that I cannot forbear presenting it to the reader.

Thule, the period of cosmographie,  
Doth vaunt of Hecla, whose sulphureous fire  
Doth melt the frozen clime, and thaw the ake,  
Trinacrian Ætna's flames ascend not hier.  
These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,  
Whose heart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.

The Andalusian merchant, that returnes  
Laden with cutchinele and china diabes,  
Reports in Spaine, how strangely Fogo burnes  
Amidst an ocean full of flying fishes:  
These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,  
Whose heart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.  
Mr. Weelkes seems to have been of opinion with many of his brethren of later times, that nonsense was best adapted to display the powers of musical composure.

THE sturdy rock for all his strength  
By raging seas is rent in twaine:  
The marble stone is pearst at length,  
With little drops of drizzling rain:  
The oxe doth yeeld unto the yoke,  
The steale obeyeth the hammer stroke.

The stately stagge, that seemes so stout,  
By yalping hounds at bay is set:  
The swiftest bird, that flies about,  
Is caught at length in fowler's net:  
The greatest fish, in deepest brooke,  
Is soon deceived by subtile hooke.

Yea man himselfe, unto whose will  
All things are bounden to obey,  
For all his wit and worthe skill,  
Doth fade at length and fall away.  
There is nothing but time doeth waste;  
The heavens, the earth consume at last.

But vertue sits triumphing still  
Upon the throne of glorious fame:  
Though spiteful death mans body kill,  
Yet hurts he not his vertuous name:  
By life or death what so betides,  
The state of vertue never slides.

## X.

## THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BEDNALL-GREEN.

This popular old ballad was written in the reign of Elizabeth, as appears not only from ver. 23, where the arms of England are called the "Queenes armes;" but from its tune's being quoted in other old pieces, written in her time. See the ballad on "Mary Ambree," in this work. The late Mr. Guthrie assured the editor, that he had formerly seen another old song on the same subject, composed in a different measure from this; which was truly beautiful, if we may judge from the only stanza he remembered. In this it was said of the old beggar, that "down his neck

— his reverend lockes  
In comelye curles did wave;  
And on his aged temples grewe  
The blossomes of the grave."

The following Ballad is chiefly given from the Editor's folio MS. compared with two ancient printed copies: the concluding stanzas, which contain the old Beggar's discovery of himself, are not however

given from any of these, being very different from those of the vulgar ballad. Nor yet does the Editor offer them as genuine, but as a modern attempt to remove the absurdities and inconsistencies, which so remarkably prevailed in this part of the song, as it stood before: whereas, by the alteration of a few lines, the story is rendered much more affecting, and is reconciled to probability and true history. For this informs us, that at the decisive battle of Evesham, (fought August 4, 1265,) when Simon de Montfort, the great Earl of Leicester, was slain at the head of the barons, his eldest son, Henry, fell by his side, and, in consequence of that defeat, his whole family sunk for ever, the king bestowing their great honours and possessions on his second son, Edmund, Earl of Lancaster.

## PART THE FIRST.

Itt was a blind beggar, had long lost his sight,  
He had a faire daughter of bewty most bright:  
And many a gallant brave suiter had shée,  
For none was soe comelye as pretty Bessie.

\* Vid. Athen. Ox. p. 152, 316.

And though shee was of favor most faire,  
Yett seeing shee was but a poor beggars heyre  
Of ancient housekeepers despised was shee,  
Whose sonnes came as suitors to prettye Bessee.

Wherefore in great sorrow faire Bessy did say,  
Good father, and mother, let me goe away  
To seeke out my fortune, whatever itt bee.  
This suite then they granted to prettye Bessee.

Then Bessy, that was of bewtye soe bright,  
All cladd in gray russett, and late in the night  
From father and mother alone parted shee;  
Who sighed and sobbed for prettye Bessee.

Shee went till shee came to Stratford-le-Bow;  
Then knew shee not whither, nor which way to goe:  
With teares shee lamented her hard destinie,  
So sadd and soe heavy was pretty Bessee.

Shee kept on her journey untill it was day,  
And went unto Rumford along the hye way;  
Where at the Queenes armes entertained was shee:  
Soe faire and wel favoured was pretty Bessee.

Shee had not been there a month to an end,  
But master and mistres and all was her friend:  
And every brave gallant, that once did her see,  
Was straight-way enamoured of pretty Bessee.

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,  
And in their songs daylye her love was extold;  
Her bewtye was blazed in every degree;  
Soe faire and soe comelye was pretty Bessee.

The young men of Rumford in her had their joy,  
Shee shewed herself curteous, and modestlye coy;  
And at her commandment still wold they bee;  
Soe fayre and soe comelye was pretty Bessee.

Four e suitors att once unto her did goe;  
They craved her favor, but still shee sayd noe;  
I wold not wish gentles to marry with mee.  
Yett ever they honored prettye Bessee.

The first of them was a gallant young knight,  
And he came unto her disguised in the night,  
The second a gentleman of good degree,  
Who wooed and sued for prettye Bessee.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small,  
He was the third suiter, and proper withall:  
Her masters own sonne the fourth man must bee,  
Who swore he wold dye for prettye Bessee.

And, if thou wilt marry with mee, quoth the knight,  
He make thee a ladye with joy and delight;  
My hart's so inthralled by thy bewtie,  
That soone I shall dye for prettye Bessee.

The gentleman sayd, Come, marry with mee,  
As fine as a ladye my Bessy shal bee:  
My life is distressed: O heare me, quoth hee;  
And grant me thy love, my prettye Bessee.

Let me bee thy husband, the merchant cold say,  
Thou shalt live in London both gallant and gay;  
My shippes shall bring home rych Jewells for thee,  
And I will for ever love prettye Bessee.

5 Then Bessy shee sighed, and thus shee did say,  
My father and mother I meane to obey;  
First gett there good will, and be faithfull to mee,  
And you shall enjoye your prettye Bessee.

To every one this answer shee made, 65  
Wherefore unto her they joyfullye sayd,  
This thing to fulfill wee all doe agree;  
But where dwells thy father, my prettye Bessee?

My father, shee said, is soone to be seene:  
The seely blind beggar of Bednall-greene, 70  
That daylye sits begging for charitie,  
He is the good father of prettye Bessee.

His markes and his tokens are knownen very well;  
He alwayes is led with a dogg and a bell:  
A seely olde man, God knoweth, is hee, 75  
Yett hee is the father of pretty Bessee.

Nay then, quoth the merchant, thou art not for mee:  
Nor, quoth the innholder, my wiffe thou shalt bee:  
I lothe, sayd the gentle, a beggars degree,  
And therefore, adewe, my pretty Bessee! 80

Why then, quoth the knight, hap better or worse,  
I waighe not true love by the waight of the purse,  
And bewtye is bewtye in every degree;  
Then welcome unto me, my pretty Bessee.

With thee to thy father forthwith I will goe. 85  
Nay soft, quoth his kinsmen, it must not be soe;  
A poor beggars daughter noe ladye shall bee,  
Then take thy adew of pretty Bessee.

But soone after this, by breake of the day  
The knight had from Rumford stole Bessy away. 90  
The young men of Rumford, as thicke might bee,  
Rode after to feitch againe pretty Bessee.

As swift as the winde to ryde they were seene,  
Untill they came neare unto Bednall-greene;  
And as the knight lighted most courtesallye 95  
They all fought against him for pretty Bessee.

But rescue came speedilye over the plaine,  
Or else the young knight for his love had been alaine.  
This fray being ended, then straitway hee see  
His kinsmen come rayling at pretty Bessee. 100

Then spake the blind beggar, Although I bee poore,  
Yett rayle not against my child at my own doore:  
Though shee be not decked in velvett and pearle,  
Yett will I dropp angells with you for my girle.

And then, if my gold may better her birthe, 105  
And equall the gold that you lay on the earth,  
Then neyther rayle nor grudge you to see  
The blind beggars daughter a lady to bee.

But first you shall promise, and have itt well knowne.  
The gold that you drop shall all be your owne. 110  
With that they replied, Contented bee wee.  
Then here's, quoth the beggar for pretty Bessee.

With that an angell he cast on the ground,  
And dropped in angells full three thousand \* pound:  
And oftentimes itt was proved most plaine, 115  
For the gentlemen one the beggar droopt twayne:

\* In the Editor's folio MS. it is 5000.

Soe that the place, wherein they did sitt,  
With gold it was covered every whitt.  
The gentlemen then having dropt all their store,  
Sayd, Now, beggar, bold, for wee have noe more. 120

Thou hast fulfilled thy promise arright.  
Then marry, quoth he, my girle to this knight;  
And heere, added hee, I will now throwe you downe  
A hundred pounds more to buy her a gowne.

The gentlemen all, that this treasure had scene, 125  
Admired the beggar of Bednall-greene:  
And all those, that were her suitors before,  
Their fleshe for very anger they tore.

Thus was fair Besse matched to the knight,  
And then made a ladye in others despite: 130  
A fairer ladye there never was scene,  
Than the blind beggars daughter of Bednall-greene.

But of their sumptuous marriage and feast,  
What brave lords and knights thither were prest.  
The second fit \* shall set forth to your sight 135  
With marvellous pleasure and wished delight.

## PART THE SECOND.

Orr a blind beggars daughter most bright,  
That late was betrothed unto a young knight;  
All the discourse therof you did see;  
But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessee.

Within a gorgeous palace most brave, 5  
Adorned with all the cost they cold have,  
This wedding was kept most sumptuoualle,  
And all for the credit of pretty Bessee.

All kind of dainties, and delicates sweete  
Were bought for the banquet, as it was most meete; 10  
Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,  
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessee.

This marriage through England was spread by report,  
So that a great number thereto did resort  
Of nobles and gentles in every degree; 15  
And all for the fame of pretty Bessee.

To church then went this gallant younge knight;  
His bride followed after, an angell most bright,  
With troopes of ladyes, the like nere was scene  
As went with sweete Bessy of Bednall-greene. 20

This marriage being solemnized then,  
With musicke performed by the skilfullest men,  
The nobles and gentles sate downe at that tyde,  
Each one admiring the beautifull bryde.

Now, after the sumptuous dinner was done, 25  
To talke, and to reason a number begunn:  
They talkt of the blind beggars daughter most bright,  
And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

Then spake the nobles, " Much marveil have wee,  
This jolly blind beggar wee cannot here see." 30  
My lords, quoth the bride, my father's so base,  
He is loth with his presence these states to disgrace.

" The prayse of a woman in questyon to bringe  
Before her own face, were a flattering thinge;  
But wee thinke thy father's baseness, quoth they, 35  
Might by thy bewtye be cleane put awaye."

\* See an Essay on the word Fit at the end of the Second Part.

They had noe sooner these pleasant words spoke,  
But in comes the beggar cladd in a silke cloke;  
A faire velvet capp, and a fether had hee,  
And now a musicyan forsooth he wold bee. 40

He had a daintye lute under his arme,  
He touched the strings, which made such a charme,  
Saies, Please you to heare any musicke of mee,  
Ile sing you a song of pretty Bessee.

With that his lute he twanged straightway, 45  
And thereon begaun most sweetlye to play;  
And after that lessons were playd two or three,  
He strayn'd out this song most delicatelle.

" A poore beggars daughter did dwell on a greene,  
Who for her faireness might well be a queene: 50  
A blithe bonny lasse, and a daintye was shee,  
And many one called her pretty Bessee.

" Her father hee had noe goods, nor noe land,  
But beggd for a penny all day with his hand;  
And yett to her marriage he gave thousands three\*, 55  
And still he hath somewhat for pretty Bessee.

" And if any one here her birth doe disdaine,  
Her father is ready, with might and with maine,  
To proove shee is come of noble degree:  
Therefore never flout att pretty Bessee." 60

With that the lords and the companys round  
With harty laughter were readye to aound;  
Att last said the lords, Full well wee may see,  
The bride and the beggar's behoulden to thee.

On this the bride all blushing did rise, 65  
The pearlie droppe standing within her faire eyes,  
O pardon my father, grave nobles, quoth shee,  
That throughbe blind affection thus doteth on mee.

If this be thy father, the nobles did say,  
Well may he be proud of this happy day;  
Yett by his countenance well may wee see,  
His birth and his fortune did never agree; 70

And therefore, blind man, we pray thee bewray,  
(And looke that the truth thou to us doe say)  
Thy birth and thy parentage, what itt may bee; 75  
For the love that thou bearest to pretty Bessee.

"Then give me leave, nobles and gentles, each one,  
One song more to sing, and then I have done;  
And if that itt may not winn good report,  
Then doe not give me a groat for my sport. 80

" [Sir Simon de Montfort my subject abal bee;  
Once chiefe of all the great barons was hee,  
Yet fortune so cruelle this lorde did abase,  
Now loste and forgotten are hee and his race.

" When the barons in armes did King Henrye oppose,  
Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose; 86  
A leader of courage undaunted was hee,  
And oft-times he made their enemyes flee.

" At length in the battle on Eveshame plaine  
The barons were routed, and Montfort was slaine;  
Moste fatall that battel did prove unto thee, 91  
Thoughe thou wast not borne then, my pretty Bessee!

\* So the folio MS.

"Along with the nobles, that fell at that tyde,  
His eldest son Henrye, who fought by his side,  
Was felde by a blowe, he receivde in the fight! 95  
A blowe that deprivde him for ever of sight.

"Among the dead bodyes all lifelesse he laye,  
Till evening drewe on of the following daye,  
When by a yong ladye discoverd was hee;  
And this was thy mother my prettye Bessee! 100

"A barons faire daughter stept forth in the nighte  
To search for her father, who fell in the fight,  
And seeing yong Montfort, where gasping he laye,  
Was moved with pitye, and brought him awaye.

"In secrette she nurst him, and swaged his paine, 105  
While he throughe the realme was beleevd to be  
slaine:  
At length his faire bride she consented to bee,  
And made him glad father of prettye Bessee.

"And nowe lest oure foes our lives sholde betraye,  
We clothed ourselves in beggars arraye; 110  
Her jewelles shee solde, and hither came wee:  
All our comfort and care was our prettye Bessee.]

"And here have wee lived in fortunes despite,  
Thoughe poore, yet contented with humble delighte:  
Full forty winters thus have I benee 115  
A silly blind beggar of Bednall-greene.

"And here, noble lordes, is ended the song  
Of one, that once to your own ranke did belong:  
And thus have you learned a secrette from mee,  
That ne'er had benee knowne, but for prettye  
Bessee." 120

Now when the faire companye every one,  
Had heard the strange tale in the song he had  
showne,  
They all were amazed, as well they might bee,  
Both at the blinde beggar, and pretty Bessee.

With that the faire bride they all did embrace, 125  
Saying, Sure thou art come of an honourable race,  
Thy father likewise is of noble degree,  
And thou art well worthy a lady to bee.

Thus was the feast ended with joye and delighte,  
A bridegroome most happy then was the young  
knighte,  
In joy and felicitie long lived hee, 131  
All with his faire ladye, the pretty Bessee.

\* \*

†† The word *fit* for *part*, often occurs in our ancient ballads and metrical romances; which being divided into several parts for the convenience of singing them at public entertainments, were in the intervals of the feast sung by fits, or intermissions. So Puttenham in his *Art of English Poesie*, 1589, says, "the Epithalamie was divided by breaches into three partes to serve for three several fits, or times to be sung." p. 41.

From the same writer we learn some curious particulars relative to the state of ballad-singing in that age, that will throw light on the present subject: speaking of the quick returns of one manner of tune in the short measures used by common rhymers; these, he says, "glut the eare, unless it be in small

and popular musickes, sung by these Cantabanqui upon benches and barrels heads, where they have none other audience then boys or countrey fellowes, that passe by them in the streets; or else by blind harpers, or such like taverne Minstrels, that gave a fit of mirth for a groat... their matter being for the most part stories of old time, as the tale of Sir Topas, the reportes of Bevis of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, Adam Bell and Clymme of the Clough, and such other old romances or historical rimes, made purposely for retraction of the common people at Christmasse dinners and brideales, and in tavernes and alehouses, and such other places of base resorts." p. 69.

This species of entertainment which seems to have been handed down from the ancient bards, was in the time of Puttenham falling into neglect; but that it was not, even then, wholly excluded more genteel assemblies, he gives us room to infer from another passage, "We ourselves," says this courtly\* writer, "have written for pleasure a little brief romance, or historical ditty in the English tong of the Isle of Great Britains in short and long meetres, and by breaches or divisions [i. e. fits] to be more commodiously sung to the harpe in places of assembly, where the company shal be desirous to heare of old adventures, and valiaunces of noble knights in times past, as are those of King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table, Sir Bevys of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, and others like." p. 33.

In more ancient times no grand scene of festivity was complete without one of these reciters to entertain the company with feats of arms, and tales of knighthood, or, as one of these old minstrels says, in the beginning of an ancient romance on Guy and Colbronde, in the Editor's folio MS.

"When meate and drinke is great plentye,  
And lords and ladyes still wil bee,  
And sitt and solace † lythe;  
Then itt is time for mee to speake  
Of keene knightes, and kempes great,  
Such carping for to kythe."

If we consider that a groat in the age of Elizabeth was more than equivalent to a shilling now, we shall find that the old harpers were even then, when their art was on the decline, upon a far more reputable footing than the ballad-singers of our time. The reciting of one such ballad as this of the Beggar of Bednall-green, in two parts, was rewarded with half a crown of our money. And that they made a very respectable appearance, we may learn from the dress of the old beggar, in the preceding ballad, p. 131, where he comes into company in the habit and character of one of these minstrels, being not known to be the bride's father, till after her speech, ver. 63. The exordium of his song, and his claiming a groat for his reward, ver. 80, are peculiarly characteristic of that profession.—Most of the old ballads begin in a pompous manner, in order to captivate the attention of the audience, and induce them to purchase a recital of the song: and they seldom conclude the first part without large promises of still greater entertainment in the second. This was a necessary piece of art to incline the hearers to be at the expense of a second groat's-worth.—Many of the old

\* He was one of Queen Elizabeth's gent. pensioners, at a time when the whole band consisted of men of distinguished birth and fortune. Vid. *Aut. Oz.* † Perhaps "lythe."

romances extend to eight or nine fits, which would afford a considerable profit to the reciter.

To return to the word *fit*; it seems at one time to have peculiarly signified the pause, or breathing-time, between the several parts (answering to *Passus* in the visions of *Pierce Plowman*): thus in the ancient ballad of "Chevy-Chace," (p. 3,) the first Part ends with this line,

"The first fit here I fynde:"

i. e. here I come to the first pause or intermission. (See also p. 5.) By degrees it came to signify the whole part or division preceding the pause. (See the concluding verses of the first and second parts of "Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudealy," in this work.) This sense it had obtained so early as the time of Chaucer: who thus concludes the first part of his rhyme of *Sir Thopas* (writ in ridicule of the old ballad romances):

"Lo! lordis mine, here is a fitt;  
If ye woll any more of it,  
To tell it woll I fonde."

The word *fit* indeed appears originally to have signified a poetic strain, verse, or poem: for in these senses it is used by the Anglo-Saxon writers. Thus King *Elfred* in his *Boetius*, having given a version of lib. 3, metr. 5, adds, *Dare þiroom the þar fitte arungen hæfwe* p. 65, i. e. "When wisdom had sung these [fits] verses." And in the *Proem* to

the same book *Fon on fitte*, "Put into [fit] verse." So in *Cedmon*, p. 45. *Feonð on fitte*, seems to mean "composed a song," or "poem."—The reader will trace this old Saxon phrase, in the application of the word *fond*, in the foregoing passage of Chaucer. See Gloss.

Spenser has used the word *fit* to denote "a strain of music:" see his poem entitled, "Collin Clout's come home again," where he says,

The Shepherd of the ocean [*Sir Walt. Raleigh*]  
Provoked me to play some pleasant fit.  
And when he heard the music which I made  
He found himselfe full greatlye pleas'd at it, &c.

It is also used in the old ballad of *King Estmere*, p. 16, v. 243.

From being applied to music, this word was easily transferred to dancing; thus in the old play of "Lusty Juventus" (described in p. 117), *Juventus* says,

By the masse I would fayne go daunce a fitte.

And from being used as a part or division in a ballad, poem, &c. it is applied by *Bale* to a section or chapter in a book, (though I believe in a sense of ridicule or sarcasm) for thus he entitles two chapters of his "English Dotaries," part 2, viz.—fol. 49, "The first fytt of Anselme with Kyngs Wylliam Rufus."—fol. 50, "An other fytt of Anselme with Kyngs Wylliam Rufus."

## XI.

## FANCY AND DESIRE.

BY THE EARL OF OXFORD.

Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, was in high fame for his poetical talents in the reign of Elizabeth: perhaps it is no injury to his reputation that few of his compositions are preserved for the inspection of impartial posterity. To gratify curiosity, we have inserted a sonnet of his, which is quoted with great encomiums for its "excellencie and wit," in *Puttenham's "Arte of Eng. Poesie"*, and found entire in the "Garland of Good-will." A few more of his sonnets (distinguished by the initial letters E. O.) may be seen in the "Paradise of Daintie Devises." One of these is entitled, "The Complaint of a Lover, wearing blacke and tawnie." The only lines in it worth notice are these,

A crowne of baies shall that man 'beare'  
Who triumphs over me;  
For black and tawnie will I weare,  
Which mourning colours be.

We find in *Hall's Chronicle*, that when Queen *Catharine of Arragon* died, Jan 8, 1536; "Queen *Anne [Bullen]* were yellowe for the mourning." And when this unfortunate princess lost her head, May 19, the same year, "on the ascencion day following, the kyng for mourning ware whyte." Fol. 227, 228.

Edward, who was the seventeenth Earl of Oxford, of the family of Vere, succeeded his father in his title and honours in 1562, and died an aged man in 1604. See Mr. *Walpole's Noble Authors*. Athen. Oxon. &c.

Come hither shepherd's swayne:

"Sir, what do you require?"

I praye thee, shewe to me thy name.

My name is "Fond Desire."

When wert thou borne, Desire? 5

"In pompe and pryme of may."

By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot?

"By fond Conceit men say."

Tell me, who was thy nurse?

"Fresh Youth in sugred joy." 10

What was thy meate and dayly foode?

"Sad sighes with great annoy."

What hadst thou then to drinke?

"Unsavory lovers teares." 15

What cradle wert thou rocked in?

"In hope devoyde of feares."

What lulld thee then asleepe?

"Sweete speech, which likes me best."

Tell me, where is thy dwelling place?

"In gentle hartes I rest." 20

\* Lond. 1889, p. 172.



What thing doth please thee most ?  
 " To gaze on beautye stille."  
 Whom dost thou thinke to be thy foe ?  
 " Disdayn of my good will."

Doth companie displease ? 25  
 " Yes, surelye, many one."  
 Where doth Desire delights to live ?  
 " He loves to live alone."

Doth either tyme or age  
 Bringe him unto decaye ? 30  
 " No, no, Desire both lives and dyes  
 " Ten thousand times a daye."

Then, fond Desire, farewell,  
 Thou art no mate for mee ;  
 I sholde be lothe, methinkes, to dwelle 35  
 With such a one as thee.

## XII.

## SIR ANDREW BARTON.

I cannot give a better relation of the fact, which is the subject of the following ballad, than in an extract from the late Mr. Guthrie's *Peerage*; which was begun upon a very elegant plan, but never finished. Vol. I. 4to. p. 22.

"The transactions which did the greatest honour to the Earl of Surrey\* and his family at this time [A. D. 1511.] was their behaviour in the case of Barton, a Scotch sea-officer. This gentleman's father having suffered by sea from the Portugese, he had obtained letters of marque for his two sons to make reprisals upon the subjects of Portugal. It is extremely probable, that the court of Scotland granted these letters with no very honest intention. The council board of England, at which the Earl of Surrey held the chief place, was daily pestered with complaints from the sailors and merchants, that Barton, who was called Sir Andrew Barton, under pretence of searching for Portugese goods, interrupted the English navigation. Henry's situation at that time rendered him backward from breaking with Scotland, so that their complaints were but coldly received. The Earl of Surrey, however, could not smother his indignation, but gallantly declared at the council board, that while he had an estate that could furnish out a ship, or a son that was capable of commanding one, the narrow seas should not be infested.

"Sir Andrew Barton, who commanded the two Scotch ships, had the reputation of being one of the ablest sea officers of his time. By his depredations, he had amassed great wealth, and his ships were very richly laden. Henry, notwithstanding his situation, could not refuse the generous offer made by the Earl of Surrey. Two ships were immediately fitted out, and put to sea with letters of marque, under his two sons, Sir Thomas† and Sir Edward Howard. After encountering a great deal of foul weather, Sir Thomas came up with the *Lion*, which was commanded by Sir Andrew Barton in person; and Sir Edward came up with the *Union*, Barton's other ship, [called by Hall, the *Bark of Scotland*.] The engagement which ensued was extremely obstinate on both sides; but at last the fortune of the Howards prevailed. Sir Andrew was killed fighting bravely, and encouraging his men with his whistle, to hold out to the last; and the two Scotch ships with their crews, were carried into the River Thames. [Aug. 2, 1511.]

\* Thomas Howard, afterwards created Duke of Norfolk.

† Called by old historians Lord Howard, afterwards created Earl of Surrey in his father's life time. He was father of the poetical Earl of Surrey.

"This exploit had the more merit, as the two English commanders were in a manner volunteers in the service, by their father's order. But it seems to have laid the foundation of Sir Edward's fortune; for, on the 7th of April 1512, the king constituted him (according to Dugdale) admiral of England, Wales, &c.

"King James 'insisted' upon satisfaction for the death of Barton, and capture of his ship: 'though' Henry had generously dismissed the crews, and even agreed that the parties accused might appear in his courts of admiralty by their attorneys, to vindicate themselves." This affair was in a great measure the cause of the battle of Flodden, in which James IV. lost his life.

In the following ballad will be found perhaps some few deviations from the truth of history: to atone for which it has probably recorded many lesser facts, which history hath not condescended to relate. I take many of the little circumstances of the story to be real, because I find one of the most unlikely to be not very remote from the truth. In Part 2, v. 156, it is said, that England had before "but two ships of war." Now the "Great Harry" had been built only seven years before, viz. in 1504: which "was properly speaking the first ship in the English navy. Before this period, when the prince wanted a fleet, he had no other expedient but hiring ships from the merchants." Hume.

This Ballad, which appears to have been written in the reign of Elizabeth, has received great improvements from the Editor's folio MS. wherein was an ancient copy, which though very incorrect, seemed in many respects superior to the common ballad; the latter being evidently modernized and abridged from it. The following text is however in some places amended and improved by the latter (chiefly from a black-letter copy in the Pepys collection), as also by conjecture.

## THE FIRST PART.

"When Flora with her fragrant flowers  
 Bedeckt the earth so trim and gaye,  
 And Neptune with his daintye showers  
 Came to present the monthe of Maye\* ;"  
 King Henrye rode to take the ayre,  
 Over the river of Thames past hee ;  
 When eighty merchants of London came,  
 And downe they knelt upon their knees.

5

\* From the pr. copy.

"O yee are welcome, rich merchants;  
Good saylors, welcome unto mee;" 10  
They swore by the rood, they were saylors good,  
But rich merchants they cold not bee:  
"To France nor Flanders dare we pass:  
Nor Bourdeaux voyage dare we fare;  
And all for a rover that lyes on the seas, 15  
Who robbs us of our merchant ware."

King Henrye frownd, and turned him rounde,  
And swore by the Lord, that was mickle of might,  
"I thought he had not beene in the world,  
Durst have wrought England such unright." 20  
The merchants sighed, and said, alas!  
And thus they did their answer frame,  
He is a proud Scott, that robbs on the seas,  
And Sir Andrew Barton is his name.

The king lookt over his left shoulder, 25  
And an angrie look then looked hee:  
"Have I never a lorde in all my realme,  
Will feitch yond traytor unto mee?"  
Yea, that dare I; Lord Howard sayes;  
Yea, that dare I with heart and hand; 30  
If it please you, grace to give me leave,  
Myselfe wil be the only man.

Thou art but yong; the kyng replied:  
Yond Scott hath numbred manye a yere. 35  
"Trust me, my liege, Ile make him quail,  
Or before my prince I will never appeare."  
Then bowemen and gunners thou shalt have,  
And chuse them over my realme so free;  
Besides good mariners, and shipp-boyes, 40  
To guide the great shipp on the sea.

The first man, that Lord Howard chose,  
Was the ablest gunner in all the realm,  
Thoughe he was threescore yeres and ten;  
Good Peter Simon was his name. 45  
Peter, sais hee, I must to the sea,  
To bring home a traytor live or dead:  
Before all others I have chosen thee;  
Of a hundred gunners to be the head.

If you, my lord, have chosen mee 50  
Of a hundred gunners to be the head,  
Then hang me up on your maine-mast tree,  
If I misse my marke one shilling bread\*.  
My lord then chose a boweman rare,  
"Whose active hands had gained fame†  
In Yorkshire was this gentleman borne, 55  
And William Horseyley was his name‡.

Horseyley, sayd he, I must with speede  
Go seeke a traytor on the sea,  
And now of a hundred bowemen brave;  
To be the head I have chosen thee. 60  
If you, quoth hee, have chosen mee  
Of a hundred bowemen to be the head;  
On your main-mast Ile hangd bee,  
If I misse twelvescore one penny bread.

With pikes and gunnes, and bowemen bold, 65  
This noble Howard is gone to the sea;  
With a valyant heart and a pleasant cheare,  
Out at Thames mouth sayled he.  
And days he scant had sayled threee,  
Upon the 'voyage,' he tooke in hand, 70  
But there he mett with a noble shipp,  
And stoutely made itt stay and stand.

Thou must tell me, Lord Howard said,  
Now who thou art, and what's thy name;  
And shewe me where thy dwelling is:  
And whither bound, and whence thou came. 75  
My name is Henry Hunt, quoth hee  
With a heavey heart, and a carefull mind;  
I and my shipp doe both belong  
To the Newcastle, that stands upon Tyne. 80

Hast thou not heard, nowe, Henrye Hunt,  
As thou hast sayled by daye and by night,  
Of a Scottish rover on the seas;  
Men call him Sir Andrew Barton, knight? 85  
Then ever he sighed, and sayd alas!  
With a grievd mind, and well away!  
But over-well I knowe that wright,  
I was his prisoner yesterday.

As I was sayling uppon the sea,  
A Burdeaux voyage for to fare; 90  
To his hach-borde he clasped me,  
And robd me of all my merchant ware:  
And mickle debts, God wot, I owe,  
And every man will have his owne;  
And I am nowe to London bounde, 95  
Of our gracious king to beg a boone.

That shall not need, Lord Howard sais;  
Lett me but once that robber see,  
For every penny tane thee froe  
It shall be doubled shillings threee, 100  
Nowe God forefend, the merchant said,  
That you shold seek soe far amisse!  
God keepe you out of that traitors hands!  
Full litle ye wott what a man hee is.

Hee is brasse within, and steele without, 105  
With beames on his topeastle stronge;  
And eighteen pieces of ordinance  
He carries on each side along:  
And he hath a pinnace deerye dight,  
St. Andrewes croase that is his guide; 110  
His pinnace beareth ninescore men,  
And fifteen canons on each side.

Were ye twentye shippes, and he but one;  
I sweare by kirke, and bower, and hall;  
He wold overcome them everye one, 115  
If once his beames they doe downe fall\*.

Ver. 78, Journey, MS. V. 91, The MS. has here Arch-  
borde, but in Part II. ver. 5, Hachebord.

\* It should seem from hence, that before our marine artil-  
lery was brought to its present perfection, some naval com-  
manders had recourse to instruments or machines, similar  
in use, though perhaps unlike in construction, to the heavy  
Dolphins made of lead or iron used by the ancient Greeks;  
which they suspended from beams or yards fastened to the  
mast, and which they precipitately let fall on the enemies'  
ships, in order to sink them, by beating holes through the  
bottoms of their undecked Triremes, or otherwise damaging  
them. These are mentioned by Thucydides, lib. 7, p. 256,  
Ed. 1564, folio, and are more fully explained in Scheffer  
de Militia Navali, lib. 2, cap. 5, p. 136, Ed. 1653, 4to.

N.B. It every where in the MS. seems to be written *Beames*.

Ver. 15, 83, robber, MS. V. 29, Lord Charles Howard,  
MS.

\* An old English word for breadth.

† Pr. copy.

‡ Mr. Lambe, in his Notes to the Poem on the Battle of  
Flodden Field, contends, that this expert bowman's name  
was not Horseyley, but Hustler, of a family long seated near  
Stockton, in Cleveland, Yorkshire. Vid. p. 5.

This is cold comfort, sais my lord,  
To wellcome a stranger thus to the sea :  
Yet Ile bring him and his shipp to shore,  
Or to Scotland hee shall carrye mee. 120

Then a noble gunner you must have,  
And he must aim well with his ee,  
And sinke his pinnace into the sea,  
Or else hee never orecome will bee :  
And if you chance his shipp to borde, 125  
This counsel I must give withall,  
Let no man to his topcastle goe  
To strive to let his beame downe fall.

And seven pieces of ordinance,  
I pray your honour lend to mee, 130  
On each side of my shipp along,  
And I will lead you on the sea.  
A glasse Ile sett, that may be seene,  
Whether you sayle by day or night ;  
And to-morrowe, I sweare, by nine of the clocke 135  
You shall meet with Sir Andrew Barton knight.

## THE SECOND PART.

THE merchant sett my lorde a glasse  
Soe well apparent in his sight,  
And on the morrowe, by nine of the clocke.  
He shewed him Sir Andrew Barton knight. 5  
His hachebord it was 'gilt' with gold,  
Soe deerlye dight it dazzled the ee :  
Nowe by my faith, Lord Howarde sais,  
This is a gallant sight to see.

Take in your ancyents, standards eke,  
So close that no man may them see ;  
And put me forth a white willowe wand,  
As merchants use to sayle the sea.  
But they stirred neither top, nor mast \* ;  
Stoutly they past Sir Andrew by.  
What English churles are yonder, he sayd, 15  
That can see litle curtesye ?

Now by the roode, three yeares and more  
I have beene admirall over the sea ;  
And never an English nor Portingall  
Without my leave can passe this way. 20  
Then called he forth his stout pinnace ;  
" Fetch backe yond pedlars nowe to mee :  
I sweare by the masse, yon English churles  
Shall all hang att my maine-mast tree."

With that the pinnace itt shott off,  
Full well Lord Howard might it ken ;  
For itt stroke down my lord's fore mast,  
And killed fourteen of his men. 25  
Come hither, Simon, sayes my lord,  
Looks that thy word be true, thou said ;  
For at my maine-mast thou shall hang,  
If thou misse thy marke one shilling bread. 30

Simon was old, but his heart itt was bold.  
His ordinance he laid right lowe ;  
He put in chaine full nine yardes long, 35  
With other great shott lesse, and moe ;  
And he lette goe his great gunnes shott :  
Soe well he settled itt with his ee,  
The first sight that Sir Andrew sawe,  
He see his pinnace sunke in the sea. 40

Ver. 5, 'hached with gold.' MS. V. 35, i. e. discharged  
chairs shot.

\* I. e. did not salute

And when he saw his pinnace sunke,  
Lord, how his heart with rage did swell !  
" Nowe cutt my ropes, itt is time to be gon ;  
Ile fetch yond pedlars backe mysell," 45  
When my Lord sawe Sir Andrew loose,  
Within his heart hee was full faine :  
" Nowe spread your ancyents, strike up drummes,  
Sound all your trumpetts out amaine."

Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew sais,  
Weale howsoever this geere will away ; 50  
Itt is my lord admirall of England,  
Is come to seeke mee on the sea.  
Simon had a sonne, who shott right well,  
That did Sir Andrew mickle scare ;  
In att his decke he gave a shott, 55  
Killed threescore of his men of warre.

Then Henrye Hunt with rigour hott  
Came bravely on the other side,  
Soone he drove downe his fore-mast tree,  
And killed fourscore men beside. 60  
Nowe, out alas ! Sir Andrew cryed,  
What may a man now thinke, or say ?  
Yonder merchant theefe, that pierceeth mee,  
Ile was my prisoner yesterday.

Come hither to me, thou Gordon good, 65  
That aye wast readye att my call ;  
I will give thee three hundred markes,  
If thou wilt let my beames downe fall.  
Lord Howard hee then calld in haste,  
" Horseley see thou be true in stead ; 70  
For thou shalt at the maine-mast hang,  
If thou misse twelvescore one penny bread.

Then Gordon swarved the maine-mast tree,  
He swarved it with might and maine,  
But Horseley with a bearing arrowe, 75  
Stroke the Gordon through the braine ;  
And he fell unto the haches again,  
And sore his deadly wounds did bleede :  
Then word went through Sir Andrews men,  
How that the Gordon hee was dead. 80

Come hither to mee, James Hambliton,  
Thou art my only sisters sonne,  
If thou wilt let my beames downe fall,  
Six hundred nobles thou hast wonne. 85  
With that he swarved the maine-mast tree,  
He swarved it with nimble art ;  
But Horseley with a broad arrowe  
Pierced the Hambliton thorough the heart :

And downe he fell upon the deck,  
That with his blood did streame amaine : 90  
Then every Scott cryed, Well-away !  
Alas a comelye youth is slaine !  
All woe begone was Sir Andrew then,  
With gnefe and rage his heart did swell :  
" Go fetch me forth my armour of prooffe, 95  
For I will to the topcastle mysell."

" Goe fetch me forth my armour of prooffe ;  
That gilded is with gold soe cleare :  
God be with my brother John of Barton !  
Against the Portingalls hee it ware ; 100

Ver. 67, 84, pounds, MS. V. 75, bearinge, sc. that carries  
well, &c. But see Gloss.

And when he had on this armour of prooffe,  
 He was a gallant sight to see :  
 Ah ! nere didst thou meet with living wight,  
 My deere brother, could cope with thee."

Come hither Horseley, sayes my lord, 105  
 And looke your shaft that itt goe right,  
 Shoot a good shoote in time of need,  
 And for it thou shalt be made a knight.  
 He shoot my best, quoth Horseley then,  
 Your honour shall see, with might and maine; 110  
 But if I were hanged at your maine-mast,  
 I have now left but arrowes twaine.

Sir Andrew he did swarve the tree,  
 With right good will he swarved then :  
 Upon his breast did Horsley hitt, 115  
 But the arrow bounded back agen.  
 Then Horseley spied a privye place  
 With a perfect eye in a secrette part ;  
 Under the spole of his right arme  
 He smote Sir Andrew to the heart. 120

"Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew sayes,  
 A little lme hurt, but yett not alaine ;  
 He but lye downe and bleede a while,  
 And then He rise and fight againe.  
 "Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew sayes, 125  
 And never flinche before the foe ;  
 And stand fast by St. Andrewes crosse  
 Untill you heare my whistle blowe."

They never heard his whistle blow, —  
 Which made their hearts waxe sore adread : 130  
 Then Horseley sayd, Aboard, my lord,  
 For well I wott Sir Andrew's dead.  
 They boarded then his noble shipp,  
 They boarded it with might and maine ;  
 Eighteen score Scots alive they found, 135  
 The rest were either maimed or slaine.

Lord Howard tooke a sword in hand,  
 And off he smote Sir Andrewes head,  
 "I must have left England many a daye,  
 If thou wert alive as thou art dead." 140  
 He caused his body to be cast  
 Over the hatchbord into the sea,  
 And about his middle three hundred crownes :  
 "Wherever thou land this will bury thee."

Thus from the warres Lord Howard came, 145  
 And backe he sayled ore the maine,  
 With mickle joy and triumphing  
 Into Thames mouth he came againe.

Lord Howard then a letter wrote,  
 And sealed it with seale and ring ; 150  
 "Such a noble prize have I brought to your grace  
 As never did subject to a king :

"Sir Andrewes shipp I bring with mee ;  
 A braver shipp was never none :  
 Nowe hath your grace two shippes of warr, 155  
 Before in England was but one."  
 King Henryes grace with royall cheere  
 Welcomed the noble Howard home,  
 And where, said he, is this rover stout,  
 That I myselfe may give the doome ? 160

"The rover, he is safe, my leige,  
 Full many a fadom in the sea ;  
 If he were alive as he is dead,  
 I must have left England many a day :  
 And your grace may thank four men i' the ship 165  
 For the victory wee have wonne,  
 These are William Horseley, Henry Hunt,  
 And Peter Simon, and his sonne."

To Henry Hunt, the king then sayd,  
 In lieu of what was from thee tane, 170  
 A noble a day now thou shalt have,  
 Sir Andrewes jewels and his chayne.  
 And Horseley thou shalt be a knight,  
 And lands and livings shalt have store ;  
 Howard shall be Erle Surrye hight, 175  
 As Howards erst have beene before.

Nowe, Peter Simon, thou art old,  
 I will maintaine thee and thy sonne :  
 And the men shall have five hundred markes  
 For the good service they have done. 180  
 Then in came the queene with ladyes fair  
 To see Sir Andrew Barton knight ;  
 They weend that hee were brought on shore,  
 And thought to have seen a gallant sight.

But when they see his deadlie face, 185  
 And eyes soe hollow in his head,  
 I wold give, quoth the king, a thousand markes,  
 This man were alive as hee is dead :  
 Yett for the manfull part hee playd,  
 Which fought soe well with heart and hand, 190  
 His men shall have twelvpence a day,  
 Till they come to my brother kings high land.

## XIII.

## LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

## A SCOTTISH SONG.

The subject of this pathetic ballad the Editor once thought might possibly relate to the Earl of Bothwell, and his desertion of his wife Lady Jean Gordon, to make room for his marriage with the Queen of Scots: But this opinion he now believes to be groundless; indeed! Earl Bothwell's age, who was upwards of

sixty at the time of that marriage, renders it unlikely that he should be the object of so warm a passion as this elegy supposes. He has been since informed,

Ver. 175, &c... Erie of Nottingham, And soe was never &c. MS.

that it entirely refers to a private story. A young lady of the name of Bothwell, or rather Boswell having been, together with her child, deserted by her husband or lover, composed these affecting lines herself; which here are given from a copy in the Editor's folio MS. corrected by another in Allan Ramsay's Miscellany.

BALOW, my babe, lye still and sleipe!  
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe:  
If thoust be silent, lse be glad,  
Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.  
Balow, my boy, thy mothers joy, 5  
Thy father breides me great annoy.  
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,  
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

When he began to court my luve,  
And with his sugred wordes\* to muve, 10  
His faynings fals, and flattering chaire  
To me that time did not appeire:  
But now I see, most cruell hee  
Cares neither for my babe nor mee.  
Balow, &c. 15

Lye still, my darling, aleipe a while,  
And when thou wakest, sweetly smile:  
But smile not, as thy father did,  
To cozen maids: nay God forbid!  
Bot yett I feire, thou wilt gae neire 20  
Thy fateris hart, and face to beira.  
Balow, &c.

I cannae chuse, but ever will  
Be luvng to thy father still:  
Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde, 25  
My luve with him doth still abyde:  
In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,  
Mine hart can neire depart him frae.  
Balow, &c.

But doe not, doe not, prettie mine, 30  
To faynings fals thine hart incline;  
Be loyal to thy luvver trew,  
And nevir change her for a new:  
If gude or faire, of hir have care,  
For womens banning's wonderous sair 35  
Balow, &c.

Bairne, ain thy cruel father is gane,  
Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine;  
My babe and I'll together live,  
He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve: 40  
My babe and I right saft will ly,  
And quite forgett man's cruelty.  
Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth,  
That evir kist a womans mouth! 4  
I wish all maidens be warnd by mee  
Nevir to trust mans curtesy;  
For if we doe bot chance to bow,  
They'll use us then they care not how.  
Balow, my babe, ly stil, and sleipe, 50  
It gives me sair to see thee weipe.

## XIV.

## THE MURDER OF THE KING OF SCOTS.

The catastrophe of Henry Stewart, Lord Darnley, the unfortunate husband of Mary Queen of Scots, is the subject of this ballad. It is here related in that partial imperfect manner, in which such an event would naturally strike the subjects of another kingdom; of which he was a native. Henry appears to have been a vain capricious worthless young man, of weak understanding, and dissolute morals. But the beauty of his person, and the inexperience of his youth, would dispose mankind to treat him with an indulgence, which the cruelty of his murder would afterwards convert into the most tender pity and regret: and then imagination would not fail to adorn his memory with all those virtues he ought to have possessed. This will account for the extravagant elogium bestowed upon him in the first stanza, &c.

Henry Lord Darnley was eldest son of the Earl of Lennox, by the Lady Margaret Douglas, niece of Henry VIII. and daughter of Margaret Queen of Scotland by the Earl of Angus, whom that princess married after the death of James IV.—Darnley, who

had been born and educated in England, was but in his 21st year, when he was murdered, Feb. 9, 1567-8. This crime was perpetrated by the Earl of Bothwell, not out of respect to the memory of Ricio, but in order to pave the way for his own marriage with the queen.

This ballad, (printed, with a few corrections, from the Editor's folio MS.) seems to have been written soon after Mary's escape into England in 1568, see v. 65.—It will be remembered at v. 5, that this princess was Queen Dowager of France, having been first married to Francis II. who died Dec. 4, 1560.

Wox worth, woe worth thee, false Scotlände!  
For thou hast ever wrought by sleight;  
The worthiest prince that ever was borne,  
You hanged under a cloud by night

The Queene of France a letter wrote, 5  
And sealed itt with harte and ringe;  
And bade him come Scotland wirhin,  
And shee wold marry and crowne him kinge.

To be a king is a pleasant thing,  
To bee a prince unto a peers: 10  
But you have heard, and soe have I too,  
A man may well buy gold too deare

\* When *sugar* was first imported into Europe, it was a very great dainty; and therefore the epithet *sugred* is used by all our old writers metaphorically to express extreme and delicate sweetness. (See above, No. XI. v. 10.) *Sugar* at present is cheap and common; and therefore suggests now a coarse and vulgar idea.

There was an Italian in that place,  
Was as well beloved as ever was hee,  
Lord David was his name, 15  
Chamberlaine to the queene was hee.

If the king had risen forth of his place,  
He wold have sate him downe in the cheare,  
And tho itt beseeemed him not so well,  
Altho the kinge had beene present there. 20

Some lords in Scotlande waxed wrothe,  
And quarrelled with him for the nonce;  
I shall you tell how it befell,  
Twelve daggers were in him att once.

When the queene saw her chamberlaine was slaine,  
For him her faire cheeks shee did weete, 26  
And made a vowe for a yeare and a day  
The king and shee wold not come in one sheete.

Then some of the lords they waxed wrothe,  
And made their vow all vehemente; 30  
For the death of the queenes chamberlaine,  
The king himselfe, how he shall dye.

With gun-powder they strewed his roome,  
And layd greene rushes in his way:  
For the traitors thought that very night  
This worthy king for to betray. 35

To bedd the king he made him bowne;  
To take his rest was his desire;  
He was noe sooner cast on sleepe,  
But his chamber was on a blasing fire. 40

Up he lope, and the window brake,  
And hee had thirtie foote to fall;  
Lord Bodwell kept a privy watch,  
Underneath his castle wall.

Who have wee here? Lord Bodwell sayd: 45  
Now answer me, that I may know.  
"King Henry the eighth my uncle was;  
For his sweets sake some pittie show."

Who have we here? Lord Bodwell sayd,  
Now answer me when I doe speake. 50  
"Ah, Lord Bodwell, I know thee well;  
Some pittie on me I pray thee take."

He pittie thee as much he sayd,  
And as much favor shew to thee,  
As thou didst to the queenes chamberlaine, 55  
That day thou deemedst him to die\*.

Through halls and towers the king they ledd,  
Through towers and castles that were nye,  
Through an arbor into an orchard,  
There on a peare-tree hanged him hye. 60

When the governor of Scotland heard  
How that the worthy king was slaine;  
He persued the queen so bitterly,  
That in Scotland shee dare not remaine.

But shee is fledd into mervy England, 65  
And here her residence hath taine;  
And through the Queene of Englands grace,  
In England now shee doth remaine.

## XV.

## A SONNET BY QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The following lines, if they display no rich vein of poetry, are yet so strongly characteristic of their great and spirited authoress, that the insertion of them will be pardoned. They are preserved in Puttenham's "Arte of English Poesie": a book in which are many sly addresses to the queen's foible of shining as a poetess. The extraordinary manner in which these verses are introduced shews what kind of homage was exacted from the courtly writers of that age, viz.

"I find," says this antiquated critic "none example in English metre, so well maintaining this figure [*Exargasia*, or the Gorgeous, Lat. *Expolitio*] as that dittie of her majesties owne making, passing sweete and harmonically; which figure beyng as his very originall name purporteth the most bewtiful and gorgious of all others, it asketh in reason to be reserved for a last complement, and desciphrd by a ladies penne, herselfe beyng the most bewtiful, or rather bewtie of queenes". And this was the occasion; our soveraigne lady perceiving how the Scottish queenes residence within this realme at so great libertie and ease (as were scarce meete for so great and dangerous a prysoner) bred secret factions among

her people, and made many of the nobilitie incline to favour her partie: some of them desirous of innovation in the state: others aspiring to greater fortunes by her libertie and life: the queene our soveraigne ladie, to declare that she was nothing ignorant of those secret practizes, though she had long with great wisdom and pacience dissembled it, writeth this dittie most sweete and sententious, not hiding from all such aspiring minds the danger of their ambition and disloyaltie: which afterwards fell out most truly by th' exemplary chastisement of sundry persons, who in favour of the said Scot. Qu. declining from her majestie, sought to interrupt the quiet of the realme by many evill and undutifull practizes."

This sonnet seems to have been composed in 1569, not long before the Duke of Norfolk, the Earls of Pembroke and Arundel, the Lord Lumley, Sir Nich. Throckmorton, and others, were taken into custody. See Hume, Rapin, &c.—It was originally written in long lines or alexandrines, each of which is here divided into two.

The present edition is improved by some readings adopted from a copy printed in a collection from the papers of Sir John Harrington, intituled, "Nugæ Antiquæ," Lond. 1769, 12mo. where the verses are

Ver. 15, sic MS.

\* She was at this time near three-score.

\* Pronounced after the northern manner *dee*.

accompanied with a very curious letter, in which this sonnet is said to be "of her Highness own inditing . . . . My Lady Willoughby did covertly get it on her Majesties tablet, and had much hazzard in so doing; for the Queen did find out the thief, and chid for her spreading evil bruit of her writing such toys, when other matters did so occupy her employment at this time: and was fearful of being thought too lightly of for so doing." \*\*\*

THE doubt of future foes  
Exiles my present joy;  
And wit me warnes to shun such snares,  
As threaten mine annoy.

For falshood now doth flow, 5  
And subjects faith doth ebbe:  
Which would not be, if reason rul'd,  
Or wisdom wove the webbe.

But cloudes of joyes untried 10  
Do cloake aspiring mindes;  
Which turn to raine of late repent,  
By course of changed windeas.

The toppe of hope supposed 15  
The roots of ruth will be;  
And frutelesse all their graffed guiles,  
As shortly all shall see.

Then dazeld eyes with pride,  
Which great ambition blindes,  
Shal be unseeld by worthy wights,  
Whose foresight falshood finds. 20

The daughter of debate\*,  
That discord ay doth sowe,  
Shal reape no gaine where former rule  
Hath taught still peace to growe.

No forreine bannisht wight 25  
Shall ancre in this port;  
Our realme it brookes no strangers force,  
Let them elsewhere resort.

Our rusty sworde with rest 30  
Shall first his edge employ,  
To poll the toppes, that seeke such change,  
Or gape for such like joy.

†††

††† I cannot help subjoining to the above sonnet another distich of Elizabeth's preserved by Puttenham (p. 197.) "which (says he) our soveraigne lady wrote in defiance of fortune."

Never thinke you, Fortune can beare the away,  
Where Vertue's force can cause her to obey.  
The slightest effusion of such a mind deserves attention.

## XVI.

## KING OF SCOTS AND ANDREW BROWNE.

This ballad is a proof of the little intercourse that subsisted between the Scots and English, before the accession of James I. to the crown of England. The tale which is here so circumstantially related does not appear to have had the least foundation in history, but was probably built upon some confused hearsay report of the tumults in Scotland during the minority of that prince, and of the conspiracies formed by different factions to get possession of his person. It should seem from ver. 97 to have been written during the regency, or at least before the death, of the Earl of Morton, who was condemned and executed June 2, 1581; when James was in his fifteenth year.

The original copy (preserved in the archives of the Antiquarian Society, London) is intitled, "A new Ballad, declaring the great treason conspired against the young king of Scots, and how one Andrew Browne an English-man, which was the king's chamberlaine, prevented the same. To the tune of Milfield, or els to Green-sleeves." At the end is subjoined the name of the author, W. Elderton. "Imprinted at London for Yarathe James, dwelling in Newgate Market, over against Ch. Church," in black-letter folio.

This Elderton, who had been originally an attorney in the sheriffs courts of London, and afterwards (if we may believe Oldys) a comedian, was a facetious fuddling companion, whose tippling and rhymes rendered him famous among his contemporaries. He

was author of many popular songs and ballads; and probably other pieces in this work, besides the following, are of his composing. He is believed to have fallen a victim to his bottle before the year 1592. His epitaph has been recorded by Camden, and translated by Oldys.

Hic situs est sitiens, atque ebrius Eldertonus,  
Quid dico hic situs est? hic potius sitis est.  
Dead drunk here Elderton doth lie;  
Dead as he is, he still is dry:  
So of him it may well be said,  
Here he, but not his thirst, is laid.

See Stow's Lond. [Guild-hall.] — Biogr. Brit. ["Drayton," by Oldys, Note B.] Ath. Ox.—Camden's Remains.—The Exale-tation of Ale, among Beaumont's Poems, 8vo. 1653.

"Our alas!" what a grieve is this  
That princes subjects cannot be true,  
But still the devill hath some of his,  
Will play their parts whatsoever ensue;  
Forgetting what a grievous thing 5  
It is to offend the anointed king?  
Alas for woe, why should it be so,  
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

In Scotland is a bonnie kinge, 10  
As proper a youth as neede to be,  
Well given to every happy thing,  
That can be in a kinge to see:

Yet that unluckie country still, Hath people given to craftie will Alas for woe, &c.	15	Alas, he said, unhappie realme, My father, and grandfather slaine : My mother banished, O extreame ! Unhappy fate, and bitter bayne ! And now like treason wrought for me, What more unhappie realme can be ! Alas for woe, &c.	70
On Whitsun eve it so befell, A posset was made to give the king, Whereof his ladie nurse hard tell, And that it was a poysoned thing : She cryed, and called piteouslie ; Now help, or els the king shall die ! Alas for woe, &c.	20	The king did call his nurse to his grace, And gave her twenty poundes a yeere ; And trustie Browne too in like case, He knighted him with gallant geere : And gave him ' lands and livings great, For dooing such a manly feat, As he did shewe, to the bishop's woe, Which made, &c.	75
One Browne, that was an English man, And hard the ladies piteous crye, Out with his sword, and bestir'd him than, Out of the doores in haste to flie ; But all the doores were made so fast, Out of a window he got at last. Alas, for woe, &c.	25	When all this treason done and past, Tooke not effect of traytery : Another treason at the last, They sought against his majestie : How they might make their kinge away, By a privie banket on a daye. Alas for woe, &c.	80
He met the bishop coming fast, Having the posset in his hande : The sight of Browne made him aghast, Who bad him stoutly staie and stand. With him were two that ranne awa, For feare that Browne would make a fray. Alas, for woe, &c.	30	' Another time ' to sell the king Beyond the seas they had decreede : Three noble Earles heard of this thing, And did prevent the same with speede. For a letter came, with such a charme, That they should doo their king no harme : For further woe, if they did see, Would make a sorrowful heigh hoe.	85
Bishop, quoth Browne, what hast thou there ? Nothing at all, my friend, sayde he ; But a posset to make the king good cheere. Is it so ? sayd Browne, that will I see, First I will have thyself begin, Before thou go any further in ; Be it weale or woe, it shall be so, This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.	35	The Earle Mourtoun told the Douglas then, Take heede you do not offend the king ; But shew yourselves like honest men Obediently in every thing ; For his godmother * will not see Her noble child misus'd to be With any woe ; for if it be so, She will make, &c.	90
The bishop sayde, Browne I doo know, Thou art a young man poore and bare ; Livings on thee I will bestowe : Let me go on, take thou no care. No, no, quoth Browne, I will not be A traitour for all Christiantie : Happe well or woe, it shall be so, Drink now with a sorrowfull, &c.	40	God graunt all subjects may be true, In England, Scotland, every where : That no such daunger may ensue, To put the prince or state in feare : That God the highest king may see Obedience as it ought to be, In wealth or woe, God graunt it be so To avoide the sorrowful heigh hoe.	95
The bishop dranke, and by and by His belly burst and he fell downe : A just reward for his traitery. This was a posset indeed, quoth Brown ! He serched the bishop, and found the keyes, To come to the kinge when he did please. Alas for woe, &c.	45		
As soon as the king got word of this, He humbly fell uppon his knee, And prayd God that he did misse, To tast of that extremity : For that he did perceive and know, His clergie would betray him so : Alas for woe, &c.	50		
	55		
	60		
	65		

Ver. 67. His father was Henry Lord Darnley. His grandfather the old Earl of Lenox, regent of Scotland, and father of Lord Darnley, was murdered at Stirling, Sept. 5, 1571.

\* Queen Elizabeth.



## XVII.

## THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY.

## A SCOTTISH SONG.

In December 1591, Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, had made an attempt to seize on the person of his sovereign James VI. but being disappointed, had retired towards the north. The king, unadvisedly gave a commission to George Gordon Earl of Huntley, to pursue Bothwell and his followers with fire and sword. Huntley, under cover of executing that commission, took occasion to revenge a private quarrel he had against James Stewart Earl of Murray, a relation of Bothwell's. In the night of Feb. 7, 1592, he beset Murray's house, burnt it to the ground, and slew Murray himself; a young nobleman of the most promising virtues, and the very darling of the people. See Robertson's History.

The present Lord Murray hath now in his possession a picture of his ancestor naked and covered with wounds, which had been carried about, according to the custom of that age, in order to inflame the populace to revenge his death. If this picture did not flatter, he well deserved the name of the "Bonny Earl," for he is there represented as a tall and comely personage. It is a tradition in the family, that Gordon of Bucky gave him a wound in the face: Murray half expiring, said, "you has spilt a better face than your awin." Upon this, Bucky, pointing his dagger at Huntley's breast, swore, "You shall be as deep as I;" and forced him to pierce the poor defenceless body.

King James, who took no care to punish the murderers, is said by some to have privately countenanced and abetted them, being stimulated by jealousy for some indiscreet praises which his queen had too lavishly bestowed on this unfortunate youth. See

the preface to the next ballad. See also Mr. Walpole's "Catalogue of Royal Authors," vol. I. p. 42.

Ys highlands, and ye lawlands,  
Oh! quhair hae ye been?  
They hae slaine the Earl of Murray,  
And hae laid him on the green.

Now was be to thee, Huntley! 5  
And quhairfore did you sae!  
I bade you bring him wi' you,  
But forbade you him to slay

He was a braw gallant,  
And he rid at the ring; 10  
And the bonny Earl of Murray,  
Oh! he might hae been a king.

He was a braw gallant,  
And he played at the be';  
And the bonny Earl of Murray 15  
Was the flower among them a'.

He was a braw gallant,  
And he playd at the gluve;  
And the bonny Earl of Murray,  
Oh! he was the Queenes luve. 20

Oh! lang will his lady  
Luke owre the castle downe\*,  
Ere she see the Earl of Murray  
Cum sounding throw the towne.

## XVIII.

## YOUNG WATERS.

## A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

It has been suggested to the Editor, that this ballad covertly alludes to the indiscreet partiality, which Queen Anne of Denmark is said to have shewn for the "Bonny Earl of Murray;" and which is supposed to have influenced the fate of that unhappy nobleman. Let the reader judge for himself.

The following account of the murder is given by a contemporary writer, and a person of credit, Sir James Balfour, knight, Lyon King of Arms, whose MS. of the Annals of Scotland is in the Advocate's library at Edinburgh.

"The seventh of Febr, this zeire, 1592, the Earle of Murray was cruelly murdered by the Earle of Huntley at his house in Dunibrisel in Fyffe-shyre, and with him Dunbar, sberiffe of Murray. It was

given out and publickly talkt, that the Earle of Huntley was only the instrument of perpetrating this facte, to satisfie the King's jealousy of Murray, quhum the Queene, more rashly than wisely, some few days before had commedit in the King's bearing, with too many epithets of a proper and gallant man. The reasons of these surmises proceedit from a proclamations of the Kings, the 13 of Marche following: inhibiteine the zounge Earle of Murray to persue the Earle of Huntley, for his father's slaughter, in respect he being wardet [imprisoned] in the castell of Blacknease for the same murther, was willing to

\* Castle downe here has been thought to mean the Castle of Downe, a seat belonging to the family of Murray.

abide a tryall, averring that he had done nothing but by the King's majesties commissione; and was neither sirt nor part in the murther\*."

The following ballad is here given from a copy printed not long since at Glasgow, in one sheet 8vo. The world was indebted for its publication to the Lady Jean Hume, sister to the Earl of Hume, who died at Gibraltar.

About Zule, quhen the wind blew cule,  
And the round tables began,  
A'! there is cum to our kings court  
Mony a well-favourd man.

The queen luik owre the castle wa,  
Beheld baith dale and down,  
And then she saw zoung Waters  
Cum riding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,  
His horsemen rade behind,  
Ane mantel of the burning gowd  
Did keip him frae the wind.

Gowden graith'd his horse before  
And siller shod behind,  
The horse zong Waters rade upon  
Was fleeter than the wind.

But than spake a wylie lord,  
Unto the queen said he,  
O tell me qhua's the fairest face  
Rides in the company.

I've sene lord, and I've sene laird,  
And knights of high degree;  
Bot a fairer face than zoung Waters  
Mine eyne did never see.

Out then speck the jealous king,  
(And an angry man was he)  
O, if he had been twice as fair,  
Zou nicht have excepted me.

Zou're neither laird nor lord, she says,  
Bot the king that wears the crown;  
Theris not a knight in fair Scotland  
Bot to thee maun bow down.

For a' that she could do or say,  
Appeasd he wad nae bee;  
Bot for the words which she had said  
Zoung Waters he maun dee.

They hae taen zoung Waters, and  
Put fetters to his feet;  
They hae taen zoung Waters, and  
Thrown him in dungeon deep.

Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town  
In the wind both and the weit;  
Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town  
Wi fetters at my feet.

Aft have I ridden thro' Stirling town  
In the wind both and the rain;  
Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town  
Neir to return again.

They hae tean to the heiding-hill\*  
His zoung son in his craddle,  
And they hae taen to the heiding-hill,  
His horse both and his saddle.

They hae taen to the heiding-hill  
His lady fair to see.  
And for the words the queen had spoke  
Zoung Waters he did dee.

## XIX.

## MARY AMBREE.

In the year 1584, the Spaniards, under the command of Alexander Farnese prince of Parma, began to gain great advantages in Flanders and Brabant, by recovering many strong holds and cities from the Hollanders, as Ghent, (called then by the English Gaunt,) Antwerp, Mechlin, &c. See Stow's Annals, p. 711. Some attempt made with the assistance of English volunteers to retrieve the former of those places probably gave occasion to this ballad. I can find no mention of our heroine in history, but the following rhymes rendered her famous among our poets. Ben Jonson often mentions her, and calls any remarkable virago by her name. See his Episcene, first acted in 1609, Act 4, sc. 2. His Tale of a Tub, Act 1, sc. 4. And his masque intituled the Fortunate Isles, 1626, where he quotes the very words of the ballad,

—MARY AMBREE,  
(Who marched so free

To the siege of Gaunt,  
And death could not daunt,  
As the ballad doth vaunt)  
Were a braver wight, &c.

She is also mentioned in Fletcher's Scornful Lady, Act 5, *sub finem*.

"—My large gentlewoman, my "Mary Ambree," had I but seen into you, you should have had another bedfellow."

It is likewise evident that she is the virago intended by Butler in Hudibras (P. 1. c. 3, v. 365.), by her being coupled with *John d' Arc*, the celebrated *Fucelle de Orleans*.

A bold virago stout and tall  
As Joan of France, or English Mall.

This ballad is printed from a black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, improved from the Editor's

\* Heiding-hill; i. e. heading [beheading] hill. The place of execution was anciently an artificial hillock.

\* This extract is copied from the Critical Review.

folio MS. and by conjecture. The full title is  
 "The valourous acts performed at Gaunt by the  
 brave bonnie lass Mary Ambree, who in revenge of  
 her lovers death did play her part most gallantly.  
 The tune is, The blind beggar, &c."

When captaines couragious, whom death cold not  
 daunte,  
 Did march to the siege of the citty of Gaunt,  
 They mustred their souldiers by two and by three,  
 And the formost in battle was Mary Ambree.

When brave Sir John Major\* was slaine in her  
 sight, 5  
 Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight,  
 Because he was slaine most treacherouslie,  
 Then vovd to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothed herselfe from the top to the toe  
 In buffe of the bravest, most seemelye to shewe; 10  
 A faire shirt of male† then slipped on shее;  
 Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

A helmett of prooffe shее strait did provide,  
 A strong arminge sword shее girt by her side,  
 On her hand a goodly faire gauntlett put shее; 15  
 Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Then tooke shее her sworde and her targett in hand,  
 Bidding all such, as wold, bee of her band;  
 To wayte on her person came thousand and three:  
 Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree? 20

My soldiers, she saith, soe valliant and bold,  
 Nowe followe your captaine, whom you doe beholde;  
 Still formost in battell my selfe will I bee:  
 Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Then cryed out her souldiers and loude they did  
 say, 25  
 Soe well thou becomest this gallant array,  
 Thy harte and thy weapons so well do agree,  
 There was none ever like Mary Ambree.

Shее cheared her souldiers, that foughten for life,  
 With anyent and standard, with drum and with  
 fife, 31  
 With brave clanging trumpetts, that sounded so free;  
 Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Before I will see the worst of you all  
 To come into danger of death, or of thrall,  
 This hand and this life I will venture so free: 35  
 Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

\* So M.S. Serjeant Major in PC.

† A pecalier kind of armour, composed of small rings of  
 iron, and worn under the clothes. It is mentioned by  
 Spencer, who speaks of the Irish Gallowglass or Foot-  
 soldier as "armed in a long Shirt of Mayl." (View of the  
 State of Ireland.)

Shее ledd upp her souldiers in battaile array,  
 Gainst three times theyr number by breake of the  
 daye;  
 Seven howers in skirmish continued shее:  
 Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree? 40

She filled the skyes with the smoke of her shott,  
 And her enemies bodyes with bullets so hott;  
 For one of her owne men a score killed shее:  
 Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

And when her false gunner, to spoyle her intent, 45  
 Away all her pellets and powder had sent, [three.  
 Straight with her keen weapon shее slasht him in  
 Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Being falsely betrayed for lucre of hyre,  
 At length she was forced to make a retyre; 50  
 Then her souldiers into a strong castle drew shее:  
 Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Her foes they besett her on everye side,  
 As thinking close siege shее cold never abide;  
 To beate down the walles they all did decree: 55  
 But stoutlye deffyd them brave Mary Ambree.

Then tooke shее her sword and her targett in hand,  
 And mounting the walls all undaunted did stand,  
 There daring their captaines to match any three:  
 O what a brave captaine was Mary Ambree! 60

Now saye, English captaine, what woldest thou give  
 To ransom thy selfe, which else must not live?  
 Come yield thy selfe quicklye, or slaine thou must bee,  
 Then smiled sweetlye brave Mary Ambree.

Ye captaines couragious, of valour so bold, 65  
 Whom thinke you before you now you doe behold!  
 A knight, sir, of England, and captaine soe free,  
 Who shortleye with us a prisoner must bee.

No, captaine of England; behold in your sight  
 Two breasts in my bosome, and therefore no knight: 70  
 Noe knight, sirs, of England, nor captaine you see,  
 But a poor simple lass called Mary Ambree.

But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,  
 Whose valor hath proved so undaunted in warre?  
 If England doth yield such brave lasses as thee, 75  
 Full well may they conquer, faire Mary Ambree.

The prince of Great Parma heard of her renowne  
 Who long had advanced for England's faire crowne;  
 Hee wooed her, and sued her his mistress to bee,  
 And offred rich presents to Mary Ambree. 80

But this virtuous mayden despised them all,  
 Ile nere sell my honour for purple nor pall:  
 A mayden of England, sir, never will bee  
 The whore of a monarcke, quoth Mary Ambree.

Then to her owne country shее backe did returne, 85  
 Still holding the foes of faire England in scorne:  
 Therefore English captaines of every degree  
 Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

## XX.

## BRAVE LORD WILLOUGHBEY.

Peregrine Bertie, Lord Willoughby of Eresby had, in the year 1586, distinguished himself at the siege of Zutphen, in the Low Countries. He was the year after, made general of the English forces in the United Provinces, in room of the Earl of Leicester, who was recalled. This gave him an opportunity of signalizing his courage and military skill in several actions against the Spaniards. One of these, greatly exaggerated by popular report, is probably the subject of this old ballad, which, on account of its flattering encomiums on English valour, hath always been a favourite with the people.

"My Lord Willoughbie (says a contemporary writer) was one of the queen's best swordsmen : . . . he was a great master of the art military . . . I have heard it spoken, that had he not alighted the court, but applied himself to the queen, he might have enjoyed a plentiful portion of her grace ; and it was his saying, and it did him no good, that he was none of the Reptilia ; intimating, that he could not creep on the ground, and that the court was not his element ; for, indeed, as he was a great souldier, so he was of suitable magnanimitie, and could not brooke the obsequiousnesse and assiduitie of the court."—(Nannton.)

Lord Willoughbie died in 1601.—Both Norris and Turner were famous among the military men of that age.

The subject of this ballad (which is printed from an old black-letter copy, with some conjectural emendations,) may possibly receive illustration from what Chapman says in the dedication to his version of Homer's *Frogs and Mice*, concerning the brave and memorable retreat of Sir John Norris, with only 1000 men, through the whole Spanish army, under the Duke of Parma, for three miles together.

THE fifteenth day of July,  
With glistering spear and shield,  
A famous fight in Flanders  
Was foughten in the field :  
The most courageous officers  
Were English captains three ;  
But the bravest man in battel  
Was brave Lord Willoughbèy.

5

The next was Captain Norris,  
A valiant man was hee :  
The other Captain Turner,  
From field would never flee.  
With fifteen hundred fighting men,  
Alas ! there were no more,  
They fought with fourteen thousand then,  
Upon the bloody shore.

10

15

Stand to it noble pikemen,  
And look you round about :  
And shoot you right you bow-men,  
And we will keep them out :  
You musquet and caliver men,  
Do you prove true to me,  
I'll be the foremost man in fight,  
Says brave Lord Willoughbèy.

20

And then the bloody enemy  
They fiercely did assail,  
And fought it out most furiously,  
Not doubting to prevail :  
The wounded men on both sides fell  
Most pitious for to see,  
Yet nothing could the courage quell  
Of brave Lord Willoughbèy.

25

30

For seven hours, to all men's view,  
This fight endured sore,  
Until our men so feeble grew  
That they could fight no more ;  
And then upon dead horses,  
Full savourly they eat,  
And drank the puddle water,  
They could no better get.

35

40

When they had fed so freely,  
They kneeled on the ground,  
And praised God devoutly  
For the favour they had found ;  
And beating up their colours,  
The fight they did renew,  
And turning tow'ards the Spaniard,  
A thousand more they slew.

45

The sharp steel-pointed arrows,  
And bullets thick did fly ;  
Then did our valiant soldiers  
Charge on most furiously ;  
Which made the Spaniards waver,  
They thought it best to flee,  
They fear'd the stout behaviour  
Of brave Lord Willoughbèy.

50

55

Then quoth the Spanish general,  
Come let us march away,  
I fear we shall be spoiled all  
If here we longer stay ;  
For yonder comes Lord Willoughbèy  
With courage fierce and fell,  
He will not give one inch of way  
For all the devils in hell.

60

And then the fearful enemy  
Was quickly put to flight,  
Our men persued courageously,  
And caught their forces quite ;  
But at last they gave a shout,  
Which echoed through the sky,  
God, and St. George for England !  
The conquerers did cry.

65

70

This news was brought to England  
With all the speed might be,  
And soon our gracious queen was told  
Of this same victory.  
O this is brave Lord Willoughbèy,  
My love that ever won,  
Of all the lords of honour  
'Tis he great deeds hath done.

75

80

To the souldiers that were maimed,  
And wounded in the fray,  
The queen allowed a pension  
Of fifteen pence a day;  
And from all costs and charges  
She quit and set them free :  
And this she did all for the sake  
Of brave Lord Willoughbèy.

85

Then courage, noble Englishmen,  
And never be dismayd ;  
If that we be but one to ten,  
We will not be afraid  
To fight with foreign enemies,  
And set our nation free.  
And thus I end the bloody bout  
Of brave Lord Willoughbèy.

90

95

## XXI.

## VICTORIOUS MEN OF EARTH.

This little moral sonnet hath such a pointed application to the heroes of the foregoing and following ballads, that I cannot help placing it here, though the date of its composition is of a much later period. It is extracted from "Cupid and Death, a masque by J. S. [James Shirley] presented Mar. 26, 1653. London, printed 1653," 4to.

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more  
Proclaim how wide your empires are :  
Though you binde in every shore,  
And your triumphs reach as far

As night or day ;  
Yet you proud monarchs must obey,  
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when  
Death calls yee to the croud of common men.

5

Devouring famine, plague, and war,  
Each able to undo mankind,  
Death's servile emissaries are :  
Nor to these alone confin'd,  
He hath at will  
More quaint and subtle wayes to kill ;  
A smile or kias, as he will use the art,  
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

10

15

## XXII.

## THE WINNING OF CALES

The subject of this ballad is the taking of the city of *Cadix*, (called by our sailors corruptly *Cales*) on June 21, 1596, in a descent made on the coast of Spain, under the command of the Lord Howard admiral, and the Earl of Essex general.

The valour of Essex was not more distinguished on this occasion than his generosity : the town was carried sword in hand, but he stopt the slaughter as soon as possible, and treated his prisoners with the greatest humanity, and even affability and kindness. The English made a rich plunder in the city, but missed of a much richer, by the resolution which the Duke of Medina the Spanish admiral took, of setting fire to the ships, in order to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. It was computed, that the loss which the Spaniards sustained from this enterprize, amounted to twenty millions of ducats. See Hume's History.

The Earl of Essex knighted on this occasion not fewer than sixty persons, which gave rise to the following sarcasm :

A gentleman of Wales, a knight of Cales,  
And a laird of the North country ;  
But a yeoman of Kent with his yearly rent  
Will buy them out all three.

The ballad is printed, with some corrections, from the Editor's folio MS. and seems to have been composed by some person, who was concerned in the expedition. Most of the circumstances related in it will be found supported by history.

Lo! the proud Spaniards had vaunted to conquer us,  
Threatning our country with fyre and sword ;  
Often preparing their navy most sumptuous  
With as great plenty as Spain could afford.  
Dub a dub, dub a dub, thus strike their drums :  
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes.

6

To the seas presentlye went our lord admiral,  
With knights courageous and captains full good ;  
The brave Earl of Essex, a prosperous general,  
With him prepared to pass the salt flood.  
Dub a dub, &c.

10

At Plymouth speedilye, took they ship valiantlye,  
Braver ships never were seen under sayle  
With their fair colours spread, and streamers ore  
their head,  
Now bragging Spaniards, take heed of your tayle.  
Dub a dub, &c.

16

Unto Cales cunninglye, came we most speedilye,  
Where the kinges navy securely did ryde ;  
Being upon their backs, piercing their butts of sacks,  
Ere any Spaniards our coming descryde.  
Dub a dub, &c.

20

Great was the crying, the running and ryding,  
Which at that season was made in that place ;  
The beacons were fyred, as need then required ;  
To hyde their great treasure they had little space.  
Dub a dub, &c.

25

There you might see their ships, how they were  
fired fast,  
And how their men drowned themselves in the sea;  
There might you hear them cry, wayle and weep  
piteously,  
When they saw no shift to scape thence away. 30  
Dub a dub, &c.

The great St. Phillip, the pryde of the Spaniards,  
Was burnt to the bottom, and sunk in the sea;  
But the St. Andrew, and eke the St. Matthew,  
We took in fight manfullye and brought away. 35  
Dub a dub, &c.

The Earl of Essex most valiant and hardye, [town;  
With horsemen and footmen marched up to the  
The Spanyards, which saw them, were greatly  
alarmed, [down. 40  
Did fly for their savigard, and durst not come  
Dub a dub, &c.

Now, quoth the noble Earl, courage my soldiers all,  
Fight and be valiant, the spoil you shall have;  
And be well rewarded all from the great to the small;  
But looke that the women and children you save. 46  
Dub a dub, &c.

The Spaniards at that sight, thinking it vain to fight,  
Hung upp flags of truce and yielded the towne;

Wee marched in presentlye, decking the walls on bye,  
With English colours which purchased renowne.  
Dub a dub, &c. 51

Eatering the houses then, of the most richest men,  
For gold and treasure we searched eche day;  
In some places we did find, pyes baking left behind,  
Meate at fire roasting, and folkes run away. 55  
Dub a dub, &c.

Full of rich merchandize, every shop caught our eyes.  
Damasks and sattens and velvets full fayre;  
Which soldiers measur'd out by the length of their  
swords;  
Of all commodities eche had a share. 60  
Dub a dub, &c.

Thus Cales was taken, and our brave general  
March'd to the market-place, where he did stand;  
There many prisoners fell to our several shares,  
Many crav'd mercoye, and mercoye they fann'd. 65  
Dub a dub, &c.

When our brave General saw they delayed all,  
And wold not ransome their towne as they said,  
With their fair wanscots, their presses and bedsteds,  
Their joint-stools and tables a fire we made; 70  
And when the town burned all in flame,  
With tara, tantara, away wee all came.

## XXIII.

## THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

This beautiful old ballad most probably took its  
rise from one of these descents made on the Spanish  
coasts in the time of Queen Elizabeth; and in all  
likelihood from that which is celebrated in the fore-  
going ballad.

It was a tradition in the West of England, that  
the person admired by the Spanish lady was a gen-  
tleman of the Popham family, and that her picture,  
with the pearl necklace mentioned in the ballad, was  
not many years ago preserved at Littlecot, near  
Hungerford, Wilts, the seat of that respectable  
family.

Another tradition hath pointed out Sir Richard  
Levison, of Trentham, in Staffordshire, as the sub-  
ject of this ballad; who married Margaret daughter  
of Charles Earl of Nottingham; and was eminently  
distinguished as a naval officer and commander in  
all the expeditions against the Spaniards in the latter  
end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, particularly in that  
to Cadiz in 1596, when he was aged 27. He died  
in 1605, and has a monument, with his effigy in  
brass, in Wolverhampton church.

It is printed from an ancient back letter copy,  
corrected in part by the Editor's folio MS.

Will you hear a Spanish lady,  
How she wooed an English man?  
Garments gay as rich as may be  
Decked with jewels she had on.  
Of a comely countenance and grace was she, 5  
And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,  
In his hands her life did lye;  
Cupid's bands did tye them faster  
By the liking of an eye. 10  
In his courteous company was all her joy,  
To favour him in any thing she was not cov.

But at last there came commandment  
For to set the ladies free,  
With their jewels still adorned, 15  
None to do them injury.  
Then said this lady mild, Full woe is me;  
O let me still sustain this kind captivity!

Gallant captain, shew some pity  
To a ladye in distresse;  
Leave me not within this city,  
For to dye in heavinease:  
Thou hast set this present day my body free,  
But my heart in prison still remains with thee.

"How should'st thou, fair lady, love me. 25  
Whom thou knowst thy country's foe?  
Thy fair wordes make me suspect thee:  
Serpents lie where flowers grow."  
All the harm I wishe to thee, most courteous knight,  
God grant the same upon my head may fully light. 30

Blessed be the time and season,  
That you came on Spanish ground;  
If our foes you may be termed,  
Gentle foes we have you found:

With our city, you have won our hearts eche one, 35  
Then to your country bear away, that is your owne.

"Rest you still, most gallant lady;  
Rest you still, and weep no more;  
Of fair lovers there is plenty,  
Spain doth yield a wonderous store." 40  
Spaniards fraught with jealousy we often find,  
But Englishmen through all the world are counted kind.

Leave me not unto a Spaniard,  
You alone enjoy my heart;  
I am lovely, young, and tender, 45  
Love is likewise my desert:  
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest;  
The wife of every Englishman is counted blest.

"It wold be a shame, fair lady,  
For to bear a woman hence; 50  
English soldiers never carry  
Any such without offence."  
I'll quickly change myself, if it be so,  
And like a page Ile follow thee, where'er thou go.

"I have neither gold nor silver 55  
To maintain thee in this case,  
And to travel is great charges,  
As you know in every place."  
My chains and jewels every one shal be thy own,  
And eke five hundred \* pounds in gold that lies unknown. 60

"On the seas are many dangers,  
Many storms do there arise,  
Which will be to ladies dreadful,  
And force tears from watery eyes." 65  
Well in troth I shall endure extremity,  
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee.

"Courteous ladye, leave this fancy  
Here comes all that breeds the strife;  
I in England have already 70  
A sweet woman to my wife:  
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,  
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain."

O how happy is that woman  
That enjoys so true a friend!  
Many happy days God send her; 75  
Of my suit I make an end:  
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,  
Which did from love and true affection first com-  
mence.

Commend me to thy lovely lady,  
Bear to her this chain of gold; 80  
And these bracelets for a token;  
Grieving that I was so bold:  
All my jewels in like sort take thou with thee,  
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

I will spend my days in prayer, 90  
Love and all her laws defy;  
In a nunnery will I shroud mee  
Far from any companye:  
But ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,  
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss. 90

Thus farewell most gallant captain!  
Farewell too my heart's content!  
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,  
Though to thee my love was bent: 95  
Joy and true prosperity goe still with thee!  
"The like fall ever to thy share, most fair ladie."

## XXIV.

## ARGENTILE AND CURAN.

—Is extracted from an ancient historical poem in XIII. Books, intituled, "Albion's England, by William Warner." "An author (says a former Editor) only unhappy in the choice of his subject, and measure of his verse. His poem is an epitome of the British history, and written with great learning, sense, and spirit; in some places fine to an extraordinary degree, as I think will eminently appear in the ensuing episode [of Argentile and Curan.]—a tale full of beautiful incidents in the romantic taste, extremely affecting, rich in ornament, wonderfully various in style; and in short, one of the most beautiful pastorals I ever met with." [Muses library, 1738. 8vo.] To his merit nothing can be objected, unless perhaps an affected quaintness in some of his expressions, and an indelicacy in some of his pastoral images.

Warner is said, by A. Wood†, to have been a Warwickshire man, and to have been educated in Oxford, at Magdalene-hall: as also in the latter part of his life to have been retained in the service of

Henry Cary Lord Hunsdon, to whom he dedicates his poem. However that may have been, new light is thrown upon his history, and the time and manner of his death are now ascertained, by the following extract from the parish register book of Amwell, in Hertfordshire; which was obligingly communicated to the editor by Mr. Hoole, the very ingenious translator of Tasso, &c.

[1608—1609.] "Master William Warner, a man of good yeares and of honest reputation; by his profession an Atturneye of the Common Pleas; author of Albions England, dyngs suddenly in the night in his bedde, without any former complaynt or sicknesse, on thursday night beeing the 9th daye of March; was buried the saturday following, and lyeth in the church at the corner under the stone of Walter Ffader." Signed Tho. Hassall Vicarius.

Though now Warner is so seldom mentioned, his Contemporaries ranked him on a level with Spenser, and called them the Homer and Virgil of their age\*

\* Ver. 65. Well in troth, MS.

\* So the MS.—10,000. PC.

† Athen. Ovr.

Ver. 86. So the folio MS. Other editions read his lawe.

\* Athen. Oxo.

But Warner rather resembled Ovid, whose Metamorphosis he seems to have taken for his model, having deduced a perpetual poem from the deluge down to the era of Elizabeth, full of lively digressions and entertaining episodes. And though he is sometimes harsh, affected, and obscure, he often displays a most charming and pathetic simplicity: as where he describes Eleanor's harsh treatment of Rosamond:

With that she daabt her on the lippes  
So dyed double red:  
Hard was the heart that gave the blow,  
Soft were those lippes that bled.

The edition of "Albion's England" here followed was printed in 4to, 1602; said in the title-page to have been "first penned and published by William Warner, and now revised and newly enlarged by the same author." The story of "Argentile and Curan" is, I believe, the poet's own invention; it is not mentioned in any of our chronicles. It was, however, so much admired, that not many years after he published it, came out a larger poem on the same subject in stanzas of six lines, intitled, "The most pleasant and delightful historie of Curan a prince of Danske, and the fayre princesse Argentile, daughter and heyre to Adelbriht, sometime Kingof Northumberland, &c. by William Webster, London 1617," in eight sheets 4to. An indifferent paraphrase of the following poem.—This episode of Warner's has also been altered into the common Ballad, "of the two young Princes on Salisbury Plain," which is chiefly composed of Warner's lines, with a few contractions and interpolations, but all greatly for the worse. See the collection of Historical Ballads, 1727, 3 vols. 12mo.

Though here subdivided into stanzas, Warner's metre is the old-fashioned alexandrine of fourteen syllables. The reader therefore must not expect to find the close of the stanzas consulted in the pauses.

THE Bruton's 'being' departed hence  
Seaven kingdoms here begonne,  
Where diversly in divers broyles  
The Saxons lost and wonne,

King Edel and King Adelbriht 5  
In Diria jointly raigne;  
In loyal concorde during life  
These kingly friends remaine.

When Adelbriht should leave his life,  
To Edel thus he sayes, 10  
By those same bonds of happie love,  
That held us friends alwaies;

By our by-parted crowne, of which  
The moyetie is mine;  
By God, to whom my soule must passe, 15  
And so in time may thine;

I pray thee, nay I conjure thee,  
To nourish, as thine owne,  
Thy niece, my daughter Argentile, 20  
Till she to age be growne;  
And then, as thou receivest it,  
Resigne to her my throne.

A promise had for his bequest,  
The testatôr he dies;  
But all that Edel undertooke, 25  
He afterwards denies.

Yet well he 'fosters for' a time  
The damsell that was growne  
The fairest lady under heaven;  
Whose beautie being knowne, 30

A many princes seeke her love;  
But none might her obtaine;  
For grippell Edel to himselfe  
Her kingdome sought to gaine;  
And for that cause from sight of such 35  
He did his ward restraine.

By chance one Curan, sonne unto  
A prince in Danske, did see  
The maid, with whom he fell in love,  
As much as man might bee. 40

Unhappie youth, what should he doe?  
His saint was kept in mewe;  
Nor he, nor any noble-man  
Admitted to her vewe.

One while in melancholy fits  
He pines himselfe awaye:  
Anon he thought by force of arms  
To win her if he maye: 45

And still against the kings restraint  
Did secretly invay.  
At length the high controller Love,  
Whom none may disobay, 50

Imbaid him from lordlines  
Into a kitchen drudge,  
That so at least of life or death  
She might become his judge. 55

Accesse so had to see and speake,  
He did his love bewray,  
And tells his birth: her answer was,  
She husbandles would stay. 60

Meane while the king did beate his braines,  
His booty to atchieve,  
Nor caring what became of her,  
So he by her might thrive;  
At last his resolution was 65  
Some peasant should her wive.

And (which was working to his wish)  
He did observe with joye  
How Curan, whom he thought a drudge,  
Scapt many an amorous toye\*. 70

The king, perceiving such his veine,  
Promotes his vassal still,  
Lest that the basenesse of the man  
Should lett, perhaps, his will.

Assured therefore of his love, 75  
But not suspecting who  
The lover was, the king himselfe  
In his behalf did woe.

\* The construction is, "How that many an amorous toy, or foolery of love, 'scaped Curan;" i. e. escaped from him, being off his guard.



The lady resolute from love,  
Unkindly takes that he 80  
Should barre the noble, and unto  
So base a match agree :

And therefore shifting out of doores,  
Departed thence by stealth ;  
Preferring povertie before 85  
A dangerous life in wealth.

When Curan heard of her escape,  
The anguish in his hart  
Was more than much, and after her 90  
From court he did depart ;

Forgetfull of himselfe, his birth,  
His country, friends, and all,  
And only minding (whom he mist)  
The foundresse of his thrall.

Nor meanes he after to frequent 95  
Or court, or stately townes,  
But solitarily to live  
Amongst the country grownes

A brace of years he lived thus,  
Well pleased so to live,  
And shepherd-like to feed a flocke 100  
Himselfe did wholly give.

So wasting, love, by worke, and want,  
Grew almost to the waine :  
But then began a second love, 105  
The worsor of the twaine

A country wench, a neatherds maid,  
Where Curan kept his sheepe,  
Did feed her drove : and now on her 110  
Was all the shepherds keepe.

He borrowed on the working daies  
His holy russets oft,  
And of the bacon's fat, to make  
His startops blacke and soft.

And least his tarbox should offend, 115  
He left it at the folde .  
Sweete growte, or wig, his bottle had,  
As much as it might holde.

A sheeve of bread as browne as nut  
And cheese as white as snow, 120  
And wildings, or the seasons fruit  
He did in scrip bestow.

And whilst his py-bald curie did sleepe,  
And sheep-hooke lay him by,  
On hollow quilles of oten straw 125  
He piped melody.

But when he spied her his saint,  
He wip'd his greasie shooes,  
And clear'd the drivell from his beard,  
And thus the shepherd wooses. 130

" I have, sweet wench, a peece of cheese,  
As good as tooth may chawe,  
And bread and wildings souling well,  
And therewithall did drawe.

\* Ver. 112, l. e. holy-day Russets.

His lardrie) and in 'yeanning' see 135  
" Yon crumpling ewe, quoth he,  
Did twinne this fall, and twin shouldst thou,  
If I might tup with thee.

" Thou art too elvish, faith thou art,  
Too elvish and too coy : 140  
Am I, I pray thee, beggarly,  
That such a flocke enjoy !

" I wis I am not : yet that thou  
Doeest hold me in disdaine  
Is brimme abroad, and made a gybe 145  
To all that keepe this plaine.

" There be as quaint (at least that thinke  
Themselves as quaint) that crave  
The match, that thou, I wot not why,  
Maist, but mislik'at to have 150

" How wouldst thou match ? (for well I wot,  
" Thou art a female) I,  
Her know not here that willingly  
With maiden-head would die.

" The plowmans labour bath no end 155  
And he a churle will prove :  
The craftsman hath more worke in hand  
Then fitteth unto love :

" The merchant, trafficking abroad,  
Suspects his wife at home : 160  
A youth will play the wanton ; and  
An old man prove a mome.

" Then chuse a shepherd : with the sun  
He doth his flocke unfold,  
And all the day on hill or plaine 165  
He merrie chat can hold :

" And with the sun doth folde againe ;  
Then jogging home betime,  
He turnes a crab, or turnes a round, 170  
Or sings some merry ryme.

" Nor lacks he gleeffull tales, whilst round  
The nut-brown bowl doth trot ;  
And sitteth singing care away,  
Till he to bed be got :

" Theare sleepees he soundly all the night, 175  
Forgetting morrow-cares :  
Nor feares he blasting of his corne,  
Nor uttering of his wares ;

" Or stormes by seas, or stirres on land,  
Or cracke of credit lost : 180  
Not spending franklier than his flocke  
Shall still defray the cost.

" Well wot I, sooth they say, that say  
More quiet nights and and daies  
The shepherd sleepps and wakes, than he 185  
Whose cattel he doth graize.

Ver. 125, Eating PCC. V. 152, Her know I not her that,  
1602. V. 160, l. e. roasts a crab, or apple. V. 171 to tell,  
whilst round the bole doth trot. Ed. 1597.

"Beleeve me, lasse, a king is but  
A man, and so am I ;  
Content is worth a monarchie  
And mischiefs hit the hie ; 190

"As late it did a king and his  
Not dwelling far from hence,  
Who left a daughter, save thyselfe,  
For fair a matchless wench."——  
Here did he pause, as if his tongue  
Had done his heart offence. 195

The neatresse, longing for the rest,  
Did egge him on to tell  
How faire she was, and who she was.  
She bore, quoth he, the bell 200

"For beantie : though I clownish am,  
I know what beantie is ;  
Or did I not, at seeing thee,  
I senceles were to mis.  
• • • • •

"Her stature comely, tall ; her gate  
Well graced ; and her wit  
To marvell at, not meddle with,  
As matchless I omit. 205

"A globe-like head, a gold-like haire,  
A forehead smooth, and hie,  
An even nose ; on either side  
Did shine a grayish eie : 210

"Two rosie cheeks, round ruddy lips,  
White just-set teeth within ;  
A mouth in meane ; and underneath  
A round and dimpled chin. 215

"Her snowie neeke, with blewish veines,  
Stood bolt upright upon  
Her portly shoulders : beating balles  
Her veined breasts, anon 220

"Adde more to beantie. Wand-like was  
Her middle falling still,  
And rising whereas women rise : \* \* \*  
—Imagine nothing ill.

"And more, her long, and limber armes 225  
Had white and asure wrists ;  
And slender fingers sunswere to  
Her smooth and lillie fists.

"A legge in print, a pretie foot ;  
Conjecture of the rest : 230  
For amorous eies, observing forme,  
Think parts obscured best.

"With these, O raretie ! with these  
Her tong of speech was spare ;  
But speaking, Venus seem'd to speake,  
The balles from Ide to bear. 235

"With Phoebe, Juno, and with both  
Herselfe contends in face ;  
Where equall mixture did not want  
Of milde and stately grace. 240

"Her smiles were sober, and her lookes  
Were chearefull unto all :  
Even such as neither wanton seeme,  
Nor waiward ; mell, nor gall.

"A quiet minde, a patient moode, 245  
And not disdainning any ;  
Not gybing, gadding, gawdy : and  
Sweets faculties had many.

"A nimph, no tong, no heart, no eie,  
Might praise, might wish, might see, 250  
For life, for love, for forme ; more good,  
More worth, more faire than shee.

"Yee such an one, as such was none,  
Save only she was such :  
Of Argentile to say the most,  
Were to be silent much. 255

I knew the lady very well,  
But worthles of such praise,  
The neatresse said : and muse I do,  
A shepheard thus should blaze 260  
The 'coate' of beantie\*. Credit me,  
Thy latter speech bewraies.

Thy clownish shape a coined shew.  
But wherefore dost thou weepe !  
The shepheard wept, and she was woe,  
And both doe silence keepe. 265

"In troth, quoth he, I am not such,  
As seeming I professe :  
But then for her, and now for thee,  
I from myselfe digresse. 270

"Her loved I (wretch that I am  
A recreant to be)  
I loved her, that hated love,  
But now I dis for thee.

"At Kirkland is my fathers court, 275  
And Curan is my name,  
In Edels court sometimes in pompe,  
Till love countrould the same :

"But now—what now ?—deare heart, how now ?  
What ailest thou to weepe ?" 280  
The damsell wept, and he was woe,  
And both did silence keepe.

I graunt, quoth she, it was too much,  
That you did love so much :  
But whom your former could not move,  
Your second love doth touch. 285

Thy twice-beloved Argentile  
Submitteth her to thee,  
And for thy double love presents  
Herself a single fee, 290  
In passion not in person chang'd,  
And I, my lord, am she.

They sweetly surfeiting in joy,  
And silent for a space,  
When as the extasie had end,  
Did tenderly imbrace ; 295  
And for their wedding, and their wish  
Got fitting time and place.

\* i. e. emblazon beauty's coat. Ed. 1587, 1607 1612, read  
Coote.

Not England (for of Hengist then  
Was named so this land) 300  
Then Curan had an hardier knight;  
His force could none withstand :  
Whose sheep-hooke laid apart, he then  
Had higher things in hand.

First, making knowne his lawfull claime 305  
In Argente her right,  
He warr'd in Diria\*, and he wonne,  
Bernicia\*too in fight :

And so from trecherous Edel tooke  
At once his life and crowne, 310  
And of Northumberland was king,  
Long reigning in renowne.

\* \* During the Saxon heptarchy, the kingdom of Northumberland (consisting of six northern counties, besides part of Scotland) was for a long time divided into two lesser sovereignties, viz. Deira (called here Diria) which contained the southern parts, and Bernicia, comprehend those which lay north.

## XXV.

## CORIN'S FATE.

Only the three first stanzas of this song are ancient; these are extracted from a small quarto MS. in the Editor's possession, written in the time of Queen Elizabeth. As they seemed to want application, this has been attempted by a modern hand.

Corin, most unhappie swaine,  
Whither wilt thou drive thy flocke?  
Little foodes is on the plaine;  
Full of danger is the rocke :  
Wolfes and beares doe kepe the woodes ; 5  
Forests tangled are with brakes :  
Meadowes subject are to floodes ;  
Moorees are full of miry lakes.

Yet to shun all plaine, and hill,  
Forest, moore, and meadow-ground, 10  
Hunger will as surely kill :  
How may then reliefe be found ?

Such is hapless Corin's fate :  
Since my waywarde love begunne, 15  
Equall doubts begett debate  
What to seeke, and what to shunne.

Spare to speke, and spare to speed ;  
Yet to speake will move disdaine :  
If I see her not I bleed,  
Yet her sight augments my paine. 20

What may then poor Corin doe ?  
Tell me, shepherdes, quickely tell ;  
For to linger thus in woe  
Is the lover's sharpest hell.

## XXVI.

## JANE SHORE.

Though so many vulgar errors have prevailed concerning this celebrated courtesan, no character in history has been more perfectly handed down to us. We have her portrait drawn by two masterly pens ; the one has delineated the features of her person, the other those of her character and story. Sir Thomas More drew from the life, and Drayton has copied an original picture of her. The reader will pardon the length of the quotations, as they serve to correct many popular mistakes relating to her catastrophe. The first is from Sir Thomas More's History of Richard III. written in 1513, about thirty years after the death of Edward IV.

" Now then by and by, as it wer for anger, not for covetise, the protector sent into the house of Shores wife (for her husband dwelled not with her) and spoiled her of al that ever she had, (above the value of 2 or 3 thousand marks) and sent her body to prison. And when he had a while laide unto her, for the manner sake that she went about to bewitch him, and that she was of counsel with the lord chamberlein to destroy him : in conclusion when

that no colour could fasten upon these matters, then he layd heinously to her charge the thing that herselfe could not deny, that al the world wist was true, and that natheless every man laughed at to here it then so sodainly so highly taken,—that she was naught of her body. And for thys cause, (as a goodly continent prince, clement and faultless of himself, sent out of heaven into this vicious world for the amendment of mens manners) he caused the bishop of London to put her to open penance, going before the crosse in procession upon a sonday with a taper in her hand. In which she went in countenance and pace demure so womanly ; and albeit she was out of al array save her kirtle only, yet went she so fair and lovely, namelye, while the wondering of the people caste a comly rud in her chekes (of which she before had most misse) that her great shame wan her much praise among those that were more amorous of her body, then curious of her soule. And many good folke also, that hated her living, and glad wer to see sin corrected, yet pittied the more her penance than rejoiced therein,

when they considered that the protector procured it more of a corrupt intent, than any virtuous affection.

"This woman was born in London, worshipfully frended, honestly brought up, and very well married, saving somewhat to soone: her husbande an honest citizen, yonge, and goodly, and of good substance. But forasmuche as they were coupled ere she was well ripe, she not very fervently loved, for whom she never longed. Which was happily the thinge, that the more easily made her incline unto the king's appetite, when he required her. Howbeit the respect of his royaltie, the hope of gay apparel, ease, pleasure, and other wanton welth, was able soone to persee a soft tender heart. But when the king had abused her, anon her husband (as he was an honest man, and one that could his good, not presuming to touch a kinges concubine) left her up to him all together. When the king died, the lord chamberlen [Hastings] took her: which in the kinges daies, albeit he was sore enamoured upon her, yet he forbore her, either for reverence, or for a certain friendly faithfulness.

"Proper she was, and faire: nothing in her body that you wold have changed, but if you wold have wished her somewhat higher. Thus say they that knew her in her youth. Albeit some that 'now see her (for yet she liveth)' deme her never to have bene well visaged. Whose judgement seemeth me somewhat like, as though men should gesse the bewty of one longe before departed, by her scalpe taken out of the charnel-house; for now is she old, lene, withered, and dried up, nothing left but ryvllde skin, and hard bone. And yet being even such, whoso well advise herr visage, might gesse and devise which partes bow filled, wold make it a fair face.

"Yet delighted not men so much in her bewty, as in her pleasant behaviour. For a proper wit had she, and could both rede well and write; mery in company, redy and quick of answer, neither mute nor full of bable; sometime taunting without displeasure, and not without disport. The king would say, That he had three concubines, which in three divers properties diversly excelled. One the meriest, another the wildest, the thirde the holiest harlot in his realme, as one whom no man could get out of the churche lightly to any place, but it was to his bed. The other two were somewhat greater personages, and nathelss of their humilite content to be nameles, and to forebere the praise of those properties; but the meriest was the Shoris wife, in whom the king therefore took special pleasure. For many he had, but her he loved, whose favour, to sai the trouth (for sinne it was to belie the devil) she never abused to any mans hurt, but to many a mans comfort and relief. Where the king took displeasure, she would mitigate and appease his mind: where men were out of favour, she wold bring them in his grace: for many, that had

highly offended, shee obtained pardon: of great forfeitures she gave men remission: and finally in many weighty sutes she stode many men in great stede, either for none or very smal rewardes, and those rather gay than rich: either for that she was content with the dede selfe well done, or for that she delighted to be sued unto, and to show what she was able to do with the king, or for that wanton women and welthy be not alway covetous.

"I doubt not some shall think this woman too sleight a thing to be written of, and set amonge the remembraunces of great matters: which they shall specially think, that happily shall esteeme her only by that they 'now see her.' But me seemeth the chauce so much the more worthy to be remembered, in how much she is 'now' in the more beggarly condicion, unfrended and worne out of acquaintance, after good substance, after as grete favour with the prince, after as grete sute and seeking to with all those, that in those days had busynes to speede, as many other men were in their times, which be now famousse only by the infamy of their ill dedes. Her doinges were not much lesse, albeit they be muche lesse remembered because they were not so evil. \*For men use, if they have an evil turne, to write it in marble; and whoso doth us a good tourne, we write it in duste. Which is not worst proved by her; for 'at this daye' shee beggeth of many at this daye living, that at this day had begged, if shee had not bene." See More's workes, folio, black letter, 1557, pp. 56, 57.

Drayton has written a poetical epistle from this lady to her royal lover, and in his notes thereto he thus draws her portrait: "Her stature was meane, her haire of a dark yellow, her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate harmony being betwixt each part's proportion, and each proportion's colour, her body fat, white and smooth, her countenance cheerful and like to her condition. The picture which I have seen of hers was such as she rose out of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich mantle cast under one arme over her shoulder, and sitting on a chaire, on which her naked arm did lie. What her father's name was, or where she was borne, is not certainly knowne: but Shore a young man of right goodly person, wealth and behaviour, abandoned her bed after the king had made her his concubine. Richard III. causing her to do open penance in Paul's church-yard, 'commanded that no man should relieve her,' which the tyrant did, not so much for his hatred to sinne, but that by making his brother's life odious, he might cover his horrible treasons the more cunningly." See England's Heroical Epistles, by Michael Drayton, Esq. London 1637, 12mo.

The history of Jane Shore receives new illustration from the following letter of King Richard III. which is preserved in the Harl. MSS. Number 433 Article 2378, but of which the copy transmitted to the Editor has been reduced to modern orthography, &c. It is said to have been addressed to Russell bishop of Lincoln, lord chancellor, Anno 1484.

\* These words of Sir Thomas More probably suggested to Shakespeare that proverbial reflection in Hen. viii. Act 4, sc. 11.

"Men's evil manners live in brass: their virtues We write in water."

Shakespeare, in his play of Richard III, follows More's History of that reign, and therefore could not but see this passage.

\* After the death of Hastings, she was kept by the Marquis of Dorset, son to Edward IV's queen. In Rymer's Fœdera is a proclamation of Richard's, dated at Leicester, October 23, 1483, wherein a reward of 1000 marks in money, or 100 a year in land is offered for taking "Thomas late Marquis of Dorset," who, "not having the fear of God, nor the salvation of his own soul, before his eyes, has damnably debauched and defiled many maids, widows, and wives, and 'lived in actual adultery with the wife of Shore.'" Buckingham was at that time in rebellion, but as Dorset was not with him, Richard could not accuse him of treason, and therefore made a handle of these pretended debaucheries to get him apprehended. Vide Rym. Fœd. tom. xij. page 304.

## By the KING.

"Right Reverend Father in God, &c. signifying unto you, that it is shewed unto us, that our Servant and Solicitor Thomas Lynom, marvellously blinded and abused with the late Wife of William Shore, now living in Ludgate by our commandment, hath made Contract of Matrimony with her, as it is said, and intendeth to our full great marvel, to effect the same. WE, for many causes, would be sorry that he should be so disposed; pray you therefore to send for him, and in that ye goodly may, exhort, and stir him to the contrary: And if ye find him utterly set for to marry her, and none otherwise would be advertized, then, if it may stand with the laws of the church, we be content the time of marriage be deferred to our coming next to London; that upon sufficient Surety found of her good abearing, ye do so send for her Keeper, and discharge him of our said commandment, by Warrant of these, committing her to the rule, and guiding of her Father, or any other, by your direction, in the mean season." Given, &c.

## "RIC. Rex."

It appears from two articles in the same MS. that King Richard had granted to the said Thomas Linom the office of King's Solicitor (Article 134,) and also the Manor of Colmeworth, com Bedf. to him his heirs male (Article 596).

An original picture of Jane Shore almost naked is preserved in the Provost's Lodgings at Eton; and another picture of her is in the Provost's Lodge at King's Colloge, Cambridge: to both which foundations she is supposed to have done friendly offices with Edward IV. A small quarto mezzotinto print was taken from the former of these by J. Faber.

The following ballad is printed (with some corrections) from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection. Its full title is, "The woeful lamentation of Jane Shore, a goldsmith's wife in London, sometime king Edward IV. his concubine. To the tune of 'Live with me,' &c." [See the first volume.] To every stanza is annexed the following burthen:

Then maids and wives in time amend,  
For love and beauty will have end.

If Rosamonde that was so faire,  
Had cause her sorrowes to declare,  
Then let Jane Shore with sorrowe sing  
That was beloved of a king.

In maiden yeares my beautye bright 5  
Was loved dear of lord and knight;  
But yet the love that they requir'd,  
It was not as my friends desir'd.

My parents they, for thirst of gaine, 10  
A husband for me did obtaine;  
And I, their pleasure to fulfille,  
Was forc'd to wedd against my wille.

To Matthew Shore I was a wife, 15  
Till lust brought ruine to my life;  
And then my life I lewdly spent,  
Which makes my soul for to lament.

In Lombard-street I once did dwelle, 20  
As London yet can witness welle;  
Where many gallants did beholde  
My beautye in a shop of golde.

I spred my plumes, as wantons doe,  
Some sweet and secret friende to wooe,  
Because chaat love I did not finde  
Agreeing to my wanton minde.

At last my name in court did ring 25  
Into the eares of Englandes king,  
Who came and lik'd, and love requir'd,  
But I made coye what he desir'd:

Yet Mistress Blague, a neighbour neare, 30  
Whose friendship I esteemed deare,  
Did saye, It was a gallant thing  
To be beloved of a king.

By her persuasions I was led, 35  
For to defile my marriage-bed,  
And wronge my wedded husband Shore,  
Whom I had married yeares before.

In heart and mind I did rejoyce,  
That I had made so sweet a choice;  
And therefore did my state resigne,  
To be king Edward's concubine, 40

From city then to court I went,  
To reape the pleasures of content;  
There had the joyes that love could bring,  
And knew the secrets of a king.

When I was thus advanc'd on highe 45  
Commanding Edward with mine eye,  
For Mrs. Blague I in short space  
Obtaine a livinge from his grace.

No friende I had but in short time 50  
I made unto a promotion climbe;  
But yet for all this costlye pride,  
My husbände could not mee abide.

His bed, though wronged by a king,  
His heart with deadlye griefe did sting;  
From England then he goes away 55  
To end his life beyond the sea.

He could not live to see his name  
Impaired by my wanton shame;  
Although a prince of peerlesse might  
Did reape the pleasure of his right. 60

Long time I lived in the courte,  
With lords and ladies of great sorte;  
And when I smil'd all men were glad,  
But when I frown'd my prince grew sad.

But yet a gentle minde I bore 65  
To helpelesse people, that were poore;  
I still redrest the orphans crye,  
And sav'd their lives condemn'd to dye.

I still had ruth on widowes tears,  
I succour'd babes of tender yeares; 70  
And never look'd for other gaine  
But love and thanks for all my paine.

At last my royall king king did dye,  
And then my dayes of voe grew nighe;  
When crook-back Richard got the crowne, 75  
King Edwards friends were soon put downe.

I then was punisht for my sin,  
That I so long had lived in ;  
Yea, every one that was his friend,  
This tyrant brought to shamefull end. 80

Then for my lewd and wanton life,  
That made a strumpet of a wife,  
I penance did in Lombard-street,  
In shamefull manner in a sheet.

Where many thousands did me vieve,  
Who late in court my credit knewe ;  
Which made the teares run down my face,  
To thinke upon my foul disgrace. 85

Not thus content, they took from mee  
My goodes, my livings, and my fee,  
And charg'd that none should me relieve,  
Nor any succour to me give. 90

Then unto Mrs. Blague I went,  
To whom my jewels I had sent,  
In hope thereby to ease my want,  
When riches fail'd, and love grew scant : 95

But she denyed to me the same  
When in my need for them I came ;  
To recompence my former love,  
Out of her doores shee did me shove. 100

So love did vanish with my state,  
Which now my soul repents too late ;  
Therefore example take by mee,  
For friendship parts in povertie.

But yet one friend among the rest, 105  
Whom I before had seen distrest,  
And sav'd his life, condemn'd to die,  
Did give me food to succour me :

For which, by lawe, it was decreed 110  
That he was hang'd for that deed ;  
His death did grieve me so much more,  
Than had I dyed myself therefore.

Then those to whom I had done good,  
Durst not afford mee any food ;  
Whereby I begged all the day,  
And still in streets by night I lay. 115

My gowns beset with pearl and gold,  
Were turn'd to simple garments old ;  
My chains and gems and golden rings,  
To filthy rags and loathsome things. 120

Thus was I scorn'd of maid and wife,  
For leading such a wicked life ;  
Both sucking babes and children small,  
Did make their pastime at my fall.

I could not get one bit of bread, 125  
Whereby my hunger might be fed :  
Nor drink, but such as channels yield,  
Or stinking ditches in the field.

Thus, weary of my life, at lengthe  
I yielded up my vital strength 130  
Within a ditch of loathsome scent,  
Where carrion dogs did much frequent :

The which now since my dying daye,  
Is Shoreditch call'd, as writers saye\* ;  
Which is a witness of my sinne,  
For being concubine to a king. 135

You wanton wives, that fall to lust,  
Be you assur'd that God is just ;  
Whoredome shall not escape his hand,  
Nor pride unpunish'd in this land. 140

If God to me such shame did bring,  
That yielded only to a king,  
How shall they scape that daily run  
To practise sin with every one ?

You husbands, match not but for love, 145  
Lest some disliking after prove ;  
Women, be warn'd when you are wives,  
What plagues are due to sinful lives :  
Then, maids and wives, in time amend,  
For love and beauty will have end.

## XXVII.

## CORYDON'S DOLEFUL KNELL.

This little simple elegy is given, with some corrections, from two copies, one of which is in "The Golden Garland of Princely Delights."

The burthen of the song, "Ding Dong, &c." is at present appropriated to burlesque subjects, and, therefore, may excite only ludicrous ideas in a modern reader ; but, in the time of our poet, it usually accompanied the most solemn and mournful strains. Of this kind is that fine aërial dirge in Shakspere's Tempest :

"Full fadom five thy father lies,  
Of his bones are corall made ;  
Those are pearles that were his eyes ;  
Nothing of him that doth fade,

But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange :  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell,  
Harke now I heare them, Ding dong bell.

"Burthen, Ding dong."

I make no doubt but the poet intended to conclude the above air in a manner the most solemn and expressive of melancholy.

My Phillida, adieu love !  
For evermore farewell !  
Ay me ! I've lost my true love,  
And thus I ring her knell,

\* But it had this name long before ; being so called from its being a common Sewer (vulgarly Shore) or drain. See Stow.

Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, My Phillida is dead! I'll stick a branch of willow At my fair Phillis' head.	5	And sundry-colour'd ribbands On it I will bestow? But chiefly black and yellow* : With her to grave shall go. Ding, &c.	25
For my fair Phillida, Our bridal bed was made : But 'stead of silkes so gay, She in her shroud is laid. Ding, &c.	10	I'll decke her tombe with flowers, The rarest ever seen, And with my tears, as showers, I'll keepe them fresh and green. Ding, &c.	30
Her corpse shall be attended, By maides in fair array, Till the obsequies are ended, And she is wrapt in clay. Ding, &c.	15	Instead of fairest colours, Set forth with curious art †, Her image shall be painted On my distressed heart. Ding, &c.	35
Her horse it shall be carried By youths that do excell; And when that she is buried, I thus will ring her knell, Ding, &c.	20	And thereon shall be graven Her epitaph so faire, " Here lies the loveliest maiden, ' That e'er gave shepheard care." Ding, &c.	40
A garland shall be framed By art and natures skill, Of sundry-colour'd flowers, In token of good-will*. Ding, &c.		In sable will I mourne; Blacke shall be all my weede : Ay me! I am forlorne, Now Phillida is dead! Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, My Phillida is dead! I'll stick a branch of willow At my fair Phillis' head.	45

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

## SERIES THE SECOND.

## BOOK III.

## I.

## THE COMPLAINT OF CONSCIENCE.

I shall begin this Third Book with an old allegoric satire: A manner of moralizing, which, if it was not first introduced by the author of "Pierce Plowman's Visions," was at least chiefly brought into repute by that ancient satirist. It is not so generally known that the kind of verse used in this ballad hath any affinity with the peculiar metre of that writer, for which reason I shall throw together some cursory remarks on that very singular species of versification, the nature of which has been so little understood.

\* It is a custom in many parts of England, to carry a flowery garland before the corpse of a woman who dies unmarried.

ON THE ALLITERATIVE METRE, WITHOUT RHYME, IN  
PIERCE PLOWMAN'S VISIONS.

We learn from Wormius\*, that the ancient Islandic poets used a great variety of measures: he mentions 136 different kinds, without including rhyme, or a correspondence of final syllables: yet this was

\* See above, preface to No. XI, Book II.

† This alludes to the painted effigies of Alabaster, anciently erected upon tombs and monuments.

\* Literatura Runica. Hafniae 1636, 4to.—1651, fol. The Islandic language is of the same origin as our Anglo-Saxon, being both dialects of the ancient Gothic or Teutonic. Vid. Hickesii Praefat. in Grammat. Anglo-Saxon, & Moens-Goth. 4to, 1639.

occasionally used, as appears from the Ode of Egil, which Wormius hath inserted in his book.

He hath analysed the structure of one of these kinds of verse, the harmony of which neither depended on the quantity of the syllables, like that of the ancient Greeks and Romans; nor on the rhymes at the end, as in modern poetry; but consisted altogether in alliteration, or a certain artful repetition of the sounds in the middle of the verses. This was adjusted according to certain rules of their prosody, one of which was, that every distich should contain at least three words beginning with the same letter or sound. Two of these corresponding sounds might be placed either in the first or second line of the distich, and one in the other: but all three were not regularly to be crowded into one line. This will be the best understood by the following examples\*.

"Meire og Minne                      "Gab Ginunga  
Mogu heimdaller."                  Enn Gras huerge."

There were many other little niceties observed by the Islandic poets, who, as they retained their original language and peculiarities longer than the other nations of Gothic race had time to cultivate their native poetry more, and to carry it to a higher pitch of refinement, than any of the rest.

Their brethren the Anglo-Saxon poets occasionally used the same kind of alliteration, and it is common to meet in their writings with similar examples of the foregoing rules. Take an instance or two in modern characters†;

"Skeop tha and Skyrede              "Ham and Heahsetl  
Skyppend ure."                      Heofena rikes."

I know not, however, that there is any where extant an entire Saxon poem all in this measure. But distichs of this sort perpetually occur in all their poems of any length.

Now, if we examine the versification of "Pierce Plowman's Visions," we shall find it constructed exactly by these rules; and therefore each line, as printed, is in reality a distich of two verses, and will, I believe, be found distinguished as such, by some mark or other in all the ancient MSS. viz.

"In a Somer Season, | when 'hott' was the Sunne,  
I Shope me into Shroubs, | as I a Shepe were;  
In Habite as an Harmet | unHoly of werkes,  
Went Wyde in thys world | Wonders to heare," &c.

So that the author of this poem will not be found to have invented any new mode of versification, as some have supposed, but only to have retained that of the old Saxon and Gothic poets; which was probably never wholly laid aside, but occasionally used at different intervals: though the ravages of time will not suffer us now to produce a regular series of poems entirely written in it.

There are some readers, whom it may gratify to mention, that these "Visions of Pierce" (i. e. Peter) the Plowman, are attributed to Robert Langland, a secular priest, born at Mortimer's Cleobury in Shropshire, and fellow of Oriel college in Oxford, who flourished in the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. and published his poem a few years

after 1350. It consists of xx *Passus* or Breaks\*, exhibiting a series of visions, which he pretends happened to him on Malvern hills in Worcestershire. The author excels in strong allegoric painting, and has with great humour, spirit, and fancy, censured most of the vices incident to the several professions of life; but he particularly inveighs against the corruptions of the clergy, and the absurdities of superstition. Of this work I have now before me four different editions in black-letter quarto. Three of them are printed in 1550 by Robert Crowley, dwelling in Elye rentes in Holburne. It is remarkable that two of these are mentioned in the title-page as both of the second impression, though they contain evident variations in every page. The other is said to be *newly imprinted after the authors olds copy* . . . . by Owen Rogers, Feb. 21, 1561.

As Langland was not the first, so neither was he the last that used this alliterative species of versification. To Rogers's edition of the Visions is subjoined a poem, which was probably writ in imitation of them, intitled "Pierce the Ploughman's Crede." It begins thus:

"Cros, and Curteis Christ, this beginning spede  
For the Feders Frendshipe, that Fourmed heaven,  
And through the Special Spirit, that Sprong of hem  
tweyne,  
And al in one godhed endles dwelleth."

The author feigns himself ignorant of his Creed, to be instructed in which he applies to the four religious orders, viz. the gray friers of St. Francis, the black friers of St. Dominic, the Carmelites or white friers, and the Augustines. This affords him occasion to describe in very lively colours the sloth, ignorance, and immorality of those reverend drones. At length he meets with Pierce a poor Ploughman, who resolves his doubts, and instructs him in the principles of true religion. The author was evidently a follower of Wicliff, whom he mentions (with honour) as no longer living†. Now that reformer died in 1384. How long after his death this poem was written, does not appear.

In the Cotton library is a volume of ancient English poems, two of which are written in this alliterative metre, and have the division of the lines into distichs distinctly marked by a point, as is usual in old poetical MSS. That which stands first of the two (though perhaps the latest written) is intitled "The sege of Irlam," [i. e. Jerusalem], being an old fabulous legend composed by some monk, and stuffed with marvellous figments concerning the destruction of the holy city and temple. It begins thus:

"In Tyberius Tyme . the Trewe emperour  
Syr Sesar hymself . beSted in Rome  
Whyll Pylat was Provoste . under that Prynce ryche

\* The poem properly contains xxi parts; the word *passus*, adopted by the author, seems only to denote the break or division between two parts, though by the ignorance of the printer applied to the parts themselves. See Series III. preface to ballad III. where *Passus* seems to signify *Pause*.

† That which seems the first of the two, is thus distinguished in the title-page, *nowe the seconde tyme imprinted by Robert Crowley*; the other thus, *nowe the seconde tyme imprinted by Robert Crowley*. In the former the folios are thus erroneously numbered, 29, 29, 41, 63, 42, 42, 45, &c. The booksellers of those days did not ostensibly affect to multiply editions.

‡ Signature . C.ii.

§ Caligula A. ij. fol. 100, 123.

\* Vid. Hickes Antiq. Literat. Septentrional. Tom. I. p. 217.

† Ibid.

‡ So I would read with Mr. Warton, rather than either "soft," as in MS. or "set," as in FCC.



And Jewes Justice also . of Judeas londe  
Herode under empere . as Herytage wolde  
Kyng," &c.

The other is intituled "Chevalere Assigne" [or De Cigne], that is, "The Knight of the Swan," being an ancient Romance, beginning thus :

"All-Weldyng God . Whens it is his Wyll  
Wele he Wereth his Werke . With his owene honde  
For ofte Harnes were Hente . that Helpe we ne myzte  
Nere the Hyznes of Hym . that length in Hevene  
For this," &c.

Among Mr. Garrick's collection of old plays\* is a prose narrative of the adventures of this same Knight of the Swan, "newly translated out of Frenshe into Englyshe, at thinstigation of the puyssant and illustrious prynce, lorde Edward duke of Buckynghame." This lord it seems had a peculiar interest in the book, for in the preface the translator tells us, that this "highe dygne and illustrious prynce my lorde Edward by the grace of god Duke of Buckyngham, erle of Hereforde, Stafford, and Northampton, desyringe cotydially to encrease and augment the name and fame of such as were relucient in vertuous feates and triumpfaunt actes of chyvalry, and to encourage and styre every lusty and gentell herte by the exemplificacyon of the same, havynge a goodli booke of the highe and miraculous histori of a famous and puyssaunt kyng, named Oryant sometime reynynge in the parties of beyonde the sea, havynge to his wife a noble lady; of whome she conceyved sixe sonnes and a daughter, and chylded of them at one only time; at whose byrthe echone of them had a chayne of sylver at their neckes, the which were all tourned by the provydence of god into whyte swannes, save one, of the whiche this present hystory is compylid, named Helyas, the knight of the swanne, 'of whome linally is dyscended my sayde lorde.' The whiche ententifly to have the sayde hystory more amply and unyversally knowen in thys bys natif countrie, as it is in other, hath of hys hie bountie by some of his faithful and trusti servauntes cohorted mi mayster Wynkin de Worde† to put the said vertuous hystori in prynte . . . . at whose instigation and stiring I (Roberte Copland) have me applied, moiening the helpe of god, to reduce and translate it into our maternal and vulgare english tonge after the capacite and rudenesse of my weke entendement."—A curious picture of the times! While in Italy literature and the fine arts were ready to burst forth with classical splendour under Leo X. the first peer of this realm was proud to derive his pedigree from a fabulous "Knight of the Swan."

To return to the metre of *Pierce Plowman*: In the folio MS. so often quoted in this work, are two poems written in that species of versification. One of these is an ancient allegorical poem, intituled "Death and Life," (in 2 fitts or parts, containing 458 disticha) which, for aught that appears, may have been written as early, if not before, the time of Langland. The first forty lines are broke as they should be into disticha, a distinction that is neg-

lected in the remaining part of the transcript, in order I suppose to save room. It begins,

"Christ Christen king  
that on the Crosse tholed;  
Hadd Paines and Passyons  
to defend our soules;  
Give us Grace on the Ground  
the Greatlye to serve,  
For that Royal Red blood  
that Rann from thy side."

The subject of this piece is a vision, wherein the poet sees a contest for superiority between "our lady Dame Life," and the "ugly fiend Dame Death;" who with their several attributes and concomitants are personified in a fine vein of allegoric painting. Part of the description of Dame Life is,

"Shee was Brighter of her Blee,  
then was the Bright sonn:  
Her Rudd Redder then the Rose,  
that on the Rise hangeth:  
Meekely smiling with her Mouth,  
And Merry in her lookes;  
Ever Laughing for Love,  
as shee Like would.  
And as shee came by the Bankes,  
the Boughes eche one  
They Lowted to that Ladye,  
and Layd forth their branches;  
Blossomes and Burgens  
Breathed full sweete;  
Flowers Flourished in the Frith,  
where shee Forth stepped;  
And the Grasse, that was Gray,  
Greened belive."

Death is afterwards sketched out with a no less bold and original pencil.

The other poem is that, which is quoted in the 96th page of this work, and which was probably the last that was ever written in this kind of metre in its original simplicity unaccompanied with rhyme. It should have been observed above in page 96, that in this poem the lines are throughout divided into disticha, thus :

Grant Gracious God,  
Grant me this time, &c.

It is intituled "Scottish Feilde" (in 2 Fitts, 420 disticha.) containing a very circumstantial narrative of the battle of Flodden, fought Sept. 9, 1513: at which the author seems to have been present, from his speaking in the first person plural :

"Then we Tild downe our Tents,  
that Told were a thousand."

In the conclusion of the poem he gives this account of himself:

"He was a Gentleman by Jesu,  
that this Gest\* made:  
Which Say but as he Sayd †  
for Sooth and noe other.  
At Bagily that Bearne  
his Biding place had ;

\* K. vol. X.

† W. de Worde's edit. is in 1512. See Ames, p. 92. Mr. G's copy is "¶ Imprinted at London by me William Copland."

‡ He is said in the story book to be the grandfather of Godfrey of Boulogne, through whom I suppose the duke made out his relation to him. This duke was beheaded May 17, 1521, 13 Henry VIII.

\* Jest. MS.

† Probably corrupted for—"Says but as he Saw."

And his ancestors of old time  
have yearded\* theire longe,  
Before William Conquerour  
this Cuntry did inhabit.  
Jesus Bring 'them†' to Blisse,  
that Brought us forth of BALE,  
That hath Hearned me Hears  
or Heard my TALE."

The village of Bagily or Baguleigh is in Cheshire, and had belonged to the ancient family of Legh for two centuries before the battle of Flodden. Indeed that the author was of that country appears from other passages in the body of the poem, particularly from the pains he takes to wipe off a stain from the Cheshiremen, who it seems ran away in that battle, and from his encomiums on the Stanleys Earls of Derby, who usually headed that county. He laments the death of James Stanley bishop of Ely, as what had recently happened when this poem was written; which serves to ascertain its date, for that prelate died March 22, 1514-5.

Thus have we traced the Alliterative Measure so low as the sixteenth century. It is remarkable that all such poets as used this kind of metre, retained along with it many peculiar Saxon idioms, particularly such as were appropriated to poetry: this deserves the attention of those who are desirous to recover the laws of the ancient Saxon Poesy, usually given up as inexplicable: I am of opinion that they will find what they seek in the metre of Pierce Plowman ‡.

About the beginning of the sixteenth century this kind of versification began to change its form: the author of "Scottish Field," we see, concludes his poem with a couplet in rhyme: this was an innovation that did but prepare the way for the general admission of that more modish ornament: till at length the old uncouth verse of the ancient writers would no longer go down without it. Yet when Rhyme began to be superadded, all the niceties of Alliteration were at first retained along with it; and the song of "Little John Nobody" exhibits this union very clearly. By degrees the correspondence of final sounds engrossing the whole attention of the poet, and fully satisfying the reader, the internal embellishment of Alliteration was no longer studied, and thus was this kind of metre at length swallowed up and lost in our common Burlesque Alexandrine, or Anapestic verse §, now never used but in ballads

\* Yearded, i. e. buried, earthen, earded. It is common to pronounce "Earth," in some parts of England "Yearth," particularly in the North.—Pitcott, speaking of James III. slain at Bannockbourn, says, "Nae man wot whar they yearded him."

† 'na,' MS. In the second line above, the MS. has 'bidding.'

‡ And in that of Robert of Gloucester. See the next note.

§ Consisting of four Anapests (u u -) in which the accent rests upon every third syllable. This kind of verse, which I also call the Burlesque Alexandrine to distinguish it from the other Alexandrines of eleven and fourteen syllables, the parents of our lyric measure: See examples, pp. 151, 152, &c.) was early applied by Robert of Gloucester to various subjects. That writer's metre, like this of Langland's, is formed on the Saxon models (each verse of his containing a Saxon distich) only instead of the internal alliterations adopted by Langland, he rather chose final rhymes, as the French poets have done since. Take a specimen.

"The Saxons tho in their power, tho thil were so rive:  
Seve kingdoms made in Engelande, and sette but vive:  
The king of Northomberland, and of Eastangle also,  
(Of Kent, and of Westsex, and of the March, therto."

Robert of Gloucester wrote in the western dialect, and his

and pieces of light humour, as in the following song of "Conscience," and in that well-known doggrel,

"A cobler there was, and he lived in a stall."

But although this kind of measure hath with us been thus degraded, it still retains among the French its ancient dignity; their grand heroic verse of twelve syllables\* is the same genuine offspring of the old alliterative metre of the ancient Gothic and Francic poets, stript like our Anapestic of its alliteration, and ornamented with rhyme. But with this difference, that whereas this kind of verse hath been applied by us only to light and trivial subjects, to which by its quick and lively measure it seemed best adapted, our poets have let it remain in a more lax unconfined state †, as a greater degree of severity and strictness would have been inconsistent with the light and airy subjects to which they have applied it. On the other hand, the French having retained this verse as the vehicle of their epic and tragic flights, in order to give it a stateliness and dignity were obliged to confine it to more exact laws of Scansion; they have therefore limited it to the number of twelve syllables; and by making the Cæsura or Pause as full and distinct as possible, and by other severe restrictions, have given it all the solemnity of which it was capable. The harmony of both however depends so much on the same flow of cadence and disposal of the pause, that they appear plainly to be of the same original; and every French heroic verse evidently consists of the ancient Distich of their Francic ancestors: which, by the way, will account to us why this verse of the French so naturally resolves itself into two complete hemistichs. And indeed by making the cæsura or pause always to rest on the last syllable of a word, and by making a kind of pause in the sense, the French poets do in effect reduce their hemistichs to two distinct and independent verses: and some of their old poets have gone so far as to make the two hemistichs rhyme to each other ‡.

After all, the old alliterative and anapestic metre of the English poets being chiefly used in a barbarous

language differs exceedingly from that of other contemporary writers, who resided in the metropolis, or in the mid-land counties. Had the heptarchy continued, our English language would probably have been as much distinguished for its different dialects as the Greek; or at least as that of the several independent states of Italy.

\* Or of thirteen syllables, in what they call a feminine verse. It is remarkable that the French alone have retained this old Gothic metre for their serious poems; while the English, Spaniards, &c. have adopted the Italic verse of ten syllables, although the Spaniards, as well as we, anciently used a short-lined metre. I believe the success with which Petrarch, and perhaps one or two others, first used the heroic verse of ten syllables in Italian Poesy, recommended it to the Spanish writers; as it also did to our Chaucer, who first attempted it in English; and to his successors Lord Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyatt, &c.; who afterwards improved it and brought it to perfection. To Lord Surrey we also owe the first introduction of blank verse in his versions of the second and fourth books of the *Æneid*, 1567, 4to.

† Thus our poets use this verse indifferently with twelve, eleven, and even ten syllables. For though regularly it consists of four anapests (u u -) or twelve syllables, yet they frequently retrench a syllable from the first or third anapest; and sometimes from both; as in these instances from Prior and from the following song of Conscience:

Whô his eer beēn kt Paris must needs knôw thê Grêve,  
Thê fatal rētréat of th' unfortunatê brave.  
Hê sêpt tō him straight, and did him rēquire.

‡ See instances in *L'Hist. de la Poesie Française par Massignon*, &c. In the same book are also specimens of alliterative French verses.

age, and in a rude unpolished language, abounds with verses defective in length, proportion, and harmony; and therefore cannot enter into a comparison with the correct versification of the best modern French writers; but making allowances for these defects, that sort of metre runs with a cadence so exactly resembling the French heroic Alexandrine, that I believe no peculiarities of their versification can be produced, which cannot be exactly matched in the alliterative metre. I shall give by way of example a few lines from the modern French poets accommodated with parallels from the ancient poem of "Life and Death;" in these I shall denote the Cæsura or Pause by a perpendicular line and the Cadence by the marks of the Latin quantity.

*Lē succēs fut tokjōurs* | *ēn ēnfānt dē l'āndāce*,  
All shall drye with the dints | that I deal with my hands.

*L'hōmmē prudent eût trōp* — *fillicōn lē sūt*,  
Yonder damsel's death | that dreads her to smite.

*L'entrēpidē eût mēus* | *ēt lē fūntōme fūt\**.  
When she dolefully saw | how she dang downe hir folke.

*Mēme aūs yeūs dē l'infāntē* | *ēn infāntē ēst hōrriblē*.  
Then she cast up & crye | to the high king of heav'n.

*Dū mēssāgē tokjōurs* | *lē orāt dēmēurē māttrē*,  
Thou shalt bitterlye bye | or else the bookē falleth.

*Pōir pōrtir hōmmēte hōmmē* | *ēn ēn mūt, il fūt fēttrē*,  
Thus I fared through & fryth | where the flowers were many.

To conclude; the metre of Pierce Plowman's Visions has no kind of affinity with what is commonly called Blank Verse; yet has it a sort of harmony of its own, proceeding not so much from its alliteration, as from the artful disposal of its cadence, and the contrivance of its pause; so that when the ear is a little accustomed to it, it is by no means unpleasing; but claims all the merit of the French heroic numbers, only far less polished; being sweetened, instead of their final rhymes, with the internal recurrence of similar sounds,

This Essay will receive illustration from another specimen in Warton's "History of English Poetry," Vol. I, p. 309, being the fragment of a MS poem on the subject of "Alexander the Great," in the Bodleian Library, which he supposes to be the same with Number 44, in the Ashmol. MSS. containing twenty-seven pasus, and beginning thus:

Whener folk fastid [feasted, *qu.*] and fed,  
fayne wolde thei her [i. e. *hear*]  
Some farand thing, &c.

It is well observed by Mr. Tyrwhitt, on Chaucer's sneer at this old alliterative metre: (Vol. iii, p. 305,) viz.

— I am a Sotherne [i. e. *Southern*] man,  
I cannot geste, rom, ram, raf, by my letter.

That the fondness for this species of versification, &c. was retained longest in the northern provinces; and that the author of "Pierce Plowman's Visions" is in the best MSS. called "William," without any surname. (See vol. iv. p. 74.)

#### ADDITIONS TO THE ESSAY ON THE ALLITERATIVE METRE.

Since the foregoing Essay was first printed, the Editor hath met with some additional examples of the old alliterative metre.

The first is in MS.\* which begins thus:

\* Catalina, A. 3 + Boileau Sat. † Boll. Sat. 11.  
§ In a small 4to MS. containing 39 leaves in private hands.

Crist Crowned Kyng, that on Croa didest\*,  
And art Comfort of all Care, thowt, kind go out of  
Cours

With thi Halwes in Heven Heried mote thu be,  
And thy Worahipful Werkes Worahiped evre,  
That suche Sondry Signes Shewest unto man,  
In Dremyng, in Drechhyngt, and in Derke swevenes

The author from this proemium takes occasion to give an account of a dream that happened to himself; which he introduces with the following circumstances:

Ones y me Ordayned, as y have Ofte doon,  
With Frenedes, and Felawes, Frendemen, and other;  
And Caught me in a Company on Corpus Christi  
even,

Six, otherſ Seven myle, out of Suthampton,  
To take Melodye, and Mirthes, among my Makes;  
With Redyng of Romaunces, and Revelyng among,  
The Dym of the Derkness Drewe me into the west;  
And be Gon for to spryng in the Grey day.  
Than Lift up my Lyddes, and Loked in the sky,  
And Knewe by the Kende Cours, hit clered in the  
est:

Blyve y Busked me down, and to Bed went,  
For to Comforte my Kynde, and Cacche a slepe.

He then describes his dream:

Methought that y Hoved on High on an Hill,  
And loked Down on a Dale Depest of othre;  
Ther y Sawe in my Sighte a Selcouthe peple;  
The Multitude was so Moche, it Mighte not be  
nombred. [axe]

Methoughte y herd a Crowned Kyng, of his Comunes  
A Soleyne † Subsodie, to Susteyne his werres. [wordes,

With that a Clerk Kneled adowne and Carped these  
Liege Lord; yif it you Like to Listen a while,  
Som Sawes of Salomon y shall you shewe sone.

The writer then gives a solemn lecture to kings on the art of governing. From the demand of subsidies "to susteyne his werres," I am inclined to believe this poem composed in the reign of King Henry V. as the MS. appears from a subsequent entry to have been written before the 9th of Henry VI. The whole poem contains but 146 lines.

The alliterative metre was no less popular among the old Scottish poets, than with their brethren on this side the Tweed. In Maitland's Collection of ancient Scottish Poems, MS. in the Pepysian library, is a very long poem in this species of versification, thus inscribed:

HEIR begins the Tretris of the Twa Marriit Wemen,  
and the Wedo, compylit be Maister William Dunbar†.

"Upon the Midsummer evven Mirriest of nichtis  
I Muvit furth alane quhen as Midnight was past  
Beayd ane Gudlie Grene Garth\*\*, full of Gay flouris  
Hegeit †† of ane Huge Hicht with Hawthorne trees  
Quairon ane Bird on ane Bransche so Birst out hir  
notis [hard, &c."

That nevir ane Blythfuller Bird was on the Benche ‡‡

\* Didst dye. † though. ‡ being overpowered.

§ i. e. either, or.

¶ Solemn. ¶ Since the above was written, this poem hath been printed in "Ancient Scottish Poems, &c. from the MS. collections of Sir R. Maitland, of Lethington knight of London, 1786," 2 vols. 12mo. The two first lines, are here corrected by that edition.

\*\* Garden. † Hedged. ‡‡ Bough.

The author pretends to over-hear three gossips sitting in an arbour, and revealing all their secret methods of alluring and governing the other sex; it is a severe and humorous satire on bad women, and nothing inferior to "Chaucer's Prologue to his Wife of Bath's Tale." As Dunbar lived till about the middle of the sixteenth century, this poem was probably composed after "Scottish Field" (described above in p. 158,) which is the latest specimen I have met with written in England. This poem contains about five hundred lines.

But the current use of the Alliterative Metre in Scotland, appears more particularly from those popular vulgar prophecies, which are still printed for the use of the lower people in Scotland, under the names of "Thomas the Rymer," "Marvellous Merling," &c. This collection seems to have been put together after the accession of James I. to the crown of England, and most of the pieces in it are in the metre of "Pierce Plowman's Visions." The first of them begins thus:

"Merling sayes in his book, who will Read Right,  
Although his Sayings be uncouth, they Shall be true  
In the seventh chapter, read Whoso Will, [found,  
One thousand and more after Christ's birth, &c."

And the "Prophesie of Beid:"

"Betwixt the chief of Summer and the Sad winter;  
Before the Heat of summer Happen shall a war  
That Europ's lands Earnestly shall be wrought  
And Earnest Envy shall last but a while, &c."

So again the "Prophesie of Berlington:"

"When the Ruby is Raised, Rest is there none,  
But much Rancour shall Rise in River and plain,  
Much Sorrow is Seen through a Suth-hound  
That beares Hofnes in his Head like a wyld Hart, &c."

Is like metre is the "Prophesie of Waldhave:"

"Upon Lowdon Law alone as I Lay,  
Looking to the Lennox, as me I.ief thought,  
The first Morning of May, Medicine to seek  
For Malice and Melody that Moved me sore, &c."

And lastly, that intitled "The Prophesie of Gildas:

"When holy kirk is Wracked and Will has no Wit  
And Pastors are Pluckt, and Pil'd without Pity  
When Idolatry Is In ens and re  
And spiritual pastours are vexed away, &c."

It will be observed in the foregoing specimens, that the alliteration is extremely neglected, except in the third and fourth instances; although all the rest are written in imitation of the cadence used in this kind of metre. It may perhaps appear from an attentive perusal, that the poems ascribed to Burington and Waldhave are more ancient than the others: indeed the first and fifth appear evidently to have been new modelled, if not intirely composed about the beginning of the last century, and are probably the latest attempts ever made in this species of verse.

In this and the foregoing Essay are mentioned all the specimens I have met with of the Alliterative Metre without rhyme: but instances occur sometimes in old manuscripts, of poems written both with final rhymes in the internal cadence and alliterations of the Metre of Pierce Plowman.

The following song, intitled, "The Complaint of Conscience," is printed from the Editor's folio manuscript: some corruptions in the old copy are here corrected; but with notice to the reader wherever it was judged necessary, by inclosing the corrections between inverted 'commas.'

As I walked of late by 'an' wood side,  
To God for to meditate was my entent;  
Where under a hawthorne I suddenlye spied  
A silly poore creature ragged and reut,  
With bloody teares his face was besprent, 5  
His fleshe and his color consumed away,  
And his garments they were all mire, mucke, and clay.

This made me muse, and much 'to' desire  
To know what kind of man hee shold bee;  
I stept to him straight, and did him require 10  
His name and his secretts to shew unto mee.  
His head he cast up, and wooful was hee,  
My name, quoth he, is the cause of my care,  
And makes me scorned, and left here so bare.

Then straightway he turned him, and prayd 'me' sit  
downe,  
And I will, saithe he, declare my whole greefe; 16  
My name is called "Conscience:"—whereatt he did frowne,  
He pined to repeat it, and grinded his teethe,  
'Though now, silly wretche, I'm denyed all releef,'  
'Yet' while I was young, and tender of yeeres, 20  
I was entertained with kinges, and with peeres.

There was none in the court that lived in such fame,  
For with the kings councill 'I' sate in commission;  
Dukes, earles, and barons esteem'd of my name;  
And how that I liv'd there needs no repetition: 25  
I was ever holden in honest condition,  
For howsoever the lawes went in Westminster-hall,  
When sentence was given, for me they wold call.

No incomes at all the landlords wold take,  
But one pore peny, that was their fine;  
And that they acknowledged to be for my sake.  
The poore wold doe nothing without councill mine:  
I ruled the world with the right line:  
For nothing was passed betweene foe and friend,  
But Conscience was called to bee at 'the' end. 35

Noe bargaines, nor merchandisemercants wold make  
But I was called a wittenesse therto:  
No use for noe money, nor forfeit wold take,  
But I wold controule them, if that they did see:  
'And' that makes me live now in great woe, 40  
For then came in Pride, Sathan's disciple.  
That is now entertained with all kind of people.

He brought with him three, whose names 'thus they call'  
That is Covetousnes, Lecherye, Usury, beside:  
They never prevail'd, till they had wrought my  
downe-fall; 45  
Soe Pride was entertained, but Conscience decried,  
And 'now ever since' abroad have I tryed  
To have had entertainment with some one or other,  
But I am rejected, and scorned of my brother.

Ver 1, one, MS. V. 16, him, MS. V. 19, not in MS. V. 23, he sate, MS. V. 35, an end, MS. V. 42, they be these, MS. V. 46, was derided, MS.

Then went I to the court the gallatns to winn, 50  
 But the porter kept me out of the gate :  
 To Bartlemew Spittle to pray for my sinne,  
 They bade me goe packe, it was fitt for my state ;  
 Goe, goe, threed-bare Conscience, and seeke thee a  
 mate. [queene,  
 Good Lord, long preserve my king, prince, and  
 With whom evermore I esteemed have been 56

Then went I to London, where once I did 'dwell' :  
 But they bade away with me, when they knew my  
 For he will undoe us to bye and to sell ! [name ;  
 They bade me goe packe me, and hye me for shame :  
 They lought at my raggs, and there had good game ;  
 This is old threed-bare Conscience, that dwelt  
 with saint Peter 63  
 But they wold not admitt me to be a chimney-  
 sweeper.

Not one wold receive me, the Lord 'he' doth know ;  
 I having but one poor penny in my purse, 65  
 On an awle and some patches I did it bestow ;  
 ' For I thought better cobbles shooes than doe worse.  
 Straight then all the coblers began for to curse,  
 And by statute wold prove me a rogue, and forlorne,  
 And whipp me out of towne to ' seeke' where I  
 was borne 70

Then did I remember, and call to my minde,  
 The Court of Conscience where once I did sit :  
 Not doubting but there I some favor shold find,  
 For my name and the place agreed soe fit ;  
 But there of my purpose I fayled a whit, 75  
 For ' thoughte' the judge us' d my name in everye  
 ' commission,'  
 The lawyers with their quilllets wold get ' my'  
 dismission.

Then Westminster-hall was noe place for me ;  
 Good lord ! how the lawyers began to assemble,  
 And fearfull they were, lest there I shold bee ! 80  
 The silly poore clarkes began for to tremble ;  
 I showed them my cause, and did not dissemble ;  
 Soe they gave me some money my charges to beare,  
 But swore me on a booke I must never come there.

Next the merchants said, Counterfeits, get thee  
 away, 85  
 Dost thou remember how wee thee fond ?  
 We banisht thee the country beyond the salt sea,  
 And sett thee on shore in the New-found land ;  
 And there thou and wee most friendly shook hand,

Ver. 53, packe me, MS. V. 57, wonne, MS. V. 70, see,  
 V. 76, condicion, MS. V. 77, get a, MS.

And we were right glad when thou didst refuse  
 us ; 90  
 For when we wold reape profit here thou woldst  
 accuse us.

Then had I noe way, but for to goe on  
 To gentlemens houses of an ancyeat name ;  
 Declaring my greeffes, and there I made moane,  
 ' Telling' how their forefathers held me in fame : 95  
 And at letting their farmes ' how always I came.'  
 They sayd, Fye upon thee ! we may thee curse :  
 ' Theirs' leases continue, and we fare the worse.

And then I was forced a begging to goe  
 To husbandmens houses, who greeved right sore, 100  
 And aware that their landlords had plagued them so,  
 That they were not able to keepe open doore,  
 Nor nothing had left to give to the poore :  
 Therefore to this wood I doe me repayre,  
 Where hepps and hawes, that is my best fare. 105

Yet within this same desert some comfort I have  
 Of Mercy, of Pittye, and of Almes-deeds ;  
 Who have vowed to company me to my grave.  
 Wee are ' all' put to silence, and live upon weeds,  
 ' And hence such cold house-keeping proceeds' ; 110  
 Our banishment is its utter decay,  
 The which the riche glutton will answer one day.

Why then, I said to him, me-thinks it were best  
 To goe to the clergie ; for dailye they preach  
 Eche man to love you above all the rest ; 115  
 Of Mercye, and Pittie, and Almes- ' deeds', they  
 teach.  
 O, said he, noe matter of a pin what they preach,  
 For their wives and their children soe hange them  
 upon,  
 That whosoever gives almes they will \* give none

Then laid he him down, and turned him away, 120  
 And prayd me to goe, and leave him to rest.  
 I told him, I haplie might yet see the day  
 For him and his fellowes to live with the best.  
 First, said he, banish Pride, then all England were  
 blest ; [land, 125  
 For then those wold love us, that now sell their  
 And then good ' house-keeping wold revive' out  
 of hand.

Ver. 95, And how, MS. V. 101. so sore, MS. V. 100,  
 ill, MS. V. 110, not in MS. V. 119, almes-deeds. V. 126,  
 houses every where wold be kept, MS.

\* We ought in justice and truth to read ' can.'

## II.

## PLAIN TRUTH, AND BLIND IGNORANCE.

This excellent old ballad is preserved in the little ancient miscellany, entitled, "The Garland of Good-will." Ignorance is here made to speak in the broad Somersetshire dialect. The scene we may suppose to be Glastonbury Abbey,

## TRUTH.

God speed you, ancient fater,  
And give you a good daye;  
What is the cause, I praye you,  
So sadly here you stave?  
And that you keep such gasing  
On this decayed place,  
The which, for superstition,  
Good princes down did raise?

5

## IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee, by my vazen\*,  
That sometimes che have knowne  
A vair and goodly abbey  
Stand here of bricke and stone;  
And many a holy vrier,  
As ich may say to thee,  
Within these goodly cloysters  
Che did full often seee.

10

15

## TRUTH.

Then I must tell thee, fater,  
In truthe and veritie,  
A sorte of greater hypocrites  
Thou couldst not likely see;  
Deceiving of the simple  
With false and feigned lies:  
But such an order truly  
Christ never did devise.

20

## IGNORANCE.

Ah! ah! che smell thee now, man;  
Che know well what thou art;  
A vellow of mean learning,  
Thee was not worth a vart:  
Vor when we had the old lawe,  
A merry world was then;  
And every thing was plenty  
Among all zorts of men.

25

30

## TRUTH.

Thou givest me an answer,  
As did the Jewes sometimes  
Unto the prophet Jeremye,  
When he accus'd their crimes:  
'Twas merry, sayd the people,  
And joyfull in our resme,  
When we did offer spice-cakes  
Unto the queen of heav'n.

35

40

## IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee what, good vellowe,  
Before the vriers went hence,  
A bushell of the best wheate  
Was sold vor vourteen pence;  
And vorty egges a penny,  
That were both good and newe;  
And this che say my self have seene,  
And yet ich am no Jewe.

45

## TRUTH.

Within the sacred bible  
We find it written plain,  
The latter days should troublesome  
And dangerous be, certaine;  
That we should be self-lovers,  
And charity wax colde;  
Then 'tis not true religion  
That makes thee grief to holde.

50

55

## IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee my opinion plaine,  
And chould that well ye knewe,  
Ich care not for the bible booke;  
Tis too big to be true.  
Our blessed ladyes psalter  
Zhall for my money goe;  
Zuch pretty prayers, as there bee\*,  
The bible cannot shewe.

60

## TRUTH.

Nowe hast thou spoken trulye,  
For in that book indeede  
No mention of our lady,  
Or Romish saint we read:  
For by the blessed Spirit  
That book indited was,  
And not by simple persons,  
As was the foolish masse.

65

70

## IGNORANCE.

Cham zure they were not voolishe  
That made the masse, che trowe;  
Why, man, 'tis all in Latine,  
And vools no Latine knowe.  
Were not our fathers wise men,  
And they did like it well;  
Who very much rejoyced  
To heare the sacring bell?

75

80

## TRUTH.

But many kinges and prophets,  
As I may say to thee,  
Have wisht the light that you have,  
And could it never see:  
For what art thou the better  
A Latin song to heare,  
And understandest nothing,  
That they sing in the quiere?

85

\* I. e. fasthen: as in the Midland counties they say houses, closed, for houses, closes. A.

\* Probably alluding to the illuminated psalters, missals, &c.

## IGNORANCE.

O hold thy peace, che pray thee,  
The noise was passing trim 90  
To heare the vriers zinging,  
As we did enter in :  
And then to zee the rood-loft  
Zo bravely zet with zaints ;—  
But now to zee them wandring 95  
My heart, with zorrow vaints.

## TRUTH.

The Lord did give commandment,  
No image thou shouldst make,  
Nor that unto idolatry  
You should your self betake : 100  
The golden calf of Israel  
Moses did therefore spoile ;  
And Baal's priests and temple  
Were brought to utter foile.

## IGNORANCE.

But our lady of Walsingham 105  
Was a pure and holy zaint,  
And many men in pilgrimage  
Did shew to her complaint.  
Yea with zweet Thomas Becket,  
And many other moe : 110  
The holy maid of Kent \* likewise  
Did many wonders zhowe.

## TRUTH.

Such saints are well agreeing  
To your profession sure ;  
And to the men that made them 115  
So precious and so pure ;

The one for being a traytoure,  
Met an untimely death ;  
The other eke for treason 120  
Did end her hateful breath.

## IGNORANCE.

Yea, yea, it is no matter,  
Dispraise them how you wille :  
But sure they did much goodnesse ;  
Would they were with us stille ! 125  
We had our holy water,  
And holy bread likewise,  
And many holy reliques  
We zaw before our eyes.

## TRUTH.

And all this while they fed you  
With vaine and empty showe, 130  
Which never Christ commanded,  
As learned doctors knowe :  
Search then the holy scriptures,  
And thou shalt plainly see 135  
That headlong to damnation  
They alway trained thee.

## IGNORANCE.

If it be true, good yellowe,  
As thou dost zay to mee,  
Unto my heavenly fader  
Alone then will I flee :  
Believing in the Gospel,  
And passion of his Zon,  
And with the zubtil papistes  
Ich have for ever done.

## III.

## THE WANDERING JEW.

The story of the Wandering Jew is of considerable antiquity : it had obtained full credit in this part of the world before the year 1228, as we learn from Matthew Paris. For in that year, it seems, there came an Armenian archbishop into England, to visit the shrines and reliques preserved in our churches ; who, being entertained at the monastery of St. Albans, was asked several questions relating to his country, &c. Among the rest a monk, who sat near him, inquired "if he had ever seen or heard of the famous person named Joseph, that was so much talked of ; who was present at our Lord's crucifixion and conversed with him, and who was still alive in confirmation of the Christian faith." The archbishop answered, That the fact was true. And afterwards one of his train, who was well known to a servant of the abbot's, interpreting his master's words, told them in French, "That his lord knew the person they spoke of very well : that he had dined at his table but a little while before he left the East : that he had been Pontius Pilate's porter, by name Cartaphilus ; who, when they were dragging Jesus out of

the door of the Judgment-hall, struck him with his fist on the back, saying, "Go faster, Jesus, go faster, why dost thou linger ?" Upon which Jesus looked at him with a frown, and said, "I indeed am going, but thou shalt tarry till I come." Soon after he was converted, and baptized by the name of Joseph. He lives for ever, but at the end of every hundred years falls into an incurable illness, and at length into a fit or ecstasy, out of which when he recovers, he returns to the same state of youth he was in when Jesus suffered, being then about thirty years of age. He remembers all the circumstances of the death and resurrection of Christ, the saints that arose with him, the composing of the apostles creed, their preaching, and dispersion ; and is himself a very grave and holy person." This is the substance of Matthew Paris's account, who was himself a monk of St. Albans, and was living at the time when the Armenian archbishop made the above relation.

Since his time several impostors have appeared at intervals under the name and character of the "Wandering Jew ;" whose several histories may be seen in Calmet's dictionary of the Bible. See also the Turkish Spy, Vol. II. Book 3. Let. 1. The story that is copied in the following ballad is of one, who

\* By name Elis. Barton, executed April 21, 1534. Stow, p. 576.

appeared at Hamburgh in 1547, and pretended he had been a Jewish shoemaker at the time of Christ's crucifixion.—The ballad however seems to be of later date. It is preserved in black-letter in the Pe-pys collection.

When as in faire Jerusalem  
Our Saviour Christ did live,  
And for the sins of all the worlde  
His own deare life did give ;  
The wicked Jewes with scoffes and scorne 5  
Did dailye him molest,  
That never till he left his life,  
Our Saviour could not rest.

When they had crown'd his head with thornes,  
And scourg'd him to disgrace,  
In scornfull sort they led him forth  
Unto his dying place,  
Where thousand thousands in the streete  
Beheld him passe along,  
Yet not one gentle heart was there,  
That pityd this his wrong. 15

Both old and young reviled him,  
As in the streete he wente,  
And nought he found but churlish tauntes,  
By every ones consents :  
His owne deare crosse he bore himselfe,  
A burthen far too great,  
Which made him in the street to fainte,  
With blood and water sweat. 20

Being weary thus, he sought for rest,  
To ease his burthened soule,  
Upon a stone ; the which a wretch  
Did churlishly controule ;  
And sayd, Awaye, thou King of Jewes,  
Thou shalt not rest thee here ;  
Pass on ; thy execution place  
Thou seest now draweth neare. 25

And thereupon he thrust him thence ;  
At which our Saviour sayd,  
I sure will rest, but thou shalt walke,  
And have no journey stayed. 35  
With that this cursed shoemaker,  
For offering Christ this wrong,  
Left wife and children, house and all,  
And went from thence along. 40

Where after he had seene the bloude  
Of Jesus Christ thus shed,  
And to the crosse his bodye nail'd,  
Awaye with speed he fled  
Without returning backe againe 45  
Unto his dwelling place,  
And wandred up and downe the worlde,  
A runnagate most base.

No resting could he finde at all,  
No ease, nor hearts content ;  
No house, nor home, nor biding place :  
But wandring forth he went  
From towne to towne in foreigne landes,  
With grievd conscience still,  
Repenting for the heinous guilt  
Of his fore-passed ill. 50

Thus after some fewe ages past  
In wandring up and downe ;  
He much again desired to see  
Jerusalems renowne, 60  
But finding it all quite destroyd,  
He wandred thence with woe,  
Our Saviours wordes, which he had spoke,  
To verifie and showe.

" I'll rest, sayd hee, but thou shalt walke," 65  
So doth this wandring Jew  
From place to place, but cannot rest  
For seeing countries newe ;  
Declaring still the power of him,  
Whereas he comes or goes, 70  
And of all things done in the east,  
Since Christ his death, he showes.

The world he hath still compast round  
And seene those nations strange,  
That hearing of the name of Christ, 75  
Their idol gods doe change :  
To whom he hath told wondrous thinges  
Of time forepast, and gone,  
And to the princes of the worlde  
Declares his cause of moane : 80

Desiring still to be dissolv'd,  
And yeild his mortal breath ;  
But, if the Lord hath thus decreed,  
He shall not yet see death. 85  
For neither lookes he old nor young,  
But as he did those times,  
When Christ did suffer on the crosse  
For mortall sinners crimes,

He hath past through many a foreaine place,  
Arabia, Egypt, Africa, 90  
Grecia, Syria, and great Thrace,  
And throughout all Hungaria,  
Where Paul and Peter preached Christ,  
Those blest apostles deare ;  
There he hath told our Saviours wordes,  
In countries far and neare. 95

And lately in Bohemia,  
With many a German towne ;  
And now in Flanders, as tis thought,  
He wandreth up and downe : 100  
Where learned men with him conferre  
Of those his lingering dayes,  
And wonder much to heare him tell  
His journeyes, and his wayes. x

If people give this Jew an almes,  
The most that he will take 105  
Is not above a groat a time :  
Which he, for Jesus' sake,  
Will kindlye give unto the poore,  
And thereof make no spare, 110  
Affirming still that Jesus Christ  
Of him hath dailye care.

He ne'er was seene to laugh nor smile,  
But weepe and make great moane ;  
Lamenting still his miseries,  
And dayes forepast and gone : 115  
If he heare any one blaspheme,  
Or take God's name in vaine,  
He telles them that they crucife  
Their Saviour Christe againe. 120



If you had seene his death, saith he,  
As these mine eyes have done,  
Ten thousand thousand times would yee  
His torments think upon :

And suffer for his sake all paine  
Of torments, and all woes.  
These are his wordes and eke his life  
Whereas he comes or goes.

125

## IV.

## THE LYE.

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

—is found in a very scarce miscellany intitled "Davison's Poems, or a poeticall Rapsoodie divided into sixe books. . . . The 4th impression newly corrected and augmented, and put into a forme more pleasing to the reader. Lond. 1621, 12mo." This poem is reported to have been written by its celebrated author the night before his execution, Oct. 29. 1618. But this must be a mistake, for there were at least two editions of Davison's poems before that time, one in 1608\*, the other in 1611†. So that unless this poem was an after-insertion in the 4th edit. it must have been written long before the death of Sir Walter: perhaps it was composed soon after his condemnation in 1603. See Oldys's Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, p. 173, fol.

Goe, soule, the bodies guest,  
Upon a thankelesse arrant;  
Feare not to touche the best,  
The truth shall be thy warrant:  
Goe, since I needs must dye,  
And give the world the lye. 5

Goe tell the court, it glowes  
And shines like rotten wood;  
Goe tell the church it shoves  
What's good, and doth no good: 10  
If church and court reply,  
Then give them both the lye.

Tell potentates they live  
Acting by others actions;  
Not lov'd unlesse they give, 15  
Not strong but by their factions;  
If potentates reply,  
Give potentates the lye.

Tell men of high condition,  
That rule affairs of state, 20  
Their purpose is ambition,  
Their practise onely hate;  
And if they once reply,  
Then give them all the lye.

Tell them that brave it most, 25  
They beg for more by spending,  
Who in their greatest cost  
Seek nothing but commending;  
And if they make reply,  
Spare not to give the lye. 30

Tell zeale, it lacks devotion;  
Tell love, it is but lust;  
Tell time, it is but motion;  
Tell flesh, it is but dust;  
And wish them not reply, 35  
For thou must give the lye.

Tell age, it daily wasteth;  
Tell honour, how it alters;  
Tell beauty, how she blasteth;  
Tell favour, how she falters; 40  
And as they shall reply,  
Give each of them the lye.

Tell wit, how much it wrangles  
In tickle points of nicenesse;  
Tell wisdom, she entangles 45  
Herselfe in over-wisenesse;  
And if they do reply,  
Straight give them both the lye.

Tell physicke of her boldnesse;  
Tell skill, it is pretension; 50  
Tell charity of coldnesse;  
Tell law, it is contention;  
And as they yield reply,  
So give them still the lye.

Tell fortune of her blindnesse; 55  
Tell nature of decay;  
Tell friendship of unkindnesse;  
Tell justice of delay:  
And if they dare reply,  
Then give them all the lye. 60

Tell arts, they have no soundnesse,  
But vary by esteeming;  
Tell schooles, they want profoundnesse,  
And stand too much on seeming: 65  
If arts and schooles reply,  
Give arts and schooles the lye.

Tell faith, it's fled the citie;  
Tell how the countrey erreth;  
Tell, manhood shakes off pitie;  
Tell, vertue least preferreth: 70  
And, if they doe reply,  
Spare not to give the lye.

So, when thou hast, as I  
Commanded thee, done blabbing,  
Although to give the lye 75  
Deserves no less than stabbing,  
Yet stab at thee who will,  
No stab the soule can kill.

\* Catalogue of T. Rawlinson, 1727.  
† Catalogue of Ston coll. library. This is either lost or  
mistaken.

V.

VERSES BY KING JAMES I.

In the first edition of this book were inserted, by way of speed, ten of his Majesty's poetic talents, some punning verses made on the disputations at Sterling; but it having been suggested to the Editor, that the king only gave the quibbling commendations in prose, and that some obsequious court-rhymer put them into metre\*; it was thought proper to exchange them for two sonnets of King James's own composition. James was a great versifier, and therefore out of the multitude of his poems, we have here selected two, which (to shew our impartiality) are written in his best and his worst manner. The first would not dishonour any writer of that time; the second is a most complete example of the Bathos.

A SONNET ADDRESSED BY KING JAMES TO HIS SON  
PRINCE HENRY.

From King James's Works in folio: where is also printed another called his Majesty's "own Sonnet;" it would perhaps be too cruel to infer from thence that this was not his Majesty's own sonnet.

God gives not kings the stile of Gods in vaine,  
For on his throne his scepter do they sway:  
And as their subjects ought them to obey,  
So kings should feare and serve their God againe.

If then ye would enjoy a happie reigne,  
Observe the statutes of our heavenly King;  
And from his law make all your laws to spring;  
Since his lieutenant here ye should remaine.

Rewarde the just, be stedfast, true and plaine;  
Reprease the proud, maintayning aye the right;  
Walke always so, as ever in His sight,  
Who guardes the godly, plaguing the prophane.  
And so ye shall in princely vertues shine,  
Resembling right your mightie King divine.

A SONNET OCCASIONED BY THE BAD WEATHER WHICH  
HINDERED THE SPORTS AT NEWMARKET  
IN JANUARY 1616.

This is printed from Drummond of Hawthornden's works, folio: where also may be seen some verses of Lord Stirling's upon this sonnet, which concludes with the finest Anticlimax I remember to have seen.

How cruelly these catives do conspire?  
What loathsome love breeds such a baleful band  
Betwixt the cankred King of Creta land\*,  
That melancholy old and angry aire,

And him, who wont to quench debate and ire 5  
Among the Romans, when his ports were clos'd †?  
But now his double face is still dispos'd,  
With Saturn's help, to freeze us at the fire.

The earth ore-covered with a sheet of snow,  
Refuses food to fowl, to bird, and beast: 10  
The chilling cold lets every thing to grow,  
And surfeits cattle with a starving feast.  
Curs'd be that love and mought ‡ continue short,  
Which kills all creatures, and doth spoil our sport.

VI.

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

The common popular ballad of "King John and the Abbot" seems to have been abridged and modernized about the time of James I. from one much older, entitled, "King John and the Bishop of Canterbury." The Editor's folio MS. contains a copy of this last, but in too corrupt a state to be reprinted; it however afforded many lines worth reviving, which will be found inserted in the ensuing stanzas.

The archness of the following questions and answers hath been much admired by our old ballad-makers; for besides the two copies above mentioned, there is extant another ballad on the same subject (but of no great antiquity or merit), entitled, "King Olfrey and the Abbot.:" Lastly, about the time of the civil wars, when the cry ran against the

bishops, some puritan worked up the same story into a very doleful ditty, to a solemn tune, concerning "King Henry and a Bishop;" with this stinging moral:

"Unlearned men hard matters out can find,  
When learned bishops princes eyes do blind."

The following is chiefly printed from an ancient black-letter copy, to "The tune of Derry down."

An ancient story Ile tell you anon  
Of a notable prince, that was called King John;  
And he ruled England with maine and with might,  
For he did great wrong, and maintain'd little right.

And Ile tell you a story, a story so merrye, 5  
Concerning the Abbot of Canturburye;  
How for his house-keeping, and high renowne,  
They rode poste for him to fair London towne.

\* See a folio, intitled, "The Muses welcome to King James.

† See the collection of Historical Ballads, 3 vols. 1727. Mr. Wise supposes Olfrey to be a corruption of Alfred, in his pamphlet concerning the White Horse in Berkshire, 6. 15.

\* Saturn.

† Janus.

‡ I. e. may it.

An hundred men, the king did heare say,  
The abbot kept in his house every day ; 10  
And fifty golde chaynes, without any doubt,  
In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

How now, father abbot, I heare it of thee,  
Thou keepest a farre better house than mee, 15  
And for thy house-keeping and high renowne,  
I feare thou work'st treason against my crown.

My liege, quo' the abbot, I would it were knowne,  
I never spend nothing, but what is my owne ;  
And I trust, your grace will doe me no deere, 20  
For spending of my owne true-gotten geere.

Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,  
And now for the same thou needest must dye ;  
For except thou canst answer me questions three,  
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

And first, quo' the king, when I'm in this stead, 25  
With my crowne of golde so faire on my head,  
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,  
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

Secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,  
How soone I may ride the whole world about. 30  
And at the third question thou must not shrink,  
But tell me here truly what I do thinke.

O, these are hard questions for my shallow witt,  
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet :  
But if you will give me but three weekes space, 35  
He do my endeavour to answer your grace.

Now three weeks space to thee will I give,  
And that is the longest time thou hast to live ;  
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,  
Thy lands and thy livings are forfait to mee, 40

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,  
And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford ;  
But never a doctor there was so wise,  
That could wth his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold, 45  
And he mett his shepheard a going to fold :  
How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home ;  
What newes do you bring us from good King John ?

" Sad newes, sad newes, shepheard, I must give ;  
That I have but three days more to live : 50  
For if I do not answer him questions three,  
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

The first is to tell him there in that stead,  
With his crowne of golde so fair on his head,  
Among all his liege men so noble of birth, 55  
To within one penny of whnt he is worth.

The seconde, to tell him, without any doubt,  
How soone he may ride this whole world about :  
And at the third question I must not shrinke,  
But tell him there truly what he does thinke." 60

Now cheare up, sire abbot, did you never hear yet,  
That a fool he may learne a wise man witt ?  
Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,  
And I'll ride to London to answere your quarrel.

Nay frowne not, if it hath bin told unto mee, 65  
I am like your lordship, as ever may bee :  
And if you will but lend me your gowne,  
There is none shall knowe us in fair London towne.

Now horses, and serving-men thou shalt have,  
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave ; 70  
With crozier, and miter, and rochet, and cope,  
Fit to appeare 'fore our fader the pope.

Now welcome, sire abbot, the king he did say,  
Tis well thou'rt come back to keepe thy day ;  
For and if thou canst answer my questions three, 75  
Thy life and thy living both saved shall bee.

And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,  
With my crown of golde so fair on my head,  
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,  
Tell me to one penny what I am worth. 80

" For thirty pence our Saivour was sold  
Among the false Jewes, as I have bin told :  
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,  
For I thinke, thou art one penny worse than bee."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel\*, 85  
I did not think I had been worth so littel !  
—Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,  
How soone I may ride this whole world about.

" You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,  
Until the next morning he riseth againe ; 90  
And then your grace need not make any doubt,  
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,  
I did not think, it could be gone so soone !  
—Now from the third question thou must not shrinke  
But tell me here truly what I do thinke. 95

" Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry :  
You thinke I'm the abbot of Canterbury ;  
But I'm his poor shepheard, as plain you may see,  
That am come to beg pardon for him and for mee." 100

The king he laughed, and swore by the masse,  
He make thee lord abbot this day in his place !  
" Now naye, my liege, be not in such speede,  
For alacke I can neither write, ne reade."

Four nobles a week, then I will give thee, 105  
For this merry jest thou hast showne unto mee ;  
And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,  
Thou has brought him a pardon from good King  
John.

\* Meaning probably St. Botolph.

## VII.

## YOU MEANER BEAUTIES.

This little sonnet was written by Sir Henry Wotton, knight, on that amiable princess, Elizabeth daughter of James I. and wife of the Elector Palatine, who was chosen King of Bohemia, Sept. 5, 1619. The consequences of this fatal election are well known: Sir Henry Wotton, who in that and the following year was employed in several embassies in Germany on behalf of this unfortunate lady, seems to have had an uncommon attachment to her merit and fortunes. for he gave away a jewel worth a thousand pounds, that was presented to him by the emperor, "because it came from an enemy to his royal mistress the Queen of Bohemia." See Biog. Britan.

This song is printed from the *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, 1651, with some corrections from an old MS. copy.

You meaner beauties of the night,  
That poorly satisfie our eies  
More by your number, than your light;

You common people of the skies,  
What are you when the moon shall rise? 5

Ye violets that first appeare,  
By your pure purple mantles known  
Like the proud virgins of the yeare,  
As if the spring were all your own;  
What are you when the rose is blown? 10

Ye curious chaunters of the wood,  
That warble forth dame Nature's layes,  
Thinking your passions understood  
By your weak accents: what's your praise,  
Whon Philomell her voyce shall raise? 15

So when my mistris shal be seene  
In sweetnease of her looks and minde;  
By virtue first, then choyce a queen;  
Tell me, if she was not design'd  
Th' eclypse and glory of her kind? 20

## VIII.

## THE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER.

This excellent old song, the subject of which is a comparison between the manners of the old gentry, as still subsisting in the times of Elizabeth, and the modern refinements affected by their sons in the reigns of her successors, is given, with corrections, from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, compared with another printed among some miscellaneous "poems and songs," in a book intitled, "Le Prince d'Amour," 1660, 8vo.

An old song made by an aged old pate, [estate,  
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a greates  
That kept a brave old house at a bountifull rate,  
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;  
Like an old courtier of the queen's,  
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word asswages;  
They every quarter paid their old servants their wages,  
And never knew what belong'd to coachmen, foot-  
men, nor pages, [badges;  
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and  
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,  
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him  
by his looks,  
With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks,  
And an old kitchen, that maintain'd half a dozen old  
Like an old courtier, &c. [cooks.

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns, and  
bows,  
With old swords, and bucklers, that had borne many  
shrewde blows, [hose,  
And an old frize coat, to cover his worship's trunk  
And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his copper nose;  
Like an old courtier, &c.

With a good old fashion, when Christmasse was come,  
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and  
drum,  
With good chear enough to furnish every old room,  
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and man  
Like an old courtier, &c. [dumb.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel of  
bounds, [grounds,  
That never hawked, nor hunted, but in his own  
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own  
bounds,  
And when he dyed gave every child a thousand good  
Like an old courtier, &c. [pounds;

But to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd,  
Charging him in his will to keep the old bountifull  
mind, [be kind:  
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours  
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was  
inclin'd;  
Like a young courtier of the king's,  
And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his  
land, [mand,  
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his com-  
And takes up a thousand pound upon his father's  
land, [stand ;  
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither go nor  
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and  
spare,  
Who never knew what belonged to good house-  
keeping, or care, [air,  
Who buyes gaudy-color'd fans to play with wanton  
And seven or eight different dressings of other  
women's hair ;  
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the old one  
stood, [good,  
Hung round with new pictures, that do the poor no  
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither  
coal nor wood, [ne'er stood ;  
And a new smooth shovelboard, whereon no victuals  
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study, stuff full of pamphlets, and plays,  
And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays,

With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in four  
or five days, [and toys ;  
And a new French cook, to devise fine kickshaws,  
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,  
On a new journey to London straight we all must  
begone, [John,  
And leave none to keep house, but our new porter  
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back  
with a stone ;  
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new gentleman-usher, whose carriage is  
compleat, [up the meat.  
With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry  
With a waiting-gentlewoman, whose dressing is  
very neat, [eat ;  
Who when her lady has din'd, lets the servants not  
Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honour bought with his father's  
old gold, [sold ;  
For which sundry of his ancestors old manors are  
And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,  
Which makes that good house-keeping is now grown  
so cold,  
Among the young courtiers of the king.  
Or the king's young courtiers.

## IX.

## SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S CAMPAIGNE.

When the Scottish covenanters rose up in arms,  
and advanced to the English borders in 1639, many  
of the courtiers complimented the king by raising  
forces at their own expence. Among these none  
were more distinguished than the gallant Sir John  
Suckling, who raised a troop of horse, so richly ac-  
counted, that it cost him 12,000*l*. The like expen-  
sive equipment of other parts of the army, made the  
king remark, that "the Scots would fight stoutly, if  
it were but for the Englishmen's fine cloaths."  
[Lloyd's Memoirs.] When they came to action, the  
rugged Scots proved more than a match for the fine  
shewy English: many of whom behaved remarkably  
ill, and among the rest this splendid troop of Sir  
John Suckling's.

This humorous pasquil has been generally sup-  
posed to have been written by Sir John, as a banter  
upon himself. Some of his contemporaries however  
attributed it to Sir John Mennis, a wit of those  
times, among whose poems it is printed in a small  
poetical miscellany, intitled, "Musarum deliciae: or  
the Muses recreation, containing several pieces of  
poetique wit, 2d edition.—By Sir J. M. [Sir John  
Mennis] and Ja. S. [James Smith.] London 1636,  
12mo."—[See Woods Athenæ, II. 397, 418.] In  
that copy is subjoined an additional stanza, which  
probably was written by this Sir John Mennis, viz.

"But now there is peace, he's return'd to increase,  
His money, which lately he spent-a,  
But his lost honour must lye still in the dust ;  
At Barwick away it went-a."

SIR John he got him an ambling nag,  
To Scotland for to ride-a,  
With a hundred horse more, all his own he swore,  
To guard him on every side-a.

No Errant-knight ever went to fight 5  
With halfe so gay a bravada,  
Had you seen but his look, you'd have sworn on a  
Hee'd have conquer'd a whole armada. [book,

The ladies ran all to the windows to see 10  
So gallant and warlike a sight-a,  
And as he pass'd by, they said with a sigh,  
Sir John, why will you go fight-a?

But he, like a cruel knight, spurr'd on ;  
His heart would not relent-a,  
For, till he came there, what had he to fear? 15  
Or why should he repent-a?

The king (God bless him!) had singular hopes  
Of him and all his troop-a :  
The borderers they, as they met him on the way,  
For joy did hollow, and whoop-a. 20

None lik'd him so well, as his own colonell,  
Who took him for John de Wert-a ;  
But when there were shows of gunning and blows,  
My gallant was nothing so part-a.

For when the Scots army came within sight, 25  
And all prepared to fight-a,  
He ran to his tent, they ask'd what he meant,  
He swore he must needs goe sh\*ts-a.

Ver. 22. John de Wert was a German general of great  
reputation, and the terror of the French in the reign of  
Louis XIII. Hence his name became proverbial in France  
where he was called *De Vert*. See Bayle's Dictionary.

The colonell sent for him back agen,  
To quarter him in the van-a, 30  
But Sir John did swear, he would not come there,  
To be kill'd the very first man-a.

To cure his fear, he was sent to the reare,  
Some ten miles back, and more-a;  
Where Sir John did play at trip and away, 35  
And ne'er saw the enemy more-a.

## X.

## TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON:

This excellent sonnet, which possessed a high degree of fame among the old cavaliers, was written by Colonel Richard Lovelace during his confinement in the gate-house Westminster: to which he was committed by the House of Commons, in April 1642, for presenting a petition from the county of Kent, requesting them to restore the king to his rights, and to settle the government. See Wood's *Athenæ*, Vol. II. p. 228, and Lysons's *Environs of London*, Vol. I. p. 109; where may be seen at large the affecting story of this elegant writer, who after having been distinguished for every gallant and polite accomplishment, the pattern of his own sex, and the darling of the ladies, died in the lowest wretchedness, obscurity, and want, in 1658. This song is printed from a scarce volume of his poems intitled, "*Lucrecia*, 1649, 12mo." collated with a copy in the Editor's folio MS.

When love with unconfin'd wings  
Hovers within my gates,  
And my divine Althea brings  
To whisper at my grates;  
When I lye tangled in her haire, 5  
And fetter'd with her eye,  
The birds that wanton in the aire,  
Know no such libertie.

When flowing cups run swiftly round  
With no allaying Thames, 10  
Our careless heads with roses crown'd,  
Our hearts with loyal flames;  
When thirsty griefe in wine we steepe,  
When healths and draughts goe free,  
Fishes, that tittle in the deepe,  
Know no such libertie.

When, linnet-like, confin'd I  
With shriller note shall sing  
The mercye, sweetness, majesty,  
And glories of my king; 20  
When I shall voyce aloud how good  
He is, how great should be,  
Th' enlarg'd windes, that curl the flood,  
Know no such libertie.

Stone walls doe not a prison make, 25  
Nor iron barres a cage,  
Mindes, innocent, and quiet, take  
That for an hermitage:  
If I have freedom in my love, 30  
And in my soule am free,  
Angels alone, that soare above,  
Enjoy such libertie.

## XI.

## THE DOWNFALL OF CHARING-CROSS.

Charing-cross, as it stood before the civil wars, was one of those beautiful Gothic obeliaks erected to conjugal affection by Edward I. who built such a one wherever the herse of his beloved Eleanor rested in its way from Lincolnshire to Westminster. But neither its ornamental situation, the beauty of its structure, nor the noble design of its erection (which did honour to humanity), could preserve it from the merciless zeal of the times: For, in 1647, it was demolished by order of the House of Commons, as popish and superstitious. This occasioned the following not unhumorous sarcasm which has been often printed among the popular sonnets of those times.

The plot referred to in ver. 17, was that entered into by Mr. Waller the poet, and others, with a view to reduce the city and tower to the service of the king; for which two of them, Nathaniel Tomkins and Richard Chaloner suffered death July 5, 1643. Vid, *Athen. Ox.* II. 24.

Undone, undone the lawyers are,  
They wander about the towne,  
Nor can find the way to Westminster,  
Now Charing-cross is downe:  
At the end of the Strand, they make a stand, 5  
Swearing they are at a loss,  
And chaffing say, that's not the way,  
They must go by Charing-cross.

The parliament to vote it down  
Conceived it very fitting, 10  
For fear it should fall, and kill them all,  
In the house, as they were sitting.  
They were told, god-wot, it had a plot,  
Which made them so hard-hearted,  
To give command, it should not stand, 15  
But be taken down and carted.

Ver 10, with woe-allaying themes, MS. Thames is used for water in general.

Men talk of plots, this might have been worse  
 For anything I know,  
 Than that Tomkins, and Chaloner,  
 Were hang'd for long agoe. 20  
 Our parliament did that prevent,  
 And wisely them defended,  
 For plots they will discover still,  
 Before they were intended.

But neither man, woman, nor child, 25  
 Will say, I'm confident,  
 They ever heard it speak one word  
 Against the parliament.  
 An informer swore, it letters bore,  
 Or else it had been freed ; 30  
 I'll take, in troth, my Bible oath,  
 It could neither write, nor read.

The committee said, that verily  
 To popery it was bent ;  
 For ought I know it might be so,  
 For to church it never went. 35  
 What with excise, and such device,  
 The kingdom doth begin  
 To think you'll leave them ne'er a cross,  
 Without doors nor within. 40

Methinks the common-council shou'd  
 Of it have taken pity,  
 'Cause, good old cross, it always stood  
 So firmly to the city.  
 Since crosses you so much disdain, 45  
 Faith, if I were as you,  
 For feare the king should rule again,  
 I'd pull down Tyburn too.

\* \* \* Whitelocke says, " May 3, 1643, Cheapside cross and other crosses were voted down," &c.—But this Vote was not put in execution with regard to " Charing Cross " till four years after, as appears from Lilly's *Observations on the Life, &c. of King Charles*, viz. " Charing-Cross, we know, was pulled down, 1647, in June, July, and August. Part of the stones were converted to pave before Whitehall. I have seen Knife-hafts made of some of the stones, which, being well polished, looked like marble." Ed. 1715, p. 18, 12mo.

See an Account of the pulling down Cheapside Cross, in the Supplement to *Gent. Mag.* 1764.

## XII.

## LOYALTY CONFINED.

This excellent old song is preserved in David Lloyd's " *Memoires of those that suffered in the cause of Charles I.*" London 1668, fol. p. 96. He speaks of it as the composition of a worthy personage, who suffered deeply in those times, and was still living with no other reward than the conscience of having suffered. The author's name he has not mentioned, but, if tradition may be credited, this song was written by Sir Roger L'Estrange.—Some mistakes in Lloyd's copy are corrected by two others, one in MS. the other in the " *Westminster Drollery*, or a choice Collection of Songs and Poems, 1671." 12mo.

BEAT on, proud billows ; Boreas blow ;  
 Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof ;  
 Your incivility doth show,  
 That innocence is tempest proof ;  
 Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm ;  
 Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm. 6

That which the world miscalls a jail,  
 A private closet is to me :  
 Whilst a good conscience is my bail,  
 And innocence my liberty : 10  
 Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,  
 Make me no prisoner, but an anchorite.

I, whilst I wisht to be retir'd,  
 Into this private room was turn'd ;  
 As if their wisdoms had conspir'd 15  
 The salamander should be burn'd :  
 Or like those sophists, that would drown a fish,  
 I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The cynick loves his poverty ;  
 The pelican her wilderneas ; 20  
 And 'tis the Indian's pride to be  
 Naked on frozen Caucasus :  
 Contentment cannot smart, Stoicks we see  
 Make torments easie to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm 25  
 I, as my mistress' favours, wear ;  
 And for to keep my ancles warm,  
 I have some iron shackles there :  
 These walls are but my garrison ; this cell,  
 Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel 30

I'm in the cabinet lockt up,  
 Like some high-prized margarite,  
 Or, like the great mogul or pope,  
 Am cloyster'd up from publick sight :  
 Retiredness is a piece of majesty, 35  
 And thus proud sultan, I'm as great as thee.

Here sin for want of food must starve,  
 Where tempting objects are not seen ;  
 And these strong walls do only serve  
 To keep vice out, and keep me in : 40  
 Malice of late's grown charitable sure,  
 I'm not committed, but am kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life\*,  
 Thinking t' have made his purpose sure,  
 By a malicious friendly knife 45  
 Did only wound him to a cure :

\* See this remarkable story in Cicero de Nat. Deorum, Lib. 3, c. 28. Cic. de Offic. Lib. 1. c. 36 ; see also Val. Max. 1, 1.

Malice, I see, wants wit ; for what is meant  
Mischief, oft-times proves favour by th' event.

When once my prince affliction hath,  
Prosperity doth treason seem ; 50  
And to make smooth so rough a path,  
I can learn patience from him :  
Now not to suffer shews no loyal heart,  
When kings want ease subjects must bear a part.

What though I cannot see my king 55  
Neither in person or in coin ;  
Yet contemplation is a thing  
That renders what I have not, mine :  
My king from me what adamant can part,  
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart ? 60

Have you not seen the nightingale,  
A prisoner like, coopt in a cage,

How doth she chaunt her wonted tale  
In that her narrow hermitage ?  
Even then her charming melody doth prove. 65  
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am that bird, whom they combine  
Thus to deprive of liberty ;  
But though they do my corps confine,  
Yet maugre hate, my soul is free : 70  
And though immur'd, yet can I chirp, and sing  
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king.

My soul is free, as ambient air,  
Although my baser part's immew'd,  
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair 75  
T' accompany my solitude :  
Although rebellion do my body binde,  
My king alone can captivate my minde.

XIII.

VERSES BY KING CHARLES I.

"This prince, like his father, did not confine himself to prose: Bishop Burnet has given us a pathetic elegy, said to be written by Charles in Carisbrook castle [in 1648.] The poetry is most uncouth and unharmonious, but there are strong thoughts in it, some good sense, and a strain of majestic piety." Mr. Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors, vol. I.

It is in his "Memoirs of the Duke of Hamilton," p. 379, that Burnet hath preserved this elegy, which he tells us he had from a gentleman, who waited on the king at the time when it was written, and copied it out from the original. It is there intitled, "MAJESTY IN MISERY: OR AN IMPLORATION TO THE KING OF KINGS."

Hume hath remarked of these stanzas, "that the truth of the sentiment, rather than the elegance of the expression, renders them very pathetic." See his History, 1763, 4to. Vol. V. pp. 437. 442. which is no bad comment upon them.—These are almost the only verses known of Charles's composition. Indeed a little Poem "On a Quite Conscience," printed in the Poetical Calendar, 1763, vol. VIII. is attributed to King Charles I ; being reprinted from a thin 8vo. published by Nahum Tate, called "Miscellaneous Sacra, or Poems on Divine and Moral Subjects."

GREAT monarch of the world, from whose power  
The potency and power of kings, [springs  
Record the royal woe my suffering sings ;

And teach my tongue, that ever did confine  
Its faculties in truth's seraphick line, 5  
To track the treasons of thy foes and mine.

Nature and law, by thy divine decree,  
(The only root of righteous royaltie)  
With this dim diadem invested me :

With it, the sacred scepter, purple robe, 10  
The holy unction, and the royal globe :  
Yet am I levell'd with the life of Job.

The fiercest furies, that do daily tread  
Upon my grief, my grey discrowned head,  
Are those that owe my bounty for their bread. 15

They raise a war, and christen it *the cause* ;  
While sacrilegious hands have best applause,  
Plunder and murder are the kingdom's laws ;

Tyranny bears the title of taxation,  
Revenge and robbery are reformation, 20  
Oppression gains the name of sequestration.

My loyal subjects, who in this bad season  
Attend me (by the law of God and reason),  
They dare impeach, and punish for high treason.

Next at the clergy do their furies frown, 25  
Pious episcopacy must go down,  
They will destroy the crosier and the crown.

Churchmen are chain'd, and schismatics are freed,  
Mechanicks preach, and holy fathers bleed,  
The crown is crucified with the creed. 30

The church of England doth all factions foster,  
The pulpit is usurpt by each impostor,  
*Extempore* excludes the *Paternoster*.

The Presbyter, and Independent seed  
Springs with broad blades. To make religion bleed  
Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed. 36

The corner stone's misplac'd by every pavier :  
With such a bloody method and behaviour  
Their ancestors did crucifie our Saviour.

My royal consort, from whose fruitful womb 40  
So many princes legally have come,  
Is forc'd in pilgrimage to seek a tomb.

Great Britain's heir is forced into France,  
Whilst on his father's head his foes advance :  
Poor child ! he weeps out his inheritance. 45



With my own power my majesty they wound,  
In the king's name the king himself's uncrown'd  
So doth the dust destroy the diamond.

With propositions daily they enchant  
My people's ears, such as do reason daunt, 50  
And the Almighty will not let me grant.

They promise to erect my royal stem,  
To make me great, t' advance my diadem,  
If I will first fall down, and worship them!

But for refusal they devour my thrones, 55  
Distress my children, and destroy my bones;  
I fear they'll force me to make bread of stones.

My life they prize at such a slender rate,  
That in my absence they draw bills of hate, 60  
To prove the king a traitor to the state.

Felons obtain more privilege than I,  
They are allowed to answer ere they die;  
'Tis death for me to ask the reason, why.

But, sacred Saviour, with thy words I woo  
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to 65  
Such, as thou know'st do not know what they do.

For since they from their lord are so disjointed,  
As to condemn those edicts he appointed,  
How can they prize the power of his anointed?

Augment my patience, nullify my hate, 70  
Preserve my issue, and inspire my mate;  
Yet, though we perish, *bless this church and state,*

## XIV.

## THE SALE OF REBELLIOUS HOUSEHOLD-STUFF.

This sarcastic exultation of triumphant loyalty is printed from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, corrected by two others, one of which is preserved in "A choice collection of 120 loyal songs, &c." 1684, 12mo.—To the tune of Old Simon the king.

REBELLION hath broken up house,  
And hath left me old lumber to sell;  
Come hither, and take your choice,  
I'll promise to use you well: 5  
Will you buy the old speaker's chair?  
Which was warm and easie to sit in,  
And oft hath been clean'd I declare,  
When as it was fouler than fitting.  
Says old Simon the king, &c.

Will you buy any bacon-fitches, 10  
The fattest, that ever were spent?  
They're the sides of the old committees,  
Fed up in the long parliament.  
Here's a pair of bellows, and tongs,  
And for a small matter I'll sell ye 'um; 15  
They are made of the presbyters lungs,  
To blow up the coals of rebellion.  
Says old Simon, &c.

I had thought to have given them once  
To some black-smith for his forge; 20  
But now I have considered on't,  
They are consecrate to the church:  
So I'll give them unto some quire,  
They will make the big organs roar,  
And the little pipes to squeake higher, 25  
Than ever they could before.  
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a couple of stools for sale,  
One's square, and t'other is round;  
Betwixt them both the tail 30  
Of the Rump fell down to the ground.  
Will you buy the states council-table,

Which was made of the good wain Scot?  
The frame was a tottering Babel  
To uphold the Independent plot. 35  
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's the beamsom of Reformation,  
Which should have made clean the floor,  
But it swept the wealth out of the nation,  
And left us dirt good store. 40  
Will you buy the states spinning-wheel,  
Which spun for the roper's trade?  
But better it had stood still,  
For now it has spun a fair thread.  
Says old Simon, &c. 45

Here's a glyster-pipe well try'd,  
Which was made of a butcher's stump\*,  
And has been safely apply'd,  
To cure the colds of the rump. 50  
Here's a lump of Pilgrim's-Salve,  
Which once was a justice of peace,  
Who Noll and the Devil did serve;  
But now it is come to this.  
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a roll of the states tobacco, 55  
If any good fellow will take it;  
No Virginia had e'er such a smack-o,  
And I'll tell you how they did make it:  
'Tis th' Engagement, and Covenant cookt  
Up with the Abjuration oath; 60  
And many of them, that have took't,  
Complain it was foul in the mouth.  
Says old Simon, &c.

Yet the ashes may happily serve  
To cure the scab of the nation, 65  
Whene'er 't has an itch to swerve,  
To Rebellion by innovation.

\* Alluding probably to Major-General Harrison, a butcher's son, who assisted Cromwell in turning out the long parliament April 29, 1653.

A Lantern here is to be bought, The like was scarce ever gotten, For many plots it has found out Before they ever were thought on Says old Simon, &c.	70	With which old Noll's horns ahe did rub, When he was got drunk with false bumpers. Says old Simon, &c.	90
Will you buy the Rump's great saddle, With which it jocky'd the nation? And here is the bitt, and the bridle, And curb of Dissimulation: And here's the trunk-hose of the Rump, And their fair dissembling cloak, And a Presbyterian jump, With an Independent smock, Says old Simon, &c.	7 80	Here's the purse of the public faith; Here's the model of the Sequestration, When the old wives upon their good troth, Lent thimbles to ruine the nation. Here's Dick Cromwell's Protectorship, And here are Lambert's commissions, And here is Hugh Peters his scrip Cramm'd with the tumultuous petitions. Says old Simon, &c.	95
Will you buy a Conscience oft turn'd, Which serv'd the high-court of justice, And stretch'd until England it mourn'd: But hell will buy that if the worst is. Here's Joan Cromwell's kitching-stuff tub, Wherein is the fat of the Rumpers,	85	And here are old Noll's brewing vessels, And here are his dray, and his slings; Here are Hewson's awl, and his bristles; With diverse other odd things: And what is the price doth belong To all these matters before ye? I'll sell them all for an old song, And so I do end my story. Says old Simon, &c.	100 105

## XV.

## THE BAFFLED KNIGHT, OR LADY'S POLICY,

Given (with some corrections) from a MS. copy, and collated with two printed ones in Roman character in the Pepys collection.

THERE was a knight was drunk with wine, A riding along the way, sir; And there he met with a lady fine, Among the cocks of hay, sir.		O go with me to my father's hall; Fair chambers there are three, sir: And you shall have the best of all, And I'll your chamberlaine bee, sir.	25
Shall you and I, O lady faire, Among the grass lye down-a: And I will have a special care Of rumpling of your gowne-a.	5	He mounted himself on his steed so tall, And her on her dapple gray, sir: And there they rode to her father's hall, Fast pricking along the way, sir.	30
Upon the grass there is a dewe, Will spoil my damaak gowne, sir: My gowne and kirtle they are newe, And cost me many a crowne, sir.	10	To her father's hall they arrived strait; 'Twas moated round about-a; She slipped herself within the gate, And lockt the knight without-a.	35
I have a cloak of scarlet red, Upon the ground I'll throwe it; Then, lady faire, come lay thy head; We'll play, and none shall knowe it.	15	Here is a silver penny to spend, And take it for your pain, sir; And two of my father's men I'll send To wait on you back again, sir.	40
O yonder stands my steed so free Among the cocks of hay, sir; And if the pinner should chance to see, He'll take my steed away, sir.	20	He from his scabbard drew his brand, And wiped it upon his sleeve-a! And cursed, he said, be every man, That will a maid believe-a!	
Upon my finger I have a ring Its made of finest gold-a, And, lady, it thy steed shall bring Out of the pinner's fold-a.		She drew a bodkin from her haire, And whip'd it upon her gown-a; And curs'd be every maiden faire, That will with men lye down-a!	45

Ver. 82. This was a cant name given to Cromwell's wife by the Royalists, though her name was Elizabeth. She was taxed with exchanging the kitchen-stuff for the candles used in the Protector's household, &c. See *Gent. Mag.* for March 1786, p. 222.

Ver. 94. See Grey's *Hudibras*, Pt. I, Cant. 2, ver. 570, &c. V. 100, 102, Cromwell had in his younger years followed the brewing trade at Huntingdon. Col. Hewson is said to have been originally a soldier.

A herb there is, that lowly grows,  
And some do call it rue, sir :  
The smallest dunghill cock that crows,  
Would make a capon of you, sir.

50

A flower there is, that shineth bright,  
Some call it mary-gold-a :  
He that wold not when he might,  
He shall not when he wold-a.

55

The knight was riding another day,  
With cloak and hat and feather :  
He met again with that lady gay,  
Who was angling in the river.

60

Now, lady faire, I've met with you,  
You shall no more escape me ;  
Remember, how not long agoe  
You falsely did intrap me.

The lady blushed scarlet red,  
And trembled at the stranger :  
How shall I guard my maidenhead  
From this approaching danger ?

65

He from his saddle down did light,  
In all his riche attyer ;  
And cryed, As I am a noble knight,  
I do thy charms admyer.

70

He took the lady by the hand,  
Who seemingly consented ;  
And would no more disputing stand :  
She had a plot invented.

75

Looke yonder, good sir knight, I pray,  
Methinks I now discover  
A riding upon his dapple gray,  
My former constant lover.

80

On tip-toe peering stood the knight,  
Fast by the rivers brink-a ;  
The lady pusht with all her might :  
Sir knight, now swim or sink-a.

O'er head and ears he plunged in,  
The bottom faire he sounded ;  
Then rising up, he cried amain,  
Help, helpe, or else I'm drowned !

85

Now, fare-you-well, sir knight, adieu !  
You see what comes of fooling :  
That is the fittest place for you ;  
Your courage wanted cooling.

90

Ere many days, in her fathers park,  
Just at the close of eve-a,  
Again she met with her angry sparke ;  
Which made this lady grieve-a.

95

False lady, here thou'rt in my powre,  
And no one now can hear thee :  
And thou shalt sorely rue the hour,  
That e'er thou dar'st to jeer me.

100

I pray, sir knight, be not so warm  
With a young silly maid-a :  
I vow and swear I thought no harm,  
'Twas a gentle jest I playd-a.

A gentle jest, in soothe he cry'd,  
To tumble me in and leave me !  
What if I had in the river dy'd ?——  
That fetch will not deceive me.

105

Once more I'll pardon thee this day,  
Tho' injur'd out of measure ;  
But thou prepare without delay  
To yield thee to my pleasure.

110

Well then, if I must grant your suit,  
Yet think of your boots and spurs, sir :  
Let me pull off both spur and boot,  
Or else you cannot stir, sir.

115

He set him down upon the grass,  
And begg'd her kind assistance ;  
Now, smiling thought this lovely lass,  
I'll make you keep your distance.

120

Then pulling off his boots half-way ;  
Sir knight, now I'm your betters :  
You shall not make of me your prey ;  
Sit there like a knave in fetters.

The knight, when she had served him soe,  
He fretted, fum'd, and grumbled :  
For he could neither stand nor goe,  
But like a cripple tumbled.

125

Farewell, sir knight, the clock strikes ten,  
Yet do not move nor stir, sir :  
I'll send you my father's serving men,  
To pull off your boots and spurs, sir.

130

This merry jest you must excuse,  
You are but a stingleas nettle:  
You'd never have stood for boots or shoes,  
Had you been a man of mettle.

135

All night in grievous rage he lay,  
Rolling upon the plain-a ;  
Next morning a shepherd past that way,  
Who set him right again-a.

140

Then mounting upon his steed so tall,  
By hill and dale he swore-a :  
I'll ride at once to her father's hall ;  
She shall escape no more-a.

I'll take her father by the beard,  
I'll challenge all her kindred ;  
Each dastard seut shall stand afeard ;  
My wrath shall no more be hindred.

145

He rode unto her father's house,  
Which every side was moated :  
The lady heard his furious vows,  
And all his vengeance noted.

150

Thought shee, sir knight, to quench your rage,  
Once more I will endeavour :  
This water shall your fury 'swage,  
Or else it shall burn for ever.

155

Then faining penitence and feare,  
She did invite a parley :  
Sir knight, if you'll forgive me heare,  
Henceforth I'll love you dearly.

160

My father he is now from home,  
And I am all alone, sir :  
Therefore a-cross the water come ;  
And I am all your own, sir.

False maid, thou canst no more deceive ; 163  
I scorn the treacherous bait-a :  
If thou would'st have me thee believe,  
Now open me the gate-a.

The bridge is drawn, the gate is barr'd,  
My father he has the keys, sir ; 170

But I have for my love prepar'd  
A shorter way and easier.

Over the moate I've laid a plank  
Full seventeen feet in measure :  
Then step a-cross to the other bank, 175  
And there we'll take our pleasure.

These words she had no sooner spoke,  
But strait he came tripping over :  
The plank was saw'd, it snapping broke ;  
And sous'd the unhappy lover. 180

XVI.

WHY SO PALE ?

From Sir John Suckling's Poems. This sprightly knight was born in 1613, and cut off by a fever about the 29th year of his age. See above, Song IX. of this book.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover ?  
Prethee, why so pale ?  
Will, when looking well can't move her,  
Looking ill prevail ?  
Prethee why so pale ? 5

Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?  
Prethee why so mute ?  
Will, when speaking well can't win her,  
Saying nothing doe't ?  
Prethee why so mute ? 10

Quit, quit for shame ; this will not move,  
This cannot take her ;  
If of herself she will not love,  
Nothing can make her.  
The devil take her ! 15

XVII.

OLD TOM OF BEDLAM.

MAD SONG THE FIRST

It is worth attention, that the English have more songs and ballads on the subject of madness, than any of their neighbours. Whether there be any truth in the insinuation, that we are more liable to this calamity than other nations, or that our native gloominess hath peculiarly recommended subjects of this cast to our writers ; we certainly do not find the same in the printed collections of French, Italian Songs, &c.

Out of a much larger quantity, we have selected half a dozen "Mad Songs" for this work. The three first are originals in their respective kinds ; the merit of the three last is chiefly that of imitation. They were written at considerable intervals of time ; but we have here grouped them together, that the reader may the better examine their comparative merits. He may consider them as so many trials of skill in a very peculiar subject, as the contest of so many rivals to shoot in the bow of Ulysses. The two first were probably written about the beginning of the last century ; the third about the middle of it ; the fourth and sixth towards the end ; and the fifth within the eighteenth century.

This is given from the Editor's folio MS. compared with two or three old printed copies.—With regard to the author of this old rhapsody, in Walton's Complete Angler, esp. 3. is a song in praise of

angling, which the author says was made at his request "by Mr. William Basse, one that has made the choice songs of the 'Hunter in his Career,' and of 'Tom of Bedlam,' and many others of note," p. 84. See Sir John Hawkins's curious edition, 8vo. of that excellent old book.

FORTH from my sad and darksome cell,  
Or from the deepe abyasse of hell,  
Mad Tom is come into the world againe  
To see if he can cure his distempered braine.

Feares and cares oppresse my soule ;  
Harke, howe the angye Fureys houle !  
Pluto laughes, and Proserpine is gladd  
To see poore naked Tom of Bedlam madd.

Through the world I wander night and day :  
To seeke my stragglng senses, 10  
In an angry moode I mett old Time,  
With his pentarchye of tenses :

When me he spyed,  
Away he hyed,  
For time will stay for no man : 15  
In vaine with cryes  
I rent the skyes,  
For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortless I lye :  
 Helpe, oh helpe ! or else I dye !  
 Harke ! I heare Apollo's teame,  
 The carman 'gins to whistle ;  
 Chast Diana bends her bowe,  
 The boare begins to bristle.

20

Come, Vulcan, with tools and with tackles,  
 To knocke off my troublesome shackles ;  
 Bid Charles make ready his waine  
 To fetch me my senses againe.

25

Last night I heard the dog-star bark ;  
 Mars met Venus in the darke ;  
 Limping Vulcan bet an iron barr,  
 And furiously made at the god of war :

30

Mars with his weapon laid about,  
 But Vulcan's temples had the gout,  
 For his broad horns did so hang in his light,  
 He could not see to aim his blowes aright :

35

Mercurye, the nimble post of heaven,  
 Stood still to see the quarrell ;  
 Gorrel-bellied Bacchus, gyant-like,  
 Bestryd a strong-beere barrell.

40

To mee he dranke,  
 I did him thanke,  
 But I could get no cyder ;  
 He dranke whole butts  
 Till he burst his gutts,  
 But mine were ne'er the wyder.

45

Poore naked Tom is very drye :  
 A little drinke for charitye !  
 Harke, I hear Acteon's horne !  
 The huntsmen whoop and hallowe :  
 Ringwood, Royster, Bowman, Jowler,  
 All the chase do followe.

50

The man in the moone drinke clarret,  
 Eates powder'd beef, turnip, and carret,  
 But a cup of old Malaga sack  
 Will fire the bushe at his backe.

55

## XVIII.

## THE DISTRACTED PURITAN.

## MAD SONG THE SECOND,

— was written about the beginning of the seven-  
 teenth century by the witty bishop Corbet, and is  
 printed from the third edition of his poems, 12mo.  
 1672, compared with a more ancient copy in the  
 Editor's folio MS.

As I mad, O noble Festus,  
 When zeal and godly knowledge  
 Have put me in hope  
 To deal with the pope,  
 As well as the best in the college ?  
 Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,  
 Mitres, copes, and rochets ;  
 Come hear me pray nine times a day,  
 And fill your heads with crochets.

5

In the house of pure Emanuel \*  
 I had my education,  
 Where my friends surmise  
 I dazel'd my eyes  
 With the sight of revelation.  
 Boldly I preach, &c.

10

They bound me like a bedlam,  
 They lash'd my four poor quarters ;  
 Whilst this I endure,  
 Faith makes me sure  
 To be one of Foxes martyrs.  
 Boldly I preach, &c.

15

These injuries I suffer  
 Through antichrist's perswasion :  
 Take off this chain,  
 Neither Rome nor Spain  
 Can resist my strong invasion.  
 Boldly I preach, &c.

20

Of the beast's ten horns (God bless us !)  
 I have knock'd off three already ;  
 If they let me alone  
 I'll leave him none :  
 But they say I am too heady.  
 Boldly I preach, &c.

25

When I sack'd the seven-hill'd city,  
 I met the great red dragon ;  
 I kept him aloof  
 With the armour of proof,  
 Though here I have never a rag on.  
 Boldly I preach, &c.

30

With a fiery sword and target,  
 There fought I with this monster :  
 But the sons of pride  
 My zeal deride,  
 And all my deeds misconster.  
 Boldly I preach, &c.

35

I un-hors'd the Whore of Babel,  
 With the lance of Inspiration ;  
 I made her stink,  
 And spill the drink  
 In her cup of abomination.  
 Boldly I preach, &c.

40

I have seen two in a vision  
 With a flying book \* between them.

45

\* Emanuel College, Cambridge, was originally a semi-  
 nary of Puritans.

\* Alluding to some visionary exposition of Zech. ch. v.  
 ver. 1 ; or, if the date of this song would permit, one might  
 suppose it aimed at one Coppe, a strange enthusiast, whose  
 life may be seen in Wood's Athen. vol. II, p. 591. He was  
 author of a book, intitled, "The Fiery Flying Roll;" and  
 afterwards published a Recantation, part of whose title is,  
 "The Fiery Flying Roll's Wings clipt," &c.

I have been in despair  
Five times in a year,  
And been cur'd by reading Greenham\*.  
Boldly I preach, &c.

I observ'd in Perkin's tables† 50  
The black line of damnation;  
Those crooked veins  
So stuck in my brains,  
That I fear'd my reprobation.  
Boldly I preach, &c.

In the holy tongue of Canaan 55  
I plac'd my chiefest pleasure :

Till I prick'd my foot  
With an Hebrew root,  
That I bled beyond all measure.  
Boldly I preach, &c.

I appear'd before the archbishop\*, 60  
And all the high commission;  
I gave him no grace,  
But told him to his face,  
That he favour'd superstition.  
Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,  
Mitres, copes, and rochets : 66  
Come hear me pray nine times a day,  
And fill your heads with crotchets.

## XIX.

## THE LUNATIC LOVER,

## MAD SONG THE THIRD,

— is given from an old printed copy in the British Museum, compared with another in the Pepys collection; both in black letter.

Grim king of the ghosts, make haste,  
And bring hither all your train;  
See how the pale moon does waste,  
And just now is in the wane.  
Come, you night-hags, with all your charms, 5  
And revelling witches away.  
And hug me close in your arms;  
To you my respects I'll pay.

I'll court you, and think you fair,  
Since love does distract my brain : 10  
I'll go, I'll wedd the night-mare,  
And kiss her, and kiss her again :  
But if she prove peevish and proud,  
Then, a pise on her love! let her go;  
I'll seek me a winding shroud, 15  
And down to the shades below.

A lunacy sad I endure,  
Since reason departs away;  
I call to those hags for a cure,  
As knowing not what I say. 20  
The beauty, whom I do adore,  
Now slights me with scorn and disdain;  
I never shall see her more:  
Ah! how shall I bear my pain!

I ramble, and range about 25  
To find out my charming saint;  
While she at my grief does flout,  
And smiles at my loud complaint.

Distraction I see is my doom,  
Of this I am now too sure;  
A rival is got in my room,  
While torments I do endure. 30

Strange fancies do fill my head,  
While wandering in despair, 35  
I am to the desarts lead,  
Expecting to find her there.  
Methinks in a spangled cloud  
I see her enthroned on high;  
Then to her I cry aloud,  
And labour to reach the sky. 40

When thus I have raved awhile,  
And wearyd myself in vain,  
I lye on the barren soil,  
And bitterly do complain. 45  
Till slumber hath quieted me,  
In sorrow I sigh and weep;  
The clouds are my canopy  
To cover me while I sleep.

I dream that my charming fair  
Is then in my rival's bed, 50  
Whose tresses of golden hair  
Are on the fair pillow bespread.  
Then this doth my passion inflame,  
I start, and no longer can lie:  
Ah! Sylvia, art thou not to blame 55  
To ruin a lover? I cry.

Grim king of the ghosts, be true,  
And hurry me hence away,  
My languishing life to you  
A tribute I freely pay. 60  
To the Elysian shades I post  
In hopes to be freed from care,  
Where many a bleeding ghost  
Is hovering in the air.

\* See Greenham's Works, fol. 1665, particularly the tract intitled "A sweet Comfort for an Afflicted Conscience."

† See Perkins's Works, fol. 1616, vol. I, p. 11; where is a large half sheet folio, containing, "A survey, or table, declaring the order of the causes of salvation and damnation, &c." the pedigree of damnation being distinguished by a broad black zig-zag line.

\* Abp. Laud.

## XX.

## THE LADY DISTRACTED WITH LOVE,

## MAD SONG THE FOURTH,

—was originally sung in one of Tom D'Urfey's comedies of Don Quixote, acted in 1694 and 1696: and probably composed by himself. In the several stanzas, the author represents his pretty Mad-woman as 1. sullenly mad; 2. mirthfully mad: 3. melancholy mad: 4. fantastically mad: and 5. stark mad. Both this and Num. XXII. are printed from D'Urfey's "Pills to purge Melancholy," 1719, vol. 1.

From rosiè bowers, where sleeps the god of love,  
Hither ye little wanton cupids fly;  
Teach me in soft melodious strains to move  
With tender passion my heart's darling joy:  
Ah! let the soul of musick tune my voice, 5  
To win dear Strephon, who my soul enjoys.

Or, if more influencing  
Is to be brisk and airy,  
With a step and a bound, 10  
With a frisk from the ground,  
I'll trip like any fairy.

As once on Ida dancing  
Were three celestial bodies:  
With an air, and a face, 15  
And a shape, and a grace,  
I'll charm, like beauty's goddess.

Ah! 'tis in vain! 'tis all, 'tis all in vain!  
Death and despair must end the fatal pain:  
Cold, cold despair, disguis'd like snow and rain,  
Falls on my breast; bleak winds in tempests blow;  
My veins all shiver, and my fingers glow: 21  
My pulse beats a dead march for lost repose,  
And to a solid lump of ice my poor fond heart is  
froze.

Or say, ye powers, my peace to crown,  
Shall I thaw myself, and drown 25  
Among the foaming billows?  
Increasing all with tears I shed,  
On beds of ooze, and crystal pillows,  
Lay down, lay down my love-sick head?

No, no, I'll strait run mad, mad, mad; 30  
That soon my heart, will warm;  
When once the sense is fled, is fled,  
Love has no power to charm,  
Wild thro' the woods I'll fly, I'll fly,  
Robes, locks—shall thus—be tore! 35  
A thousand, thousand times I'll dye  
Ere thus, thus in vain,—ere thus in vain adore.

## XXI.

## THE DISTRACTED LOVER,

## MAD SONG THE FIFTH,

—was written by Henry Carey, a celebrated composer of music at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and author of several little Theatrical Entertainments, which the reader may find enumerated in the "Companion to the Play-house," &c. The sprightliness of this songster's fancy could not preserve him from a very melancholy catastrophe, which was effected by his own hand. In his Poems, 4to. Lond. 1729, may be seen another mad song of this author, beginning thus:

"Gods? I can never this endure,  
Death alone must be my cure," &c.

I oo to the Elysian shade,  
Where sorrow ne'er shall wound me;  
Where nothing shall my rest invade,  
But joy shall still surround me.

I fly from Celia's cold disdain, 5  
From her disdain I fly;  
She is the cause of all my pain,  
For her alone I die.

Her eyes are brighter than the mid-day sun,  
When he but half his radiant course has run, 10  
When his meridian glories gaily shine,  
And gild all nature with a warmth divine.

See yonder river's flowing tide,  
Which now so full appears;  
Those streams, that do so swiftly glide, 15  
Are nothing but my tears.

There I have wept till I could weep no more,  
And curst mine eyes, when they have wept their  
store:  
Then, like the clouds, that rob the azure main,  
I've drain'd the flood to weep it back again. 20

Pity my pains,  
Ye gentle swains!  
Cover me with ice and snow,  
I scorch, I burn, I flame, I glow!

Furies, tear me,	25	Would be a pleasure, and a cure :	
Quickly bear me		Not all the hells,	
To the dismal shades below !		Where Pluto dwells,	35
Where yelling, and howling,		Can give such pain as I endure	
And grumbling, and growling,			
Strike the ear with horrid woe.	30	To some peaceful plain convey me,	
		On a mossey carpet lay me,	
Hissing snakes,		Fan me with ambrosial breeze,	
Fiery lakes		Let me die, and so have ease !	40

## XXII.

## THE FRANTIC LADY,

## MAD SONG THE SIXTH.

This, like Number XX. was originally sung in one of D'Urfey's Comedies of Don Quixote, (first acted about the year 1694) and was probably composed by that popular songster, who died Feb. 26, 1723.

This is printed in the "Hive, a Collection of Songs," 4 vols. 1721, 12mo. where may be found two or three other mad songs not admitted into these volumes.

I burn, my brain consumes to ashes !  
Each eye-ball too like lightning flashes !  
Within my breast there glows a solid fire,  
Which in a thousand ages can't expire !

Blow, blow, the winds' great ruler !      5  
Bring the Po, and the Gangea hither,  
'Tis sultry weather ;

Pour them all on my soul,  
It will hiss like a coal,  
But be never the cooler.      10

'Twas pride hot as hell,  
That first made me rebell,  
From love's awful throne a curst angel I fell ;  
And mourn now my fate,  
Which myself did create :      15  
Fool, fool, that consider'd not when I was well !

Adieu ! ye vain transporting joys !  
Off ye vain fantastic toys !  
That dress this face—this body—to allure !  
Bring me daggers, poison, fire !      20  
Since scorn is turn'd into desire.  
All hell feels not the rage, which I, poor I, endure.

## XXIII.

## LILLI BURLERO.

The following rhymes, slight and insignificant as they may now seem, had once a more powerful effect than either the Philippics of Demosthenes, or Cicero ; and contributed not a little towards the great revolution in 1688. Let us hear a contemporary writer.

"A foolish ballad was made at that time, treating the Papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burden said to be Irish words, 'Lero, lero, lilliburlero,' that made an impression on the [king's] army, that cannot be imagined by those that saw it not. The whole army, and at last the people, both in city and country, were singing it perpetually. And perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect."—Burnet.

It was written, or at least republished, on the Earl of Tyrconnel's going a second time to Ireland in October 1688. Perhaps it is unnecessary to mention, that General Richard Talbot, newly created Earl of Tyrconnel, had been nominated by King James II. to the lieutenantancy of Ireland in 1686, on account of his being a furious papist, who had recommended himself to his bigoted master by his arbitrary treatment of the protestants in the preceding year, when only lieutenant general, and

whose subsequent conduct fully justified his expectations and their fears. The violence of his administration may be seen in any of the histories of those times : particularly in Bishop King's "State of the Protestants in Ireland," 1691, 4to.

*Lilliburlero* and *Bullen-a-lah* are said to have been the words of distinction used among the Irish Papists in their massacre of the Protestants in 1641.

Ho ! broder Teague, dost hear de decree ?  
Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.  
Dat we shall have a new deputie,  
Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.  
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la, 5  
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la.

Ho ! by shaint Tyburn, it is de Talbote :  
Lilli, &c.  
And he will cut de Englishmen's troate.  
Lilli, &c.      10



Dough by my shoul de English do praat, Lilli, &c.		And he dat will not go to de mass, Lilli, &c.	35
De law's on dare side, and Creiah knows what. Lilli, &c.		Shall be turn out, and look like ar ass. Lilli, &c.	
But if dispence do come from de pope, Lilli, &c.	15	Now, now de heresticks all go down, Lilli, &c.	40
We'll hang Magna Charta and dem in a rope. Lilli, &c.		By Chriah and shaint Patrick, de nation's our own. Lilli, &c.	
For de good Talbot is made a lord, Lilli, &c.	20	Dare was an old prophesy found in a bog, Lilli, &c.	45
And with brave lads is coming aboard : Lilli, &c.		" Ireland shall be rul'd by an ass and a dog." Lilli, &c.	
Who all in France have taken a sware, Lilli, &c.		And now dis prophesy is come to pass, Lilli, &c.	
Dat dey will have no protestant heir. Lilli, &c.	25	For Talbot's de dog, and Ja** is de ass. Lilli, &c.	
Ara! but why does he stay behind ? Lilli, &c.		* * * The foregoing song is attributed to Lord Wharton in a small pamphlet, intitled, " A true relation of the several facts and circumstances of the intended riot and tumult on Queen Elizabeth's birthday, &c." third edition, London, 1712, price 2d.—See p. 5, viz. " A late Viceroy [of Ireland,] who has so often boasted himself upon his talent for mischief, invention, lying, and for making a certain <i>Lilliblerro Song</i> ; with which, if you will believe himself, he sung a deluded prince out of three kingdoms."	
Ho! by my shoul 'tis a protestant wind. Lilli, &c.	30		
But see de Tyroonnel is now come ashore, Lilli, &c.			
And we shall have commissions gillora. Lilli, &c.			

## XXIV.

## THE BRAES OF YARROW,

IN IMITATION OF THE ANCIENT SCOTS MANNER,

—was written by William Hamilton, of Bangour, Esq. who died March 25, 1754, aged 50. It is printed from an elegant edition of his Poems, published at Edinburgh, 1760, 12mo. This song was written in imitation of an old Scottish Ballad on a similar subject, with the same burden to each stanza.		For she has tint her luvver, luvver dear, Her luvver dear, the cause of sorrow ; And I hae alain the comliest awain, That eir pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.	
A. Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride, Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow, Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride, And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.		Why rins thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, reid ? Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow ? And why yon melancholious weids Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow ?	25
B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride ? Where gat ye that winsome marrow ? A. I gat her where I dare na weill be seen, Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.	5	What's yonder floats on the rueful rueful flude ! What's yonder floats ? O dule and sorrow ! O 'tis he the comely awain I slew Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.	30
Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride, Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow ; Nor let thy heart lament to leive, Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.	10	Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears, His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow ; And wrap his limbs in mourning weids, And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.	35
B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride ? Why does she weep thy winsome marrow ? And why dare ye nae mair weill be seen Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow ?	15	Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad, Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow ; And weep around in waeftl wies His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.	40
A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep, Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow ; And lang maun I nae mair weill be seen Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.	20	Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield, My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow, The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast, His comely breast on the Braes of Yarrow.	

Ver. 43, What follows is not in true copies.

Did I not warn thee, not to, not to luv'e?	45	Much I rejoyc'd that wae'ful wae'ful day;	
And warn from fight? but to my sorrow		I sang, my voice the woods returning:	
Too rashly bauld a stronger arm		But lang ere night the spear was fown,	
Thou mett'at, and fell'at on the Braes of Yarrow.		That slew my luv'e, and left me mourning.	
Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows		What can my barbarous barbarous father do,	85
the grass,		But with his cruel rage pursue me?	
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,	50	My luv'er's blood is on thy spear,	
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,		How canst thou, barbarous man, then wooe me?	
Sweet the wave of Yarrow floan.			
Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows		My happy sisters may be, may be proud	
Tweed,		With cruel and ungentle scoffin',	90
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,		May bid me seek on Yarrow's Braes	
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,		My luv'er nailed in his coffin.	
The apple frae its rock as mellow.	55	My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,	
		And strive with threatening words to muve me:	
Fair was thy luv'e, fair fair indeed thy luv'e,		My luv'er's blood is on thy spear,	95
In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter;		How canst thou ever bid me luv'e thee?	
Tho' he was fair, and weil beluv'd again			
Than me he never luv'd thee better.	60	Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luv'e,	
		With bridal sheets my body cover,	
Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,		Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,	
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,		Let in the expected husband lover.	100
Busk ye, and luv'e me on the banks of Tweed,			
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.		But who the expected husband husband is?	
		His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter:	
C. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride?	65	Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon	
How can I busk a winsome marrow?		Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after?	
How luv'e him upon the banks of Tweed,			
That slew my luv'e on the Braes of Yarrow?		Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,	105
		O lay his cold head on my pillow;	
O Yarrow fields, may never never rain		Take aff, take aff these bridal weids,	
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,		And crown my careful head with willow.	
For there was basely slain my luv'e,	70	Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best beluv'd,	
My luv'e, as he had not been a lover.		O could my warmth to life restore thee!	110
		Yet lye all night between my breists,	
The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,		No youth lay ever there before thee.	
His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing:			
Ah! wretched me! I little, little kenn'd	75	Pale, pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth!	
He was in these to meet his ruin.		Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter:	
		And lye all night between my breists;	115
The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,		No youth shall ever lye there after.	
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow:			
But ere the toofall of the night		A. Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,	
He lay a corps on the Braes of Yarrow.	80	Return, and dry thy useless sorrow:	
		Thy luv'er heeds none of thy sighs,	
		He lyes a corps in the Braes of Yarrow.	120

## XXV.

## ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST.

—was a Party Song written by the ingenious author of "Leonidas", on the taking of Porto Bello from the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon, Nov. 22, 1739.—The case of Hosier, which is here so pathetically represented, was briefly this. In April 1726, that commander was sent with a strong fleet into the Spanish West-Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country, or, should they presume to come out, to seize and carry them into England: he

accordingly arrived at the Bastimentos near Porto Bello, but being employed rather to overawe than to attack the Spaniards, with whom it was probably not our interest to go to war, he continued long inactive on that station, to his own great regret. He afterwards removed to Carthagena, and remained cruising in these seas, till far the greater part of his men perished deplorably by the diseases of that unhealthy climate. This brave man, seeing his best officers and men thus daily swept away, his ships exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a

\* An ingenious correspondent informs the Editor, that this Ballad hath been also attributed to the late Lord Bath.

broken heart. Such is the account of Smollett, compared with that of other less partial writers.

The following song is commonly accompanied with a Second Part, or Answer, which being of inferior merit, and apparently written by another hand, hath been rejected.

As near Porto-Bello lying  
On the gently swelling flood,  
At midnight with streamers flying  
Our triumphant navy rode ;  
There while Vernon sate all-glorious 5  
From the Spaniards' late defeat :  
And his crews, with shouts victorious,  
Drank success to England's fleet :

On a sudden shrilly sounding,  
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard ; 10  
Then each heart with fear confounding,  
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd,  
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,  
Which for winding-sheets they wore,  
And with looks by sorrow clouded 15  
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,  
When the shade of Hosier brave  
His pale hands was seen to muster  
Rising from their watery grave. 20  
O'er the glimmering wave he hy'd him,  
Where the Burford \* rear'd her sail,  
With three thousand ghosts beside him,  
And in groans did Vernon bail.

Heed, oh heed our fatal story, 25  
I am Hosier's injur'd ghost,  
You who now have purchas'd glory  
At this place where I was lost !  
Tho' in Porto-Bello's ruin  
You now triumph free from fears, 30  
When you think on our undoing,  
You will mix your joy with tears.

See these mournful spectres weeping  
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,  
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping ; 35  
These were English captains brave.  
Mark those numbers pale and horrid,  
Those were once my sailors bold :  
Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,  
While his dismal tale is told. 40

\* Admiral Vernon's ship.

I, by twenty sail attended,  
Did this Spanish town affright :  
Nothing then its wealth defended  
But my orders not to fight.  
Oh ! that in this rolling ocean 45  
I had cast them with disdain,  
And obey'd my heart's warm motion  
To have quell'd the pride of Spain !

For resistance I could fear none,  
But with twenty ships had done 50  
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,  
Hast atchiev'd with six alone.  
Then the bastimentos never  
Had our foul dishonour seen,  
Nor the sea the sad receiver 55  
Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,  
And her galleons leading home,  
Though condemn'd for disobeying,  
I had met a traitor's doom, 60  
To have fallen, my country crying  
He has play'd an English part,  
Had been better far than dying  
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory, 65  
Thy successful arms we hail ;  
But remember our sad story,  
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.  
Sent in this foul clime to languish,  
Think what thousands fell in vain, 70  
Wasted with disease and anguish,  
Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence with all my train attending  
From their oozy tombs below,  
Thro' the hoary foam ascending, 75  
Here I feed my constant woe :  
Here the bastimentos viewing,  
We recal our shameful doom,  
And our plaintive cries renewing,  
Wander thro' the midnight gloom. 80

O'er these waves for ever mourning  
Shall we roam depriv'd of rest,  
If to Britain's shores returning  
You neglect my just request ; 85  
After this proud foe subduing,  
When your patriot friends you see,  
Think on vengeance for my ruin,  
And for England sham'd in me.

## XXVI.

## JEMMY DAWSON.

James Dawson was one of the Manchester rebels, who was hanged, drawn, and quartered, on Kennington-common, in the county of Surrey, July 30, 1746. This ballad is founded on a remarkable fact, which was reported to have happened at his execution. It was written by the late William Shenstone, Esq. soon after the event, and has been printed amongst his posthumous works, 2 vols. 8vo. It is here given from a MS. which contained some small variations from that printed copy.

Come listen to my mournful tale,  
Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear;  
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,  
Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid, 5  
Do thou a pensive ear incline;  
For thou canst weep at every woe,  
And pity every plaint, but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant youth, 10  
A brighter never trod the plain;  
And well he lov'd one charming maid,  
And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid she lov'd him dear, 15  
Of gentle blood the damsel came,  
And faultless was her beauteous form,  
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife, 20  
That led the faithful youth astray  
The day the rebel clans appear'd:  
O had he never seen that day!

Their colours and their sash he wore,  
And in the fatal dress was found;  
And now he must that death endure,  
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true love's cheek 25  
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!  
For never yet did Alpine snows  
So pale, nor yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice she weeping said, 30  
Ob, Dawson, monarch of my heart,  
Think not thy death shall end our loves,  
For thou and I will never part.

Yet might sweet mercy find a place, 35  
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,  
O George, without a prayer for thee  
My orisons should never close.

The gracious prince that gives him life  
Would crown a never-dying flame,  
And every tender babe I bore  
Should learn to kiss the giver's name. 40

But though, dear youth, thou should'st be dragg'd  
To yonder ignominious tree,  
Thou shalt not want a faithful friend  
To share thy bitter fate with thee.

O then her mourning-coach was call'd, 45  
The sledge mov'd slowly on before;  
Tho' borne in a triumphal car,  
She had not lov'd her favourite more.

She followed him, prepar'd to view 50  
The terrible behests of law;  
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes  
With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face, 55  
Which she had fondly lov'd so long;  
And stifled was that tuneless breath,  
Which in her praise had sweetly sung:

And sever'd was that beauteous neck,  
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;  
And mangled was that beauteous breast,  
On which her love-sick head repos'd: 60

And ravish'd was that constant heart,  
She did to every heart prefer;  
For though it could his king forget,  
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames 65  
She bore this constant heart to see;  
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,  
Now, now, she cried, I'll follow thee.

My death, my death alone can show 70  
The pure and lasting love I bore:  
Accept, O heaven, of woes like ours,  
And let us, let us weep no more.

The dismal scene was o'er and past, 75  
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;  
The maid drew back her languid head,  
And sighing forth his name expir'd.

Tho' justice ever must prevail,  
The tear my Kitty sheds is due;  
For seldom shall she hear a tale  
So sad, so tender, and so true. 80

## SERIES THE THIRD.

## BOOK I.

An ordinary song or ballad, that is the delight of the common people, cannot fail to please all such readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation or their ignorance; and the reason is plain, because the same paintings of nature which recommend it to the most ordinary reader will appear beautiful to the most refined.

ADDISON, in *SPECTATOR*, No. 70.

## I.

## POEMS ON KING ARTHUR, &amp;c.

The third series being chiefly devoted to romantic subjects, may not be improperly introduced with a few slight strictures on the old metrical romances: a subject the more worthy attention, as it seems not to have been known to such as have written on the nature and origin of books of chivalry, that the first compositions of this kind were in verse, and usually sung to the harp.

## ON THE ANCIENT METRICAL ROMANCES, &amp;c

I. The first attempts at composition among all barbarous nations are ever found to be poetry and song. The praises of their gods, and the achievements of their heroes, are usually chanted at their festival meetings. These are the first rudiments of history. It is in this manner that the savages of North America preserve the memory of past events\*: and the same method is known to have prevailed among our Saxon ancestors, before they quitted their German forests†. The ancient Britons had their bards, and the Gothic nations their scalds or popular poets‡, whose business it was to record the victories of their warriors, and the genealogies of their princes, in a kind of narrative songs, which were committed to memory, and delivered down from one reciter to another. So long as poetry continued a distinct profession, and while the bard, or scald, was a regular and stated officer in the prince's court, these men are thought to have performed the functions of the historian pretty faithfully; for though their narrations would be apt to receive a good deal of embellishment, they are supposed to have had at the bottom so much of truth as to serve for the basis of more regular annals. At least succeeding historians have taken up with the relations of these rude men, and, for want of more authentic records, have agreed to allow them the credit of true history§.

\* Vid. *Lustitean Mœurs des Sauvages*, t. ii. Dr. Browne's *Hist. of the Rise and Progress of Poetry*.

† Germani celebrant carminibus antiquis (quod unum apud illos memoriae et annalium genus est) *Tuistonem*, &c. *Tacit. Germ. c. 2*.

‡ *Barth. Antiq. Dan. lib. I. cap. 10.*—*Wormii Literatura Runica*, ad finem.

§ See "Northern Antiquities, or a Description of the Manners, Customs, &c. of the ancient Danes and other northern Nations, translated from the French of M Mallet," 1776, 2 vol. 4vo (vol. I. p. 49, &c.)

After letters began to prevail, and history assumed a more stable form, by being committed to plain simple prose; these songs of the scalds or bards began to be more amusing than useful. And in proportion as it became their business chiefly to entertain and delight, they gave more and more into embellishment, and set off their recitals with such marvellous fictions as were calculated to captivate gross and ignorant minds. Thus began stories of adventurers with giants and dragons, and witches and enchanters, and all the monstrous extravagances of wild imagination, unguided by judgment and uncorrected by art\*. This seems to be the true origin of that species of romance which so long celebrated feats of chivalry, and which at first in metre, and afterwards in prose, was the entertainment of our ancestors, in common with their contemporaries on the Continent, till the satire of Cervantes, or rather the increase of knowledge and classical literature, drove them off the stage, to make room for a more refined species of fiction, under the name of French romances, copied from the Greek†.

That our old romances of chivalry may be derived in a lineal descent from the ancient historical songs of the Gothic bards and scalds, will be shown below, and indeed appears the more evident, as many of those songs are still preserved in the north, which exhibit all the seeds of chivalry before it became a solemn institution‡. "Chivalry, as a distinct military order, conferred in the way of investiture, and accompanied with the solemnity of an oath, and other ceremonies," was of later date, and sprung out of the feudal constitution, as an elegant writer has clearly shown§. But the ideas of chivalry prevailed long before in all the Gothic nations, and may be discovered as in embryo in the customs, manners, and opinions of every branch of that people. That fondness of going in quest of adventures, that spirit of challenging to single combat, and that respectful complaisance shown to the fair sex (so different from the manners of the Greeks and Romans), all are of Gothic origin, and may be traced up to the

\* Vid. *infra*, pp. 4, 5, &c.

† *Viz. Astræa, Cassandra, Clelia*, &c.

‡ Mallet, *vid. Northern Antiquities*, vol. i. p. 318, &c. vol. ii. p. 224, &c.

§ Letters concerning Chivalry, 8vo. 1762.

earliest times among all the northern nations\*. These existed long before the feudal ages, though they were called forth and strengthened in a peculiar manner about that constitution, and at length arrived to their full maturity in the times of the Crusades, so replete with romantic adventures †.

Even the common arbitrary fictions of romance were (as is hinted above) most of them familiar to the ancient scalds of the north, long before the time of the crusades. They believed the existence of giants and dwarfs ‡; they entertained opinions not unlike the more modern notion of fairies §; they were strongly possessed with the belief of spells and enchantment ¶; and were fond of inventing combats with dragons and monsters ¶.

The opinion therefore seems very untenable, which some learned and ingenious men have entertained, that the turn for chivalry, and the taste for that species of romantic fiction were caught by the Spaniards from the Arabians or Moors after their invasion of Spain, and from the Spaniards transmitted to the bards of Armorica\*, and thus diffused

\* Mallet.

† The seeds of chivalry sprung up so naturally out of the original manners and opinions of the northern nations, that it is not credible they arose so late as after the establishment of the feudal system, much less the crusades. Nor again, that the romances of chivalry were transmitted to other nations, through the Spaniards, from the Moors and Arabians. Had this been the case, the first French Romances of chivalry would have been on Moorish or at least Spanish subjects: whereas the most ancient stories of this kind, whether in prose or verse, whether in Italian, French, English, &c. are chiefly on the subjects of Charlemagne, and the Paladins; or of our British Arthur, and his knights of the Round Table, &c. being evidently borrowed from the fabulous Chronicles of the supposed Archbishop Turpin, and of Jeffery of Monmouth. Not but some of the oldest and most popular French romances are also on Norman subjects, as *Richard Sans-pour*, *Robert Le Diable*, &c.; whereas I do not recollect so much as one in which the scene is laid in Spain, much less among the Moors, or descriptive of Mahometan manners. Even in *Amaide de Gaul*, said to have been the first romance printed in Spain, the scene is laid in Gaul and Britain; and the manners are French: which plainly shews from what school this species of fabling was learnt and transmitted to the southern nations of Europe.

‡ Mallet, North. Antiquities, vol. i. p. 36; vol. ii. passim.

§ Olaus Verel. ad Hervarar Saga, pp. 44, 45. Hickes's Thesaur. vol. ii. p. 311. Northern Antiquities, vol. ii. passim.

¶ Ibid. vol. i. pp. 60, 374, &c. vol. ii. p. 216, &c.

¶ Rollo's Saga. cap. 35, &c.

\*\* It is peculiarly unfortunate that such as maintain this opinion are obliged to take their first step from the Moorish provinces in Spain, without one intermediate resting-place, to Armorica or Bretagne, the province in France from them most remote, not more in situation than in the manners, habits, and language of its Welch inhabitants, which are allowed to have been derived from this island, as must have been their traditions, songs, and fables; being doubtless all of Celtic original. See p. 3. of the "Dissertation on the Origin of Romantic Fiction in Europe," prefixed to Mr. Thos. Warton's History of English Poetry, vol. i. 1774, &c. If any pen could have supported this darling hypothesis of Dr. Warburton, that of this ingenious critic would have effected it. But under the general term *Oriental* he seems to consider the ancient inhabitants of the north and south of Asia as having all the same manners, traditions, and fables; and because the secluded people of Arabia took the lead under the religion and empire of Mahomet, therefore every thing must be derived from them to the northern Asiatics in the remotest ages, &c. With as much reason under the word *Occidental*, we might represent the early traditions and fables of the north and south of Europe to have been the same; and that the Gothic mythology of Scandinavia the the Drakic or Celtic of Gaul and Britain, differed not from the classic of Greece and Rome.

There is not room here for a full examination of the minute arguments, or rather slight coincidences, by which our agreeable dissertator endeavours to maintain and defend this favourite opinion of Dr. W. who has been himself so com-

pletely confuted by Mr. Tyrwhitt. (See his notes on "Love's Labour Lost," &c.) But some of his positions it will be sufficient to mention: such as the referring the Gog and Magog, which our old Christian bards might have had from Scripture, to the *Jagloups* and *Magloups* of the Arabians and Persians, &c. (p. 13.)—That "we may venture to affirm, that this [Geoffrey of Monmouth's] Chronicle, supposed to contain the ideas of the Welch bards, entirely consists of Arabian inventions." (p. 13.)—And that, "as Geoffrey's History is the grand repository of the acts of Arthur, so a fabulous history, ascribed to Turpin, is the ground-work of all the chimerical legends which have been related concerning the conquests of Charlemagne and his twelve peers. Its subject is the expulsion of the Saracens from Spain; and it is filled with fictions evidently congenial to those which characterize Geoffrey's History." (p. 17.)—That is, as he afterwards expresses it, "lavishly decorated by the Arabian fablers." (p. 58.)—We should hardly have expected that the Arabian fablers would have been lavish in decorating a history of their enemy; but what is singular, as an instance and proof of this Arabian origin of the fictions of Turpin, a passage is quoted from his fourth chapter, which I shall beg leave to offer, as affording decisive evidence that they could not possibly be derived from a Mahometan source. Sc. "The Christians under Charlemagne are said to have found in Spain a golden idol, or image of Mahomet, as high as a bird can fly.—It was framed by Mahomet himself of the purest metal, who, by his knowledge in necromancy, had sealed up within it a legion of diabolical spirits. It held in its hand a prodigious club; and the Saracens had a prophetic tradition, that this club should fall from the hand of the image in that year when a certain king should be born in France, &c. Vid. p. 18, Note.

• The little narrative songs on Morisco subjects, which the Spaniards have at present in great abundance, and which they call peculiarly *romances*, (see Series I. Book III. No. 16, &c.) have nothing in common with their proper romances (or histories) of chivalry; which they call *Historias de Cavallarias*: these are evidently imitations of the French, and shew a great ignorance of Moorish manners: and with regard to the Morisco, or *song-romances*, they do not seem of very great antiquity: few of them appear, from their subjects, much earlier than the reduction of Granada, in the fifteenth century: from which period, I believe, may be plainly traced, among the Spanish writers, a more perfect knowledge of Moorish customs, &c.

at so late a period. If they may not be allowed to have brought these opinions with them in their original migrations from the north of Asia, they will be far more likely to have borrowed them from the Latin poets after the Roman conquests in Gaul, Britain, Germany, &c. For I believe one may challenge the maintainers of this opinion to produce any Arabian poem or history, that could possibly have been then known in Spain, which resembles the old Gothic romances of chivalry half so much as the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid.

But we well know that the Scythian nations situate in the countries about Pontus, Colchis, and the Euxine sea, were in all times infamous for their magic arts; and as Odin and his followers are said to have come precisely from those parts of Asia, we can readily account for the prevalence of fictions of this sort among the Gothic nations of the north, without fetching them from the Moors in Spain, who for many centuries after their irruption lived in a state of such constant hostility with the unsubdued Spanish Christians, whom they chiefly pent up in the mountains, as gave them no chance of learning their music, poetry, or stories; and this, together with the religious hatred of the latter for their cruel invaders, will account for the utter ignorance of the old Spanish romancers in whatever relates to the Mahometan nations, although so nearly their own neighbours.

On the other hand, from the local customs and situations, from the known manners and opinions of the Gothic nations in the North, we can easily account for all the ideas of chivalry, and its peculiar fictions\*. For, not to mention their distinguished respect for the fair sex, so different from the manners of the Mahometan nations†, their national and domestic history so naturally assumes all the wonders of this species of fabling, that almost all their historical narratives appear regular romances. One might refer, in proof of this, to the old northern *Sagas* in general: but, to give a particular instance, it will be sufficient to produce the history of King Regner Lodbrog, a celebrated warrior and pirate, who reigned in Denmark about the year 800‡. This hero signalized his youth by an exploit of gallantry. A Swedish prince had a beautiful daughter, whom he intrusted (probably during some expedition) to the care of one of his officers, assigning a strong castle for their defence. The officer fell in love with his ward, and detained her in his castle, spite of all the efforts of her father. Upon this he published a proclamation, through all the neighbouring countries, that whoever would conquer the ravisher, and rescue the lady, should have her in marriage. Of all that undertook the adventure, Regner alone was so happy as to achieve it; he delivered the fair captive, and obtained her for his prize. It happened that the name of this discourteous officer was Orme, which, in the Islandic language signifies serpent: wherefore the scalds, to give the more poetical turn to the adventure, represent the lady as detained from her father by a dreadful dragon, and that Regner slew the monster to set her at liberty. This fabulous account of the exploit is given in a poem still extant, which is even ascribed to Regner himself, who

was a celebrated poet, and which records all the valiant achievements of his life\*.

With marvellous embellishments of this kind, the scalds early began to decorate their narratives: and they were the more lavish of these in proportion as they departed from their original institution; but it was a long time before they thought of delivering a set of personages and adventures wholly feigned. Of the great multitude of romantic tales still preserved in the libraries of the north, most of them are supposed to have had some foundation in truth; and the more ancient they are, the more they are believed to be connected with true history†.

It was not probably till after the historian and the bard had been long disunited, that the latter ventured at pure fiction. At length, when their business was no longer to instruct or inform, but merely to amuse, it was no longer needful for them to adhere to truth. Then succeeded fabulous songs and romances in verse, which for a long time prevailed in France and England, before they had books of chivalry in prose. Yet, in both these countries, the minstrels still retained so much of their original institution as frequently to make true events the subject of their songs‡; and, indeed, as during the barbarous ages, the regular histories were almost all written in Latin by the monks, the memory of events was preserved and propagated among the ignorant laity, by scarce any other means than the popular songs of the minstrels.

II. The inhabitants of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, being the latest converts to Christianity, retained their original manners and opinions longer than the other nations of Gothic race: and, therefore, they have preserved more of the genuine compositions of their ancient poets than their southern neighbours. Hence the progress among them, from poetical history to poetical fiction, is very discernible: they have some old pieces, that are in effect complete romances of chivalry§. They have also (as hath been observed) a multitude of sagas||, or histories on romantic subjects, containing a mixture of prose and verse of various dates, some of them written since the times of the crusades, others long before; but their narratives in verse only are esteemed the more ancient.

Now, as the irruption of the Normans¶ into France under Rollo did not take place till towards the beginning of the tenth century, at which time the Scaldic art was arrived to the highest perfection in Rollo's native country, we can easily trace the descent of the French and English romances of chivalry from the northern sagas. That conqueror doubtless carried many scalds with him from the north, who transmitted their skill to their children and successors. These, adopting the religion, opinions, and language of the new country, substituted

\* See a Translation of this poem among "Five Pieces of Runic Poetry," printed for Dodsley, 1764, 8vo.

† Vid. Mallet, *Northern Antiquities*, passim.

‡ The Editor's MS. contains a multitude of poems of this latter kind. It was probably from this custom of the minstrels that some of our first historians wrote their chronicles in verse, as Robert of Gloucester, Harding, &c.

§ See a specimen in 2d. vol. of *Northern Antiquities*, &c. p. 248, &c.

|| Kccardi Hist. Stud. Etym. 1711, p. 179, &c. Hickes's thesaur. vol. ii, p. 314.

¶ i. e. Northern Men: being chiefly emigrants from Norway, Denmark, &c.

\* See *Northern Antiquities*, passim.

† Ibid.

‡ Saxon Gram. p. 132, 153.—Mallet, *North. Antiq.* vol. i. p. 321.

the heroes of Christendom instead of those of their pagan ancestors, and began to celebrate the feats of Charlemagne, Roland, and Oliver; whose true history they set off and embellished with the scaldic figments of dwarfs, giants, dragons, and enchantments. The first mention we have in song of those heroes of chivalry, is in the mouth of a Norman warrior at the conquest of England<sup>\*</sup>; and this circumstance alone would sufficiently account for the propagation of this kind of romantic poems among the French and English.

But this is not all; it is very certain that both the Anglo-Saxons and the Franks had brought with them, at their first emigrations into Britain and Gaul, the same fondness for the ancient songs of their ancestors, which prevailed among the other Gothic tribes<sup>†</sup>, and that all their first annals were transmitted in these popular oral poems. This fondness they even retained long after their conversion to Christianity, as we learn from the examples of Charlemagne and Alfred<sup>‡</sup>. Now poetry, being thus the transmitter of facts, would as easily learn to blend them with fiction in France and England, as she is known to have done in the north, and that much sooner, for the reasons before assigned<sup>§</sup>. This together with the example and influence of the Normans, will easily account to us why the first romances of chivalry that appeared both in England and France<sup>||</sup> were composed in metre as a rude kind of epic songs. In both kingdoms, tales in verse were usually sung by minstrels to the harp on festival occasions: and doubtless, both nations derived their relish for this sort of entertainment from their Teutonic ancestors, without either of them borrowing it from the other. Among both people, narrative songs, on true or fictitious subjects had evidently obtained from the earliest times. But the professed romances of chivalry seem to have been first composed in France, where also they had their name.

The Latin tongue, as is observed by an ingenious writer<sup>¶</sup>, ceased to be spoken in France about the ninth century, and was succeeded by what was called the romance tongue, a mixture of the language of the Franks and bad Latin. As the songs of chivalry became the most popular compositions in that language, they were emphatically called Romans or Romants; though this name was at first given to any piece of poetry. The romances of chivalry can be

traced as early as the eleventh century\*. I know not if the *Roman de Brut*, written in 1155, was such: But if it was, it was by no means the first poem of the kind; others more ancient are still extant. And we have already seen, that, in the preceding century, when the Normans marched down to the battle of Hastings, they animated themselves, by singing (in some popular romance or ballad) the exploits of Roland and the other heroes of chivalry<sup>†</sup>.

So early as this I cannot trace the songs of chivalry in English. The most ancient I have seen is that of *Hornechild*, described below, which seems not older than the twelfth century. However, as this rather resembles the Saxon poetry than the French, it is not certain that the first English romances were translated from that language. We have seen above, that a propensity to this kind of fiction prevailed among all the Gothic nations<sup>‡</sup>; and though, after the Norman conquest, this country abounded with French romances, or with translations from the French, there is good reason to believe that the English had original pieces of their own.

The stories of King Arthur and his Round-Table may be reasonably supposed of the growth of this island; both the French and the Armoricans probably had them from Britain<sup>¶</sup>. The stories of Guy and Bevis, with some others, were probably the invention of English minstrels<sup>\*\*</sup>. On the other hand, the English procured translations of such romances as were most current in France: and in the list given at the conclusion of these remarks many are doubtless of French original.

The first prose books of chivalry that appeared in our language were those printed by Caxton<sup>††</sup>; at least,

\* Ibid. p. 233. Hist. Lit. tom. vi, vii.

† Voi Preface aux "Fables et Contes des Poetes François" des xii, xiii, xiv, et xv. siècles, &c. Paris, 1750, 3 tom. 12mo." (a very curious work).

‡ See the account of Taillefer in Essay, and Note. And see Rapin, Carte, &c.—This song of Roland (whatever it was) continued for some centuries to be usually sung by the French in their marches, if we may believe a modern French writer. "Un jour qu'on chantoit la Chanson de Roland, comme c'étoit l'usage dans les marches. Il y a long temps, dit il [John K. of France, who died in 1364], qu'on ne voit plus de Rolands, parmi les François. On y verroit encore des Rolands, lui repondit un vieux Capitaine, s'ils avoient un Charlemagne à leur tête." Vid. tom. iii, p. 202, des Essais Hist. sur Paris de M. de Sainte-foix, who gives, as his authority, *Boethius in Hist. Scotorum*. This author, however, speaks of the complaint and reprieve as made in an assembly of the states (*vocato senatu*), and not upon any march, &c. Vid. Boeth. lib. xv, fol. 327. Ed. Paris, 1574.

§ See, on this subject, Notes on the Essay on the Ancient Minstrels, (s 2.) and (c o).

|| The first romances of chivalry among the Germans were in metre: they have some very ancient narrative songs (which they call *Lieder*) not only on the fabulous heroes of their own country, but also on those of France and Britain, as Tristram, Arthur, Gawain, and the Knights of the *Tafelrunde*. Vid. Goldast Not. in Eginhart. VII. Car. Mag. 4to, 1711, p. 207.

¶ The Welsh have still some very old romances about King Arthur; but as these are in prose, they are not probably their first pieces that were composed on that subject.

\*\* It is most credible that these stories were originally of English invention, even if the only pieces now extant should be found to be translations from the French. What now pass for the French originals were probably only amplifications, or enlargements of the old English story. That the French romancers borrowed some things from the English, appears from the word *Termaunt*, which they took up from our minstrels, and corrupted into *Tervagaunte*. See p. 19, and Gloss. "Tervagaunt."

† Recueil de the Hystories of Troy, 1471. Godfrye of Boloyne, 1481. Le Morte de Arthur, 1485. The Life of Charlemagne, 1485, &c. As the old minstrelsy were out,

\* See the account of Taillefer in Essay and Note.

† Ipsa carmina memoria mandabant, et prælia inturi decantabant: qua memoria tam fortium gestorum à majoribus patrum ad imitationem animus adderetur. *Jornandes de Gothia*.

‡ Eginhartus de Carolo magno. "Item barbara, et antiquissima carmina, quibus veterum regum actus et bella canebantur, scripsit." c. 29.

§ *Amerius de Alfredo magno*. "Rex inter bella, &c. .... Saxonicos libros relecture, et maxime carmina Saxonica memoriter discere, aliis imperare, et solus assidue pro viribus, studiosissime son desinebat." Ed. 1723, 8vo, p. 43.

¶ See above, pp. 186, 188, &c.

|| The romances on the subject of Perceval, San Graal, Lancelot du Lac, Tristan, &c. were among the first that appeared in the French language in prose, yet these were originally composed in metre: The Editor has in his possession a very old French MS. in verse, containing *L'ancien Roman de Perceval*; and metrical copies of the others may be found in the libraries of the curious. See a note of Wanley's in Harl. Catalog. No. 2252, p. 40, &c. Nicholson's Eng. Hist. Library, 2d. Ed. p. 91, &c.—See also a curious collection of old French romances with Mr. Wanley's account of this sort of pieces, in Harl. MSS. Catal. 978, 106.

¶ The Author of the Essay on the Genius of Pope, p. 262,



these are the first I have been able to discover, and these are all translations from the French. Whereas romances of this kind had been long current in metre, and were so generally admired in the time of Chaucer, that his rhyme of Sir Thopas was evidently written to ridicule and burlesque them\*.

He expressly mentions several of them by name in a stanza, which I shall have occasion to quote more than once in this volume :

Men spoken of romaunces of pris  
Of Horn-Child, and of Ipotis  
Of Bevis, and Sire Guy  
Of Sire Libeux, and Pleindamour,  
But Sire Thopas, he bereth the flour  
Of real chevalier†.

Most if not all of these are still extant in MS. in some or other of our libraries, as I shall shew in the conclusion of this slight essay, where I shall give a list of such metrical histories and romances as have fallen under my observation.

As many of these contain a considerable portion of poetic merit, and throw great light on the manners and opinions of former times, it were to be wished that some of the best of them were rescued from oblivion. A judicious collection of them accurately published, with proper illustrations, would be an important accession to our stock of ancient English literature. Many of them exhibit no mean attempts at epic poetry : and though full of the exploded fictions of chivalry, frequently display great descriptive and inventive powers in the bards who composed them. They are at least generally equal to any other poetry of the same age. They cannot indeed be put in competition with the nervous productions of so universal and commanding a genius as Chaucer ; but they have a simplicity that makes them be read with less interruption, and be more easily understood ; and they are far more spirited and entertaining than the tedious allegories of Gower, or the dull and prolix legends of Lydgate. Yet, while so much stress was laid upon the writings of these last, by such as treat of English poetry, the old metrical romances, though far more popular in their time, were hardly known to exist. But it has happened, unluckily, that the antiquaries, who have revived the works of our ancient writers, have been, for the most part, men void of taste and genius, and therefore have always fastidiously rejected the old poetical romances, because founded on fictitious or popular subjects, while they have been careful to grub up every petty fragment of the most dull and insipid rhymist, whose merit it was to deform morality or obscure true history. Should the public encourage the revival of some of those ancient epic songs of chivalry, they would frequently see the rich ore of an Ariosto or a Tasso, though buried it may be among the rubbish and dross of barbarous times.

Such a publication would answer many important uses : It would throw new light on the rise and progress of English poetry, the history of which can

prose books of chivalry became more admired, especially after the Spanish romances began to be translated into English, towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reigns then the most popular metrical romances began to be reduced into prose, as Sir Guy Bevis &c.

\* See extract from a letter, written by the Editor of these volumes, in Mr. Warton's Observations, vol. ii. p. 130.

† Canterbury Tales (Tyrwhitt's Edit.) vol. ii. p. 238.

— In all the former editions, which I have seen, the name at the end of the 4th line is *Blandamour*.

be but imperfectly understood if these are neglected : It would also serve to illustrate innumerable passages in our ancient classic poets, which, without their help, must be for ever obscure. For, not to mention Chaucer and Spenser, who abound with perpetual allusions to them, I shall give an instance or two from Shakespeare, by way of specimen of their use.

In his play of King John our great dramatic poet alludes to an exploit of Richard I. which the reader will in vain look for in any true history. Faulconbridge says to his mother, act i. sc. 1.

" Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose...  
Against whose furie and unmatched force,  
The awlesse lion could not wage the fight,  
Nor keepe his princely heart from Richard's hand :  
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts  
May easily winne a woman's :"—

The fact here referred to, is to be traced to its source only in the old romance of Richard Cœur de Lyon\*, in which his encounter with a lion makes a very shining figure. I shall give a large extract from this poem, as a specimen of the manner of these old rhapsodists, and to shew that they did not in their fictions neglect the proper means to produce the ends, as was afterwards so childishly done in the prose books of chivalry.

The poet tells us, that Richard, in his return from the Holy Land, having been discovered in the habit of " a palmer in Almaye," and apprehended as a spy, was by the king thrown into prison. Wardrewe, the king's son, hearing of Richard's great strength, desires the jailor to let him have a sight of his prisoners. Richard being the foremost, Wardrewe asks him, " if he dare stand a buffet from his hand ?" and that on the morrow he shall return him another. Richard consents, and receives a blow that staggers him. On the morrow, having previously waxed his hands, he waits his antagonist's arrival. Wardrewe accordingly, proceeds the story, " held forth as a trewe man," and Richard gave him such a blow on the cheek, as broke his jaw-bone, and killed him on the spot. The king, to revenge the death of his son, orders, by the advice of one Eldrede, that a lion, kept purposely from food, shall be turned loose upon Richard. But the king's daughter, having fallen in love with him, tells him of her father's resolution, and at his request procures him forty ells of white silk " kerchers ;" and here the description of the combat begins :

The kever-chefes † he toke on honde,  
And aboute his arme he wonde ;  
And thought in that ylke while,  
To slee the lyon with some gyle.  
And syngle in a kyrtyll he stode,  
And abode the lyon fyres and wode,  
With that came the jaylere,  
And other men that wyth him were,  
And the lyon them amonge ;  
His paws were stiffe and stronge.  
The chambre dore they undone,  
And the lyon to them is gone.  
Rycharde sayd, Helpe, Lorde Jesu !  
The lyon made to hym venu,

\* Dr. Grey has shewn that the same story is alluded to in Rastell's Chronicle : As it was doubtless originally had from the romance, this is proof that the old Metrical Romances throw light on our first writers in prose : many of our ancient historians have recorded the fictions of romance.

† i. e. Handkerchiefs. Here we have the etymology of the word, viz. " Couvre la Chef."

And wolde hym have all to rente ;  
 Kyng Rycharde besyde him glente \*  
 The lyon on the breste him spurned,  
 That aboute he tourned,  
 The lyon was hongry and megre,  
 And bette his taylor to be egre ;  
 He lokked aboute as he were madde ;  
 Abrode he all his pawes spradde.  
 He cryde lowde, and yaned † wyde.  
 Kyng Rycharde bethought hym that tyde  
 What hym was beste, and to hym sterte,  
 In at the throte his honde he gerte,  
 And rente out the herte with his honde,  
 Lounge and all that he there fonde.  
 The lyon fell deed to the grounde :  
 Rycharde felte no wem ‡, ne wounde.  
 He fell on his knees on that place,  
 And thanked Jesu of his grace.

What follows is not so well, and therefore I shall extract no more of this poem.—For the above feat the author tells us, the king was deservedly called

Stronge Rycharde Cure de Lyowne.

That distich which Shakespeare puts in the mouth of his madman in *King Lear*, act 3, sc. 4.

Mice and rats and such small deere

Have been Tom's food for seven long yere,

has excited the attention of the critics. Instead of *deere*, one of them would substitute *geer*; and another *cheer* §. But the ancient reading is established by the old romance of Sir Bevis, which Shakespeare had doubtless often heard sung to the harp. This distich is part of a description there given of the hardships suffered by Bevis, when confined for seven years in a dungeon :

Rattes and myse and such small dere  
 Was his meate that seven yere.

Sign. F iii.

III. In different parts of this work, the reader will find various extracts from these old poetical legends; to which I refer him for farther examples of their style and metre. To complete this subject, it will be proper at least to give one specimen of their skill in distributing and conducting their fable, by which it will be seen that nature and common sense had supplied to these old simple bards the want of critical art, and taught them some of the most essential rules of epic poetry. I shall select the romance of *Libius Disconius* ||, as being one of those mentioned by Chaucer, and either shorter or more intelligible than the others he has quoted.

If an epic poem may be defined "¶ A fable related by a poet, to excite admiration, and inspire virtue, by representing the action of some one hero, favoured by heaven, who executes a great design, in spite of all the obstacles that oppose him:" I know not why we should withhold the name of epic poem from the piece which I am about to analyse.

My copy is divided into nine parts or cantos, the several arguments of which are as follows.

\* i. e. slept aside. † i. e. yawned.

‡ i. e. hurt. § Dr. Warburton.—Dr. Grey.

|| So it is intitled in the Editor's MS. But the true title is *Le beaux disconus*, or *The Fair Unknown*. See a note on the *Canterbury Tales*, vol. iv. p. 323.

¶ Vid. "Discours sur la Poësie Epique," prefixed to *Telemaque*.

#### PART I.

Opens with a short exordium to bespeak attention: the hero is described; a natural son of Sir Gawain a celebrated knight of King Arthur's court, who being brought up in a forest by his mother, is kept ignorant of his name and descent. He early exhibits marks of his courage, by killing a knight in single combat, who encountered him as he was hunting. This inspires him with a desire of seeking adventures: therefore cloathing himself in his enemy's armour, he goes to King Arthur's court, to request the order of knighthood. His request granted, he obtains a promise of having the first adventure assigned him that shall offer.—A damsel named Ellen, attended by a dwarf, comes to implore King Arthur's assistance, to rescue a young princess, "the Lady of Sinadone" their mistress, who is detained from her rights, and confined in prison. The adventure is claimed by the young knight Sir Lybius: the king assents; the messengers are dissatisfied and object to his youth; but are forced to acquiesce. And here the first book closes with a description of the ceremony of equipping him forth.

#### PART II.

Sir Lybius sets out on the adventure: he is derided by the dwarf and the damsel on account of his youth: they come to the bridge of Perill, which none can pass without encountering a knight called William de la Braunch. Sir Lybius is challenged: they just with their spears: De la Braunch is dismounted: the battle is renewed on foot: Sir William's sword breaks: he yields. Sir Lybius makes him swear to go and present himself to King Arthur, as the first fruits of his valour. The conquered knight sets out for King Arthur's court: is met by three knights, his kinsmen; who, informed of his disgrace, vow revenge, and pursue the conqueror. The next day they overtake him: the eldest of the three attacks Sir Lybius; but is overthrown to the ground. The two other brothers assault him: Sir Lybius is wounded; yet cuts off the second brother's arm: the third yields; Sir Lybius sends them all to King Arthur. In the third evening he is awakened by the dwarf, who has discovered a fire in the wood.

#### PART III.

Sir Lybius arms himself, and leaps on horseback: he finds two Giants roasting a wild boar, who have a fair lady their captive. Sir Lybius, by favour of the night, runs one of them through with his spear: is assaulted by the other: a fierce battle ensues: he cuts off the giant's arm, and at length his head. The rescued lady (an earl's daughter) tells him her story; and leads him to her father's castle; who entertains him with a great feast; and presents him at parting with a suit of armour and a steed. He sends the giant's head to King Arthur.

#### PART IV.

Sir Lybius, maid Ellen, and the dwarf, renew their journey: they see a castle stuck round with human heads; and are informed it belongs to a knight called Sir Gefferon, who, in honour of his lemmen or mistress challenges all comers: he that can produce a fairer lady, is to be rewarded with a milkwhite falcon, but if overcome, to lose his head. Sir Lybius spends the night in the adjoining town: in the morning goes to challenge the falcon. The

knights exchange their gloves : they agree to just in the market-place : the lady and maid Ellen are placed aloft in chairs ; their dresses : the superior beauty of Sir Gefferon's mistress described : the ceremonies previous to the combat. They engage : the combat described at large : Sir Gefferon is incurably hurt ; and carried home on his shield. Sir Lybius sends the falcon to King Arthur ; and receives back a large present in florins. He stays forty days to be cured of his wounds, which he spends in feasting with the neighbouring lords.

## PART V.

Sir Lybius proceeds for Sinadone : in a forest he meets a knight hunting, called Sir Otes de Lisle : maid Ellen charmed with a very beautiful dog, begs Sir Lybius to bestow him upon her, Sir Otes meets them, and claims his dog : is refused : being unarmed he rides to his castle, and summons his followers : they go in quest of Sir Lybius : a battle ensues : he is still victorious, and forces Sir Otes to follow the other conquered knights to King Arthur.

## PART VI.

Sir Lybius comes to a fair city and castle by a river-side, beset round with pavillions or tents : he is informed, in the castle is a beautiful lady besieged by a giant named Maugys, who keeps the bridge and will let none pass without doing him homage : this Lybius refuses : a battle ensues : the giant described : the several incidents of the battle ; which lasts a whole summer's day : the giant is wounded ; put to flight ; slain. The citizens come out in procession to meet their deliverer : the lady invites him into her castle ; falls in love with him : and seduces him to her embraces, He forgets the princess of Sinadone, and stays with this bewitching lady a twelvemonth. This fair sorceress, like another Alcina, intoxicates him with all kinds of sensual pleasure ; and detains him from the pursuit of honour.

## PART VII.

Maid Ellen by chance gets an opportunity of speaking to him ; and upbraids him with his vice and folly : he is filled with remorse, and escapes the same evening. At length he arrives at the city and castle of Sinadone : is given to understand that he must challenge the constable of the castle to single combat, before he can be received as a guest. They just : the constable is worsted : Sir Lybius is feasted in the castle : he declares his intention of delivering their lady ; and inquires the particulars of her history. " Two Necromancers have built a fine palace by sorcery, and there keep her enchanted, till she will surrender her duchy to them, and yield to such base conditions as they would impose."

## PART VIII.

Early on the morrow Sir Lybius sets out for the enchanted palace. He alights in the court : enters the hall : the wonders of which are described in strong Gothic painting. He sits down at the high table : on a sudden all the lights are quenched : it thunders, and lightens ; the palace shakes ; the walls fall in pieces about his ears. He is dismayed and confounded : but presently hears horses neigh, and is challenged to single combat by the sorcerers. He gets to his steed : a battle ensues, with various turns of fortune : he loses his weapon ; but gets a

sword from one of the necromancers, and wounds the other with it : the edge of the sword being secretly poisoned, the wound proves mortal.

## PART IX.

He goes up to the surviving sorcerer, who is carried away from him by enchantment : at length he finds him, and cuts off his head : he returns to the palace to deliver the lady ; but cannot find her : as he is lamenting, a window opens, through which enters a horrible serpent with wings and a woman's face : it coils round his neck and kisses him ; then is suddenly converted into a very beautiful lady. She tells him she is the Lady of Sinadone, and was so enchanted, till she might kiss Sir Gawain, or some one of his blood : that he has dissolved the charm, and that herself and her dominions may be his reward. The knight (whose descent is by this means discovered) joyfully accepts the offer ; makes her his bride, and then sets out with her for King Arthur's court.

Such is the fable of this ancient piece : which the reader may observe, is as regular in its conduct, as any of the finest poems of classical antiquity. If the execution, particularly as to the diction and sentiments, were but equal to the plan, it would be a capital performance ; but this is such as might be expected in rude and ignorant times, and in a barbarous unpolished language.

IV. I shall conclude this prolix account, with a list of such old metrical romances as are still extant ; beginning with those mentioned by Chaucer.

1. The romance of "*Horne Childe*" is preserved in the British Museum, where it is entitled *þe geste of King Horne*. See Catalog. Harl. MSS. 2253, p. 70. The language is almost Saxon, yet from the mention in it of Sarazens, it appears to have been written after some of the Crusades. It begins thus :

All heo ben blyþe  
þat to my song ylype :  
A song ychulle ou sing  
Of Allof þe gode kyng\*, &c.

Another copy of this poem, but greatly altered, and somewhat modernized, is preserved in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, in a MS. quarto volume of old English poetry [W. 4. 1.] No. xxxiv. in seven leaves or folios, intitled, *Hornchild and Maiden Rimvyl*, and beginning thus :

Mi leve frende dere,  
Herken and ye may here.

2. The Poem of *Ipotis* (or *Ypotis*) is preserved in the Cotton Library, Calig. A. 2, fo. 77, but is rather a religious legend, than a romance. Its beginning is,

He þat wyll of wysdome here  
Herkeneth now ze may here  
Of a tale of holy wryte  
Seynt Jon the Evāgelyste wytnesseth byt.

3. The Romance of *Sir Guy* was written before that of *Bevis*, being quoted in it. An account of this old poem is given in Series I. Book ii. No. I.

\* I. e. May all they be blithe, that to my song listen : A song I shall you sing, of Allof the good king, &c.

† In each full page of this vol. are forty-four lines, when the poem is in long metre ; and eighty-eight when the metre is short, and the page in two columns.

‡ Sign. K. 2. b.

To which it may be added, that two complete copies in MS. are preserved at Cambridge, the one in the public Library\*, the other in that of Caius College, Class A. 8.—In Ames's Typog. p. 153, may be seen the first lines of the printed copy.—The first MS. begins,

Sythe the tyme that God was borne.

4. *Guy and Colbronde*, an old romance in three parts, is preserved in the Editor's folio MS. (p. 349) It is in stanzas of six lines, the first of which may be seen in vol. ii. p. 191, beginning thus :

When meate and drinke is great plentye.

In the Edinburgh MS. (mentioned above) are two ancient poems on the subject of *Guy of Warwick*: viz. No. xviii. containing twenty-six leaves, and xx. fifty-nine leaves. Both these have unfortunately the beginnings wanting, otherwise they would perhaps be found to be different copies of one or both the preceding articles.

5. From the same MS. I can add another article to this list, viz. The Romance of *Rembrun* son of Sir Guy; being No. xxi. in nine leaves: this is properly a continuation of the History of *Guy*: and in art. 3, the Hist. of *Rembrun* follows that of *Guy* as a necessary part of it. This Edinburgh Romance of *Rembrun* begins thus :

Jesu that erst of mights most  
Fader and Sone and Holy Ghost.

Before I quit the subject of *Sir Guy*, I must observe, that if we may believe Dugdale in his *Baronage* (vol. i. p. 243, col. 2). the fame of our English Champion had in the time of Henry IV. travelled as far as the East, and was no less popular among the Sarazens, than here in the West among the nations of Christendom. In that reign a Lord Beauchamp travelling to Jerusalem, was kindly received by a noble person, the Soldan's lieutenant, who hearing he was descended from the famous *Guy of Warwick*, "whose story they had in books of their own language," invited him to his palace; and royally feasting him, presented him with three precious stones of great value; besides divers cloaths of silk and gold given to his servants.

6. The Romance of *Syr Bevis* is described in Series I. Book iii. No. 1. Two manuscript copies of this poem are extant at Cambridge; viz. in the public Library†, and in that of Caius Coll. Class A. 9. (5).—The first of these begins,

Lordyngs lystenyth grete and smale.

There is also a copy of this Romance of *Sir Bevis of Hamptoun*, in the Edinburgh MS. No. xxii. consisting of twenty-five leaves, and beginning thus :

Lordynges herkneth to mi tale,  
Is merier than the nightengale.

The printed copies begin different from both : viz.

Lysten, Lordynges, and hold you styl.

7. *Libeaux* (*Libeaus*, or *Lybius*) *Disconius* is preserved in the Editors folio MS. (pag. 317.) where the first stanza is,

Jesus Christ christen kinge,  
And his mother that sweete thinge,  
Helpe them at their neede,  
That will listen to my tale,  
Of a Knight I will you tell,  
A doughty man of deede,

An older copy is preserved in the Cotton Library (Calig. A. 2. fol. 40), but containing such innumerable variations, that it is apparently a different translation of some old French original, which will account for the title of *Le Beaux Disconus*, or *The Fair Unknown*, the first line is,

Jesu Christ our Savvour.

As for *Pleindamour*, or *Blandamour*, no romance with this title has been discovered; but as the word *Blaudemers* occurs in the romance of *Libius Disconius*, in the Editor's folio MS. p. 319, he thought the name of *Blandamour* (which was in all the editions of Chaucer he had then seen) might have some reference to this. But *Pleindamour*, the name restored by Mr. Tyrwhitt, is more remote.

8. *Le Morte Arthure* is among the Harl. MSS. 2252, § 49. This is judged to be a translation from the French; Mr. Wanley thinks it no older than the time of Henry VII. but it seems to be quoted in *Syr Bevis* (Sign K. ij b.) It begins,

Lordynges that are leffe and deare.

In the Library of Bennet College, Cambridge, No. cceli. is a MS. intituled, in the catalogue, *Acta Arthuris Metrico Anglicano*, but I know not its contents.

9. In the Editor's folio MS. are many songs and romances about King Arthur and his Knights, some of which are very imperfect, as *King Arthur and the King of Cornwall*, (p. 24.) in stanzas of four lines, beginning,

'Come here,' my cozen Gawaine so gay.

*The Turke and Gawain* (p. 38), in stanzas of six lines, beginning thus :

Listen lords great and small\*.

but these are so imperfect that I do not make distinct articles of them. See also Series I. Book i. No. 1, 2, 4, 5.

In the same MS. (p. 203) is the *Greene Knight*, in two parts, relating a curious adventure of Sir Gawain, in stanzas of six lines, beginning thus :

List : when Arthur he was k :

10. *The Carle of Carlisle* is another romantic tale about Sir Gawain, in the same MS. p. 448, in distichs :

Listen : to me a litle stond.

In all these old poems the same set of knights are always represented with the same manners and characters; which seem to have been as well known, and as distinctly marked among our ancestors, as

\* For this and most of the following, which are mentioned as preserved in the public Library, I refer the reader to the *Oxon Catalogue of MSS. 1697*, vol. ii, p. 394; in Appendix to *Bishop Moore's MSS. No. 600*, 23, since given to the University of Cambridge.

† No. 600, sec. 31. Vld. Catalog. MSS. p. 394.

\* In the former editions; after the above, followed mention of a fragment in the same MS. intituled, *Sir Lionel*, in distichs (p. 39); but this being only a short ballad, and not relating to King Arthur is here omitted.

Homer's heroes were among the Greeks; for, as *Ulysses* is always represented crafty, *Achilles* irascible and *Ajax* rough; so *Sir Gauvain* is ever courteous and gentle, *Sir Kay* rugged and disobliging, &c. "*Sir Gauvain with his olde curtesie*," is mentioned by Chaucer as noted to a proverb, in his *Squire's Tales*. *Canterb. Tales*, vol. ii. p. 104.

11. *Syr Launfal*, an excellent old romance concerning another of King Arthur's knights, is preserved in the Cotton Library, Calig. A. 2. f. 33. This is a translation from the French\*, made by one *Thomas Chestre*, who is supposed to have lived in the reign of Henry VI. (See Tanner's *Biblioth.*) It is in stanzas of six lines, and begins,

Be douzty Artours dawes.

The above was afterwards altered by some minstrel into the romance of *Sir Lambewell*, in three parts, under which title it was more generally known†. This is in the Editor's folio MS. p. 60, beginning thus:

Doughty in King Arthures dayes.

12. *Eger and Grime*, in six parts (in the Editor's folio MS. p. 124.) is a well invented tale of chivalry, scarce inferior to any of Ariosto's. This, which was inadvertently omitted in the former editions of this list, is in distichs, and begins thus:

It fell sometimes in the land of Beame.

13. The Romance of *Merline*, in nine parts, (preserved in the same folio MS. p. 145) gives a curious account of the birth, parentage, and juvenile adventures of this famous British prophet. In this poem the Saxons are called *Sarasens*; and the thrusting the rebel angels out of Heaven is attributed to "*oure Lady*." It is in distichs, and begins thus:

He that made with his hand.

There is an old romance *Of Arthour and of Merlin*, in the Edinburgh MS. of old English poems: I know not whether it has any thing in common with this last mentioned. It is in the volume numbered xxiii., and extends through fifty-five leaves. The two first lines are,

Jesu Crist, heven king,  
Al ous graunt gode ending.

14. *Sir Isenbras* (or as it is in the MS. copies, *Sir Isumbras*) is quoted in Chaucer's *R. of Thop.* v. 6. Among Mr. Garrick's old plays is a printed copy; of which an account has been already given in Series I. Book iii. No. 8. It is preserved in MS. in the Library of Caius Coll. Camb. Class A. 9. (2) and also in the Cotton Library, Calig. A. 12. (f. 128.) This is extremely different from the printed copy, E. g.

God þat made both erpe and hevene.

15. *Emarè*, a very curious and ancient romance, is preserved in the same volume of the Cotton Library, f. 69. It is in stanzas of six lines, and begins thus:

Jesu þat ys kyng in trone.

16. *Chevelere assigne*, or, *The Knight of the Swan*, preserved in the Cotton Library, has been already described in the *Essay on P. Plowman's Metre*, &c. Series II. Book iii. No. 1, as hath also

17. *The Sege of Jérusalem* (or *Jerusalem*), which seems to have been written after the other, and may not improperly be classed among the romances; as may also the following, which is preserved in the same volume; viz.

18. *Owaine Myles*, (fol. 90) giving an account of the wonders of St. Patrick's Purgatory. This is a translation into verse of the story related in *Mat. Paris's Hist.* (sub. ann. 1153.)—It is in distichs beginning thus:

God þat ys so full of myght.

In the same manuscript are three or four other narrative poems, which might be reckoned among the romances, but being rather religious legends, I shall barely mention them; as *Tundale* f. 17. *Treatise Sci Gregorii*, f. 84. *Jerome*, f. 133. *Eastache*, f. 136.

19. *Octavian imperator*, an ancient romance of chivalry, is in the same volume of the Cotton Library, f. 20.—Notwithstanding the name, this old poem has nothing in common with the history of the Roman emperors. It is in a very peculiar kind of stanza, whereof 1, 2, 3, and 5, rhyme together, as do 4 and 6. It begins thus

Ihesu þat was with spere ystonge.

In the public Library at Cambridge\*, is a poem with the same title, that begins very differently

Lyttyll and mykyll, olde and yonge.

20. *Eglamour of Artas* (or *Artoys*) is preserved in the same volume with the foregoing, both in the Cotton Library, and public Library at Cambridge. It is also in the Editor's folio MS. (p. 295,) where it is divided into six parts.—A printed copy is in the Bodleian Library, C. 39. Art. Seld. and also among Mr. Garrick's old plays, K. vol. x. It is in distichs, and begins thus:

Ihesu Crist of heven kyng.

21. *Syr Triamore* (in stanzas of six lines) is preserved in MS. in the Editor's volume (p. 210), and in the public Library at Cambridge, (690. f. 29. Vid. Cat. MSS. p. 394.)—Two printed copies are extant in the Bodleian Library, and among Mr. Garrick's plays, in the same volumes with the last article. Both the Editor's MS. and the printed copies begin,

Nowe Jesu Chryste our heven kynge.

The Cambridge copy thus:

Heven blys that all shall wyne.

22. *Sir Degres* (*Degare*, or *Degore*, which last seems the true title,) in five parts, in distichs, is preserved in the Editor's folio MS. p. 371, and in the public Library at Cambridge (ubi supra.)—A printed copy is in the Bod. Library, C. 39. Art. Seld.

\* The French original is preserved among the Harl. MSS. No. 978, sec. 112. *Lancelot*.

† See Laneham's Letter concerning Queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth, 1575, 12mo, p. 34.

\* No. 600 (30). Vid. Oxon. Catalog. MSS. p. 284.

and among Mr. Garrick's plays, K. vol. ix. The Editor's MS. and the printed copies begin,

Lordinge, and you wyl holde you styl.

The Cambridge MS. has it,

Lystenyth, lordyngis, gentes and fre.

23. *Ipomydon* (or *Chylde Ipomydon*) is preserved among the Harl. MSS. 2252, (44.) It is in disticha, and begins,

Mekely, lordyngis, gentylle and fre.

In the Library of Lincoln Cathedral, K. k. 3. 10. is an old imperfect printed copy, wanting the whole first sheet A.

24. *The Squyr of Lowe Degre*, is one of those burlesqued by Chaucer in his *Rhyme of Thopas*\*.—Mr. Garrick has a printed copy of this among his old plays, K. vol. ix. It begins,

It was a squyer of lowe degre,

That loved the kings daughter of Hungre.

25. *Historie of K. Richard Cœur de Lyon* (Impr. W. de Worde, 1528, 4to.) is preserved in the Bodleian Library, C. 39. Art. Selden. A fragment of it is also remaining in the Edinburgh MS. of old English poems, No. xxxvii. in two leaves. A large extract from this romance has been given already above (p. 190.) Richard was the peculiar patron of chivalry, and favourite of the old minstrels and Troubadours. See Warton's *Observ.* vol. i. p. 29.; vol. ii. p. 40.

26. Of the following I have only seen No. xxvii, but I believe they may all be referred to the class of romances.

*The Knight of Courtesy and the Lady of Faguel* (Bodl. Lib. C. 39. Art. Selden. a printed copy.) This Mr. Warton thinks is the story of Coucy's Heart, related in Fauchet, and in Howel's *Letters* (v. i. s. 6. l. 20. See Warton's *Obs.* v. ii. p. 40.) The Editor has seen a very beautiful old ballad on this subject in French.

27. The four following are all preserved in the MS. so often referred to in the public Library at Cambridge (690. Appendix to Bp. More's MSS. in Cat. MSS. tom. ii. p. 394.) viz. *The Lay of Erle of Tholouse*, (No. xxvii.) of which the Editor hath also a copy from "Cod. MSS. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon." The first line of both is,

Jesu Chryste in Trynyte.

28. *Robert Kyng of Cynyll* (or Sicilly,) shewing the fall of pride. Of this there is also a copy among the Harl. MSS. 1703 (3.) The Cambridge MS. begins,

Princis that be powde in prese.

29. *Le bone Florence of Rome*, beginning thus :

As ferre as men ride or gone.

30. *Dioclesian the Emperour*, beginning,

Sum tyme ther was a noble man.

31. The two knightly brothers *Amyas and Amelion* (among the Harl. MSS. 2386, § 42) is an old romance of chivalry ; as is also, I believe, the fragment of the *Lady Belesant, the duke of Lombardy's fair daughter*, mentioned in the same article. See the Catalog. vol. ii.

32. In the Edinburgh MS. so often referred to (preserved in the Advocates' Library, W. 4. 1.) might probably be found some other articles to add to this list, as well as other copies of some of the pieces mentioned in it ; for the whole volume contains not fewer than thirty-seven poems or romances, some of them very long. But as many of them have lost the beginnings, which have been cut out for the sake of the illuminations, and as I have not had an opportunity of examining the MS. myself, I shall be content to mention only the articles that follow\* ; viz.

An old romance about *Rouland* (not I believe the famous Paladine, but a champion named *Rouland Louth* ; query) being in the volume, No. xxvii, in five leaves, and wants the beginning.

33. Another romance, that seems to be a kind of continuation of this last, intitled, *Otuel a Knight* (No. xxviii, in eleven leaves and a half.) The two first lines are,

Herkneth both zinge and old,

That willen heren of battailes bold.

34. *The King of Tars* (No. iv, in five leaves and a half ; it is also in the Bodleian Library, MS. Vernon. f. 304) beginning thus :

Herkneth to me both eld and zing,

For Maries love that swete thing.

35. A tale or romance (No. i, two leaves) that wants both beginning and end. The first lines now remaining are,

The Erl him graunted his will y-wis. that the knight him haden y told.

The Baronnis that were of mikle pris. befor him thay weren y-cald.

36. Another mutilated tale or romance (No. iii. four leaves.) The first lines at present are,

To Mr. Steward will y gon. and tellen him the sothe of the

Reseyved bestow some anon gif zou will serve and with hir be.

37. A mutilated tale or romance (No. xi. in thirteen leaves.) The two first lines that occur are,

That riche Dooke his fest gan hold

With Erls and with Baronns bold.

I cannot conclude my account of this curious manuscript, without acknowledging that I was indebted to the friendship of the Rev. Dr. Blair, the ingenious professor of Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh, for whatever I learned of its contents, and for the important additions it enabled me to make to the foregoing list.

To the preceding articles, two ancient metrical

\* This is alluded to by Shakespeare in his *Henry V.* (Act 5) where Fluellen tells Pistol, he will make him a squire of low degree, when he means to knock him down.

\* Some of these I give, though mutilated and divested of their titles, because they may enable a curious inquirer to complete or improve other copies.

romances in the Scottish dialect may now be added, which are published in Pinkerton's "Scottish Poems, reprinted from scarce editions." Lond. 1792, in 3 vols. 8vo. vis.

38. *Gawan and Gologras*, a metrical romance, from an edition printed at Edinburgh, 1508, 8vo. beginning,

In the tyme of Arthur, as trew men me tald.

It is in stanzas of thirteen lines.

39. *Sir Gawan and Sir Galaron of Galloway*, a metrical romance, in the same stanzas as No. xxxviii, from an ancient MS. beginning thus:

In the tyme of Arthur an sunter \* betydde  
By the Turnwathelan, as the boke tells;  
Whan he to Carlele was comen, and conqueror  
kyd, &c.

Both these (which exhibit the union of the old alliterative metre, with rhyme, &c. and in the termination of each stanza the short triplets of the Tournament of Tottenham) are judged to be as old as the time of our King Henry VI., being apparently the production of an old poet, thus mentioned by

THE END OF THE ESSAY.

Dunbar, in his "Lament for the Death of the Makaris:"

" Clerk of Tranent eik he hes take,  
That made the aventures of Sir Gawane."

It will scarce be necessary to remind the reader, that *Turnwathelan* is evidently *Tearne-Wadling*, celebrated in the old ballad of the Marriage of Sir Gawaine. See the concluding Notes to No. 4, Series I. Book i, and No. 19, Series I. Book iii.

Many new references, and perhaps some additional articles might be added to the foregoing list from Mr. Warton's "History of English Poetry," 3 vols. 4to., and from the notes to Mr. Tyrwhitt's improved edition of "Chaucer's Canterbury Tales," &c., in 5 vols. 8vo., which have been published since this Essay, &c. was first composed; but it will be sufficient once for all to refer the curious reader to those popular works.

The reader will also see many interesting particulars on the subject of these volumes, as well as on most points of general literature, in Sir John Hawkins's curious "History of Music," &c. in 5 vols. 4to. as also in Dr. Burney's History, &c. in 4 vols. 4to.

## I.

### THE BOY AND THE MANTLE.

— Is printed verbatim from the old MS. described in the Preface. The Editor believes it more ancient than it will appear to be at first sight; the transcriber of that manuscript having reduced the orthography and style in many instances to the standard of his own times.

The incidents of the "Mantle" and the "Knife" have not, that I can recollect, been borrowed from any other writer. The former of these evidently suggested to Spenser his conceit of "Florimel's Girdle," B. iv. C. 5, St. 3.

That girdle gave the virtue of chaste love  
And wivelihood true to all that did it beare;  
But whosoever contrarie doth prove,  
Might not the same about her middle weare,  
But it would loose or else asunder teare.

So it happened to the false Florimell, st. 16, when

— Being brought, about her middle small  
They thought to gird, as best it her became,  
But by no means they could it thereto frame,  
For ever as they fastned it, it loos'd  
And fell away, as feeling secret blame, &c.  
That all men wondred at the uncouth sight  
And each one thought as to their fancies came.  
But she herself did think it done for spight,  
And touched was with secret wrath and shame  
Therewith, as thing devis'd her to defame:  
Then many other ladies likewise tride  
About their tender loynes to knit the same,  
But it would not on none of them abide,  
But when they thought it fast, eftsoones it was untide.  
Therewith all knights gan laugh and ladies lowre,  
Till that at last the gentle Amoret  
Likewise assayed to prove that girdle's powre.  
And having it about her middle set

\* L. e. Adventure.

Did find it fit withouten breach or let,  
Whereat the rest gan greatly to envie.  
But Florimel exceedingly did fret,  
And snatching from her hand, &c.

As for the trial of the Horne, it is not peculiar to our Poet: It occurs in the old Romance, intitled "Morte Arthur," which was translated out of French in the time of King Edward IV., and first printed anno 1484. From that romance Ariosto is thought to have borrowed his tale of the Enchanted Cup, C. 42, &c. See Mr. Warton's Observations on the Faerie Queen, &c.

The story of the Horn in *Morte Arthur* varies a good deal from this of our Poet, as the reader will judge from the following extract:—"By the way they met with a knight that was sent from Morgan la Faye to King Arthur, and this knight had a fair horne all garnished with gold, and the horne had such a virtue, that there might no ladye or gentlewoman drinke of that horne, but if she were true to her husband: and if shee were false she should spill all the drinke, and if shee were true unto her lorde, shee might drinke peaceably: and because of Queene Guenever and in despite of Sir Lancelot du Lake, this horne was sent unto King Arthur."—This horn is intercepted and brought unto another king named Marke, who is not a whit more fortunate than the British hero, for he makes "his queene drinke thereof and an hundred ladies moe, and there were but foure ladies of all those that dranke cleane," of which number the said queen proves not to be one [Book II, chap. 22, Ed. 1632.]

In other respects the two stories are so different, that we have just reason to suppose this Ballad was written before that romance was translated into English.

As for Queen Guenever, she is here represented

no otherwise than in the old Histories and Romances. Holinshed observes, that "she was evil reported of, as noted of incontinence and breach of faith to hir husband." Vol. I, p. 93.

\*.\* Such Readers, as have no reliash for pure antiquity, will find a more modern copy of this Ballad at the end of the volume.

In the third day of may,  
To Carleile did come  
A kind curteous child,  
That cold much of wisdom.

A kirtle and a mantle  
This child had uppon,  
With 'brouches' and ringes  
Full richelys bedone.

He had a sute of silke  
About his middle drawne;  
Without he cold of curtesye  
He thought itt much shame.

God speed thee, King Arthur,  
Sitting at thy meate:  
And the goodly Queene Guénever,  
I cannott her forgett.

I tell you, lords, in this hall;  
I hett you all to 'heede';  
Except you be the more surer  
Is you for to dread.

He plucked out of his 'poterner',  
And longer wold not dwell,  
He pulled forth a pretty mantle,  
Betweene two nut-shells.

Have thou here, King Arthur;  
Have thou heere of mee:  
Give itt to thy comely queene  
Shapen as itt is alreadye

Itt shall never become that wiffe,  
That hath once done amisse.  
Then every knight in the kings court  
Began to care for 'his'

Forth came dame Guénever;  
To the mantle shee her 'hied';  
The ladye shee was newfangle,  
But yett shee was affrayd.

When shee had taken the mantle;  
She stode as shee had beene madd:  
It was from the top to the toe  
As sheeres had itt shread.

One while was it 'gule';  
Another while was itt greene;  
Another while was it wadded:  
Ill itt did her beseeeme.

Another while was it blacke  
And bore the worst hue:  
By my troth, quoth King Arthur,  
I thinke thou be not true.

Shee threw downe the mantle,  
That bright was of blee;  
Fast with a rudd redd,  
To her chamber can shee flee.

Shee curst the weaver, and the walker,  
That clothe that had wrought;  
And bade a vengeance on his crowne,  
That hither hath itt brought.

I had rather be in a wood,  
Under a greene tree;  
Then in King Arthurs court  
Shamed for to bee.

Kay called forth his ladye,  
And bade her come neere;  
Saies, Madam, and thou be guiltye,  
I pray thee hold thee there.

Forth came his ladye  
Shortlye and anon;  
Boldlye to the mantle  
Then is shee gone.

When she had tane the mantle,  
And cast itt her about;  
Then was shee bare  
'Before all the rout.'

Then ever knight,  
That was in the kings court,  
Talked, laughed, and showted  
Full oft att that sport.

Shee threw downe the mantle,  
That bright was of blee;  
Fast, with a red rudd,  
To her chamber can shee flee.

Forth came an old knight  
Pattering ore a creede,  
And he proferred to this litle boy  
Twenty markes to his meede;

And all the time of the Christmasse  
Willinglye to feede;  
For why this mantle might  
Doe his wiffe some need.

When she had tane the mantle,  
Of eloth that was made,  
Shee had no more left on her,  
But a tassell and a threed:  
Then every knight in the kings court  
Bade evill might shee speed.

Shee threw downe the mantle,  
That bright was of blee;  
And fast, with a redd rudd,  
To her chamber can shee flee

Craddocke called forth his ladye,  
And bade her come in;  
Saith, Winne this mantle, ladye,  
With a litle dinne.

Ver. 7, branches, MS. V. 18, heate, MS. V. 21, poterner, MS. V. 22, his wiffe, MS. V. 24, bided, MS. V. 41, gule, MS.

Ver. 75, laughed.



Winne this mantle, ladye,  
And it shal be thine,  
If thou never did amisse  
Since thou wast mine. 105

Forth came Craddockes ladye  
Shordye and anon;  
But boldye to the mantle  
Then is shee gone. 110

When she had tane the mantle,  
And cast it her about,  
Upp att her great toe  
It began to crinkle and crowt:  
Shee said, bowe downe, mantle,  
And shame me not for nought. 115

Once I did amisse,  
I tell you certainlye,  
When I kist Craddockes mouth  
Under a greene tree;  
When I kist Craddockes mouth  
Before he marryed mee. 120

When shee had her shreeven,  
And her sines shee had tolde;  
The mantle stode about her  
Right as shee wold: 125

Seemelye of coulour  
Glittering like gold:  
Then every knight in Arthurs court  
Did her behold. 130

Then spake dame Guénever  
To Arthur our king;  
She hath tane yonder mantle  
Not with right, but with wronge 135

See you not yonder woman,  
That maketh her self soe 'cleane'?  
I have seene tane out of her bedd  
Of men fivetsene; 140

Priests, clarkes, and wedded men  
From her bedeene:  
Yett shee taketh the mantle,  
And maketh her self cleane. 145

Then spake the litle boy,  
That kept the mantle in hold;  
Sayes, king, chasten thy wiffe,  
Of her words shee is to bold: 150

Shee is a bitch and a witch,  
And a whore bold:  
King, in thine owne hall  
Thou art a cuckold. 155

The litle boy stode  
Looking out a dore;  
'And there as he was lookinge  
He was ware of a wyld bore.'

He was ware of a wyld bore, 155  
Wold have werryed a man:  
He pulld forth a wood kniffe  
Fast thither that he ran:  
He brought in the bores head,  
And quitted him like a man. 160

He brought in the bores head,  
And was wonderous bold:  
He said there was never a cuckolds kniffe  
Carve itt that cold.

Some rubbed their knives 165  
Uppon a whetstone:  
Some threw them under the table,  
And said they had none.

King Arthur, and the child  
Stood looking upon them;  
All their knives edges  
Turned backe againe. 170

Craddocke had a litle knive  
Of iron and of steele;  
He birtled the bores head 175  
Wonderous weele;  
That every knight in the kings court  
Had a morassell.

The litle boy had a horne,  
Of red gold that ronge: 180  
He said, there was noe cuckolde  
Shall drinke of my horne;  
But he shold it sheede  
Either behind or beforne.

Some shedd on their shoulder, 185  
And some on their knee;  
He that cold not hitt his mouthe,  
Put it in his eye:  
And he that was a cuckold  
Every man might him see. 190

Craddocke wan the horne,  
And the bores head:  
His ladie wan the mantle  
Unto her meede. 195  
Everye such a lovely ladye  
God send her well to speede.

Ver. 134, wright, MS. V. 136, cleare, MS. V. 140, by  
deene, MS.

Ver. 170, them upon, MS. V. 175, or birtled, MS.

## II.

## THE MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAINE.

— Is chiefly taken from the fragment of an old ballad in the Editor's MS. which he has reason to believe more ancient than the time of Chaucer, and what furnished that bard with his *Wife of Bath's Tale*. The original was so extremely mutilated, half of every leaf being torn away, that without large supplements, &c. it was deemed improper for this collection: these it has therefore received, such as they are. They are not here particularly pointed out, because the "Fragment" itself will now be found printed at the end of this volume.

## PART THE FIRST.

King Arthur lives in merry Carleile,  
And seemely is to see;  
And there with him Queene Guenever,  
That bride soe bright of blee.

And there with him Queene Guenever, 5  
That bride so bright in bowre:  
And all his barons about him stodee,  
That were both stiffe and stowre.

The king a royale Christmasse kept,  
With mirth and princely cheare; 10  
To him repaired many a knyghte,  
That came both farre and neare.

And when they were to dinner sette,  
And cups went freely round: 15  
Before them came a faire damselle,  
And knelt upon the ground.

A boone, a boone, O Kinge Arthùre,  
I beg a boone of thee;  
Avenge me of a carlish knyghte, 20  
Who hath shent my love and mee.

At Tearne-Wadling\* his castle stands,  
Near to that lake so fair,  
And proudye rise the battlements,  
And streamers deck the air.

Noe gentle knyghte, nor ladye gay, 25  
May pass that castle-walle:  
But from that foule discourteous knyghte,  
Mishappe will them befall.

Hee's twyce the size of common men,  
Wi' thewes, and sinewes stronge, 30  
And on his backe he bears a clubbe,  
That is both thicke and longe.

This grimme baròne 'twas our harde happe,  
But yester morne to see;  
When to his bowre he bare my love, 35  
And sore misused mee.

And when I told him, King Arthùre  
As lyttle shold him spare;  
Goe tell, sayd hee, that cuckold kinge, 40  
To meete mee if he dare.

Upp then sterted King Arthùre,  
And sware by hille and dale,  
He ne'er wolde quitt that grimme baròne  
Till he had made him quail.

Goe fetch my sword Excalibar: 45  
Goe saddle mee my steede;  
Nowe, by my faye, that grimme baròne  
Shall rue this ruthfulle deede.

And when he came to Tearne Wadlinge  
Benethe the castle walle: 50  
"Come forth; come forth; thou proude baròne,  
Or yielde thyself my thrall."

On magicke grounde that castle stodee,  
And fenc'd with many a spelle: 55  
Noe valiant knyghte could tread thereon,  
But strait his courage felle.

Forth then rush'd that carlish knight,  
King Arthur felte the charme:  
His sturdy sinewes lost their strengthe, 60  
Downe sunke his feeble arme.

Nowe yield thee, yield thee, Kinge Arthùre,  
Now yield thee, unto mee:  
Or fighte with mee, or lose thy lande, 65  
Noe better termes maye bee,

Unlesse thou sweare upon the rood, 65  
And promise on thy faye,  
Here to returne to Tearne-Wadling,  
Upon the new-yeare's daye:

And bringe me worde what thing it is  
All women moste desyre: 70  
This is thy ransome, Arthur, he sayes,  
Ile have noe other hyre.

King Arthur then helde up his hande,  
And sware upon his faye,  
Then tooke his leave of the grimme barone, 75  
And faste hee rode awaye.

And he rode east, and he rode west,  
And did of all inqyre,  
What thing it is all women crave, 80  
And what they most desyre.

Some told him riches, pompe, or state;  
Some rayment fine and brighte;  
Some told him mirthe; some flatterye,  
And some a jolly knyghte.

In letters all King Arthur wrote, 85  
And seal'd them with his ringe:  
But still his minde was helde in doubte,  
Each tolde a different thinge.

\* *Tearne-Wadling* is the name of a small lake near Hesketh in Cumberland, on the road from Penrith to Carlisle. There is a tradition, that an old castle once stood near the lake, the remains of which were not long since visible. *Tearne*, in the dialect of that country, signifies a small lake, and is still in use.

As ruthfulle he rode over a more,  
He sawe a ladye sette 90  
Betweene an oke, and a greene holléye,  
All clad in red<sup>e</sup> scarlette.

Her nose was crookt and turnd outwârde,  
Her chin stooode all awrye;  
And where as sholde have been her mouthe, 95  
Lo! there was set her eye:

Her haïres, like serpents, clung aboute  
Her cheekes of deadlye hewe:  
A worse-form'd ladye than she was,  
No man mote ever viewe. 100

To hail the king in seemelye sorte  
This ladye was fulle faine:  
But King Arthûre all sore amaz'd,  
No aunswere made againe.

What wight art thou, the ladye sayd,  
That wilt not speake to mee;  
Sir, I may chance to ease thy paine,  
Though I bee foule to see. 105

If thou wilt ease my paine, he sayd,  
And helpe me in my neede;  
Ask what thou wilt, thou grimme ladye,  
And it shall bee thy meede. 110

O sweare mee this upon the roode,  
And promise on thy faye;  
And here the secrette I will telle,  
That shall thy ransome paye. 115

King Arthur promis'd on his faye,  
And sware upon the roode;  
The secrette than the ladye told,  
As lightlye well shee cou'de. 120

Now this shall be my paye, sir king,  
And this my guerdon bee,  
That some yong fair and courtlye knight,  
Thou bringe to marrye mee.

Fast then pricked King Arthûre 125  
Ore hille, and dale, and downe:  
And soone he founde the barone's bowre:  
And soone the grimme baroune.

He bare his clubbe upon his backe,  
Hee stooode bothe stiffe and stronge;  
And, when he had the letters reade,  
Awaye the lettres flunge. 130

Nowe yielde thee, Arthur, and thy lands,  
All forfeit unto mee;  
For this is not thy paye, sir king, 135  
Nor may thy ransome bee.

Yet hold thy hand, thou proud barone,  
I praye thee hold thy hand;  
And give mee leave to speake once more  
In reskewe of my land. 140

This morne, as I came over a more,  
I saw a ladye sette  
Betweene an oke, and a greene holléye,  
All clad in red scarlette.

Shee sayes, all women will have their wille, 145  
This is their chief desyre;  
Now yield, as thou art a barone true,  
That I have payd mine hyre.

An earlye vengeance light on her!  
The carlish baron swore: 150  
Shee was my sister tolde thee this,  
And shee's a mishapen whore.

But here I will make mine avowe,  
To do her as ill a turne:  
For an ever I may that foule theefe gette, 155  
In a fyre I will her burne.

## PART THE SECONDE.

HOMEWARDE pricked King Arthûre,  
And a wearye man was hee;  
And soone he mette Queene Guenever,  
That bride so bright of blee.

What newes! what newes! thou noble king, 5  
Howe, Arthur, hast thou sped?  
Where hast thou hung the carlish knight?  
And where bestow'd his head?

The carlish knight is safe for mee,  
And free fro mortal harme: 10  
On magicke grounde his castle stands,  
And fenc'd with many a charme.

To bowe to him I was fulle faine,  
And yielde mee to his hand:  
And but for a lothly ladye, there 15  
I sholde have lost my land.

And nowe this fills my hearte with woe,  
And sorrowe of my life;  
I swore a yonge and courtlye knight,  
Sholde marry her to his wife. 20

Then bespake him Sir Gawaine,  
That was ever a gentle knight:  
That lothly ladye I will wed;  
Therefore be merrie and lighte.

Nowe naye, nowe naye, good Sir Gawaine; 25  
My sister's sonne yee bee;  
This lothly ladye's all too grimme,  
And all too foule for yee.

Her nose is crookt and turn'd outwârde:  
Her chin stands all awrye;  
A worse form'd ladye than shee is  
Was never seen with eye. 30

What though her chin stand all awrye,  
And shee be foule to see:  
I'll marry her, unkle, for thy sake,  
And I'll thy ransome bee. 35

\* This was a common phrase in our old writers; so Chaucer in his Prologue to the *Cant. Tales*, says of the wife of Bath: *Her hosen were of fyne scarlet red.*

- Nowe thanks, nowe thanks, good Sir Gawaine ;  
And a blessing thee betyde !  
To-morrow wee'll have knights and squires,  
And wee'll goe fetch thy bride. 40
- And wee'll have hawkes and wee'll have houndes,  
To cover our intent ;  
And wee'll away to the greene forrest,  
As wee a hunting went.
- Sir Lancelot, Sir Stephen bolde, 45  
They rode with them that daye ;  
And foremoste of the companye  
There rode the stewarde Kaye :
- Soe did Sir Banier and Sir Bore,  
And eke Sir Garratte keene ; 50  
Sir Tristram too, that gentle knight,  
To the forest freshe and greene.
- And when they came to the greene forrest,  
Beneathe a faire holley tree  
There sate that ladye in red scarlèt  
That unseemelye was to see. 55
- Sir Kay beheld that lady's face,  
And looked upon her sweere ;  
Whoever kisses that ladye, he sayes,  
Of his kisse he stands in feare. 60
- Sir Kay beheld that ladye againe,  
And looked upon her snout ;  
Whoever kisses that ladye, he sayes,  
Of his kisse he stands in doubt.
- Peace, brother Kay, sayde Sir Gawaine,  
And amend thee of thy life : 65  
For there is a knight amongst us all,  
Must marry her to his wife.
- What marry this foule queane, quoth Kay,  
I' the devil's name anone ; 70  
Gett mee a wife wherever I maye,  
In sooth shee shall be none.
- Then some tooke up their hawkes in haste,  
And some took up their houndes ;  
And sayd they wolde not marry her,  
For cities, nor for townes. 75
- Then bespake him King Arthure,  
And sware there by this daye ;  
For a little foule sighte and mislikinge,  
Yee shall not say her naye. 80
- Peace, lordlings, peace ; Sir Gawaine sayd ;  
Nor make debate and strife ;  
This lothlye ladye I will take,  
And marry her to my wife.
- Now thanks, nowe thanks, good Sir Gawaine, 85  
And a blessing be thy meede !  
For as I am thine owne ladye,  
Thou never shalt rue this deede.
- Then up they took that lothly dame,  
And home anone they bringe : 90  
And there Sir Gawaine he her wed,  
And married her with a ringe,
- And when they were in wed-bed laid,  
And all were done awaye :  
" Come turne to mee, mine own wed-lord,  
Come turne to mee I praye." 95
- Sir Gawaine scant could lift his head,  
For sorrowe and for care ;  
When, lo ! instead of that lothelye dame,  
He sawe a young ladye faire. 100
- Sweet blushes stayn'd her rud-red cheeke,  
Her eyen were blacke as sloe :  
The ripening cherye swelld her lippe,  
And all her necke was snowe.
- Sir Gawaine kiss'd that lady faire, 105  
Lying upon the sheete,  
And swore, as he was a true knight,  
The spice was never soe sweete.
- Sir Gawaine kiss'd that lady brighte,  
Lying there by his side : 110  
" The fairest flower is not so faire :  
Thou never can'st bee my bride."
- I am thy bride, mine owne deare lorde,  
The same whiche thou didst knowe,  
That was soe lothlye, and was wont  
Upon the wild more to goe. 115
- Nowe, gentle Gawaine, chuse, quoth shee,  
And make thy choice with care ;  
Whether by night, or else by daye,  
Shall I be foule or faire ? 120
- " To have thee foule still in the night,  
When I with thee should playe !  
I had rather farre, my lady deare,  
To have thee foule by daye."
- What when gaye ladyes goe with their lordes 125  
To drinke the ale and wine ;  
Alas ! then I must hide myself,  
I must not goe with mine ?
- " My faire ladye, Sir Gawaine sayd,  
I yeld me to thy skille ; 130  
Because thou art mine owne ladye  
Thou shalt have all thy willa."
- Nowe blessed be thou, sweete Gawaine,  
And the daye that I thee see ;  
For as thou seest mee at this time,  
Soe shall I ever bee. 135
- My father was an aged knighte,  
And yet it chanced soe,  
He tooke to a wife a false ladye,  
Whiche broughte me to this woo. 140
- Shee witch'd mee, being a faire yonge maide,  
In the greene forrest to dwelle ;  
And there to abide in lothlye shape,  
Most like a fiend of helle.
- Midst mores and mosses ; woods, and wilds ; 145  
To lead a lonesome life ;  
Till some yong faire and courtlye knighte  
Wolde marrye me to his wife :
- Nor fully to gaine mine owne trewe shape,  
Such was her devillish skille ; 150  
Until he wolde yelde to be rul'd by mee,  
And let mee have all my willa.

She witchd my brother to a carlish boore,  
And made him stiffe and stronge ;  
And built him a bowre on magicke groundes, 155  
To live by rapine and wronge.

But now the spelle is broken throughhe,  
And wronge is turnde to righte ;  
Henceforth I shall bee a faire ladye,  
And hee be a gentle knyghts.

160

## III.

## KING RYENCES CHALLENGE.

This song is more modern than many of those which follow it, but is placed here for the sake of the subject. It was sung before Queen Elizabeth at the grand entertainment at Kenelworth castle in 1575, and was probably composed for that occasion. In a letter describing those festivities it is thus mentioned: A "Minstral came forth with a sollem song, warranted for story out of King Arthur's acts, whereof I gat a copy, and is this:

"So it fell out on a Pentecost, &c."

After the song the narrative proceeds: "At this the Minstrell made a pause and a curtezy for Primus Passus. More of the song is thear, but I gatt it not."

The story in *Morte Arthur*, whence it is taken, runs as follows: "Came a messenger hastily from King Ryence of North Wales, saying, that King Ryence had discomfited and overcome eleven kings, and everiche of them did him homage, and that was this: they gave him their beards cleane flayne off,—wherefore the messenger come for King Arthur's beard, for King Ryence had purfeled a mantell with kings beards, and there lacked for one a place of the mantell, wherefore he sent for his beard, or else he would enter into his lands, and brenn and slay, and never leave till he have thy head and thy beard. Well, said King Arthur, thou hast said thy message, which is the most villainous and lewdest message that ever man heard sent to a king. Also thou mayest see my beard is full young yet for to make a purfell of, but tell thou the king that—or it be long he shall do to me homage on both his knees, or else he shall leese his head." [B. I. c. 24. See also the same Romance, B. I. c. 92.]

The thought seems to be originally taken from Jeff. Monmouth's *Hist. B. X. c. 3.* which is alluded to by Drayton in his *Poly-Olb. Song 4.* and by Spenser in *Faer. Qu. 6. 1. 13. 15.* See the Observations on Spenser, vol. II. p. 223.

The following text is composed of the best readings selected from three different copies. The first in Enderbie's *Cambria Triumphans*, p. 197. The second in the Letter above mentioned. And the third inserted in MS. in a copy of *Morte Arthur*, 1632, in the Bodl. Library.

Stow tells us, that King Arthur kept his round table at "diverse places, but especially at Carlion, Winchester, and Camalet in Somersetshire." This "Camalet," sometimes a famous towne or castle, is situate on a "very high tor or hill, &c." [See an exact description in Stow's *Annals*, Ed. 1631, p. 55.]

As it fell out on a Pentecost day,  
King Arthur at Camelot kept his court royall,  
With his faire queene dame Guenever the gay ;  
And many bold barons sitting in hall ;  
With ladies attired in purple and pall ;  
And heraults in hewkes hooting on high,  
Cryed, *Largesse, Largesse, Chevaliers tres-hardis* \*.

A doughty dwarfe to the uppermost deas  
Right pertlye gan pricke, kneeling on knee ;  
With steven fulle stoute amidst all the preas,  
Sayd, Nowe, sir King Arthur, God save thee, and see ;

Sir Ryence of North-gales greeteth well thee,  
And bids thee thy beard anon to him send,  
Or else from thy jaws he will it off rend.

For his robe of state is a rich scarlet mantle,  
With eleven kings beards bordered † about,  
And there is room left yet in a kante,  
For thine to stande, to make the twelfth out :  
This must be done, be thou never so stout ;  
This must be done, I tell thee no fable,  
Maugre the teeth of all thy round table.

When this mortal message from his mouthe past,  
Great was the noyse bothe in hall and in bower :  
The king fum'd ; the queene screecht ; ladies were  
aghast ;  
Princes puff'd ; barons blustred ; lords began  
lower ;  
Knights stormed ; squires startled, like steeds in  
a stower ;  
Pages and yeomen yell'd out in the hall,  
Then in came Sir Kay, the 'king's' seneschal.

Silence, my soveraignes, quoth this courteous knight,  
And in that stound the stowre began still :  
'Then' the dwarfe's dinner full deerely was dight ;  
Of wine and wassal he had his wille :  
And, when he had eaten and drunken his fill,  
An hundred pieces of fine coyned gold  
Were given this dwarf for his message bold.

\* *Largesse, Largesse.* The heralds resounded these words as oft as they received of the bounty of the knights. See "*Memoires de la Chevalerie*," tom. I. p. 90. The expression is still used in the form of installing knights of the garter.  
† i. e. set round the border, as furs are now round the gowns of Magistrates.

But say to Sir Ryance, thou dwarf, quoth the king,  
That for his bold message I do him defye;  
And shortlye with basins and pans will him ring  
Out of North-gales; where he and I  
With swords, and not razors, quickly shal trye,

Whether he, or King Arthur will prove the best barbor;  
And therewith he shook his good sword Escalabor.

\* \* Strada, in his *Prolusions*, has ridiculed the story  
of the Giant's Mantle, made of the beards of kings.

## IV.

## KING ARTHUR'S DEATH.

## A FRAGMENT.

The subject of this ballad is evidently taken from the old romance "Morte Arthur," but with some variations, esppecially in the concluding stanzas; in which the author seems rather to follow the traditions of the old Welsh Bards, who "believed that King Arthur was not dead, but conveyed awaie by the Fairies into some pleasant place, where he should remaine for a time, and then returne againe and reign in as great authority as ever." *Holinsbed*, B. 5, c. 14; or, as it is expressed in an old Chronicle printed at Antwerp 1493, by Ger. de Leew, "The Bretons supposen, that he [King Arthur] shall come yet and conquere all Bretaine, for certes this is the prophycie of Merlyn; He sayd, that his deth shall be doubtous; and sayd soth, for men thereof yet have doubte, and shullen for ever more,—for men wyt not whether that he lyveth or is dede." See more ancient testimonies in *Selden's Notes on Polyolbion*, song 3.

This fragment, being very incorrect and imperfect in the original MS. hath received some conjectural emendations, and even a supplement of 3 or 4 stanzas composed from the romance of "Morte Arthur."

On Trinitye Mondaye in the morne,  
This sore battayle was doom'd to bee  
Where manye a knyghte cry'd, Well-awaye!  
Alacke, it was the more pittie.

Ere the first crowinge of the cocke, 5  
When as the kinge in his bed laye,  
He thoughte Sir Gawaine to him came\*,  
And there to him these wordes did saye.

Nowe, as you are mine unkle deare, 10  
And as you prize your life, this daye  
O meet not with your foe in fighte;  
Putt off the battayle, if yee maye.

For Sir Launcelot is nowe in Fraunce, 15  
And with him many an hardye knyghte:  
Who will within this moneth be backe,  
And will assiste yee in the fighte.

The kinge then call'd his nobles all, 20  
Before the breakinge of the daye;  
And tolde them howe Sir Gawaine came,  
And there to him these wordes did saye.

His nobles all this counsaile gave,  
That earlye in the morning, hee  
Shold send awaye an herauld at armes,  
To aske a parley faire and free.

Then twelve good knyghtes King Arthure chose,  
The best of all that with him were: 26  
To parley with the foe in field,  
And make with him agreement faire.

The king he charged all his hoste,  
In readinesse there for to bee: 30  
But noe man sholde noe weapon sturre,  
Unlesse a sword drawne they shold see.

And Mordred on the other parte,  
Twelve of his knyghts did likewise bringe;  
The beste of all his companye, 35  
To hold the parley with the kinge.

Sir Mordred alsoe charged his hoste,  
In readinesse there for to bee;  
But noe man sholde noe weapon sturre,  
But if a sworde drawne they shold see. 40

For he durste not his unkle truste,  
Nor he his nephewe, sothe to tell:  
Alacke! it was a woefulle case,  
As ere in Christentye befelle.

But when they were together mette, 45  
And both to faire accordance broughte;  
And a month's league betweene them sette,  
Before the battayle sholde be foughte;

An addere crept forth of a bushe,  
Stunge one o' th' king's knyghtes on the knee:  
Alacke! it was a woefulle chance, 51  
As ever was in Christentie.

When the knyghts found him wounded sore,  
And sawe the wild-worme hanginge there;  
His sworde he from his scabberde drewe: 55  
A piteous case, as ye shall heare.

For when the two hostes sawe the sworde,  
They joynd battayle instantlye;  
Till of so manye noble knyghtes, 60  
On one side there were left but three.

\* Sir Gawaine had been killed at Arthur's landing on his return from abroad. See the next Ballad, ver. 73.

For all were slain that durst abide,  
And but some few that fled awaye :  
Ay mee ! it was a bloodye felde,  
As ere was foughte on summer's daye.

Upon King Arthur's own partye,  
Onlye himselfe escaped there,  
And Lukyn Duke of Gloster free,  
And the king's butler Bedevere.

And when the king beheld his knyghtes,  
All dead and scattered on the molde ;  
The teares fast trickled downe his face ;  
That manlye face in fight so bolde.

Nowe reste yee all, brave knyghts, he said,  
Soe true and faithful to your trust :  
And must yee then, ye valiant hearts,  
Be lefte to moulder into dust !

Most loyal have yee been to mee,  
Most true and faithful unto deathe :  
And, oh ! to rayse yee up againe,  
How freelye could I yield my breathe !

But see the traitor's yet alive,  
Lo where hee stalkes among the deade !  
Nowe bitterlye he shall abyse :  
And vengeance fall upon his head.

O staye, my liege, then sayd the duke ;  
O staye for love and charitie ;  
Remember what the vision spake,  
Nor meete your foe, if it may bee.

O, staye mee not, thou worthy wight,  
This debt my loyal knyghts I owe :  
Betide me life, betide me death,  
I will avenge them of their foe.

Then strait he grasp'd his trusty speare,  
And on his horse then mounted hee :  
As his butler holpe him to his horse,  
His bowels gushed to his knee.

Alas ! then sayd the noble king,  
That I should live this sight to see !  
To see this good knight here be slaine,  
All for his love in helping mee !

He put his speare into his reste,  
And to Sir Mordred loud gan crye ;  
Nowe sette thyself upon thy garde,  
For, traitor, nowe thy death is nye.

Sir Mordred lifted up his swordes,  
And fierce to meet the king ran hee :  
The king his speare he through him thrust ;  
And fathom thorow his bodie.

When Mordred felt the stroke of death,  
And found that he was wounded soe ;  
He thruste himselfe upon the speare,  
And strucke the king a deadlye blowe.

Then grimlye dyed Sir Mordred,  
Presentlye upon that tree :  
And bloody streames ranne from the kinge  
Ere to the duke returned hee.

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake,  
Sir knyghte, thou hast bene faithfulle tryde,  
Nowe take my sword Excalibar\*,  
That hangs so freelye by my syde :

O take my sword Excalibar,  
And there into the river throwe :  
For here, henceforth, benethe this tree,  
All use of weapons I foregoe.

And fare thee well, thou trusty sword,  
A better neer had valiant knyghte,  
With thee full ofte, and manye a daye,  
Have I withstood my foe in fights.

With this good fauchion in my hande,  
Ofte have I reapt the bloodye felde :  
But nowe the fatalle houre is come,  
That never more I may thee weelde.

The duke to the river side he went,  
And there his owne sword in threwe he :  
But he kept backe Excalibar,  
He kept it back in privitie.

For all of coleyne was the blade ;  
And all the hilts of precious stone :  
And ever alacke ! then sayd the knyghte,  
Must such a sword awaye be throwne ?

Then backe he came unto the kinge,  
Who sayd, Sir Lukyn, what did yee see ?  
Nothing, my liege, save that the winde  
Blew oer the waters faire and free.

O goe againe, then said the kinge,  
O good Sir Lukyn, goe againe :  
Into the river throwe my sword,  
Nor keepe me lingering here in paine.

The duke then to the river went,  
And the king's scabbard in threwe hee ;  
But hee kept backe Excalibar,  
And hid it underne the tree.

Then backe he came to tell the kinge,  
Who sayde, Sir Lukyn, sawe ye oughte ?  
Nothinge, my liege, save that the winde  
Nowe with the angrye waters fought.

O Lukyn, Lukyn, said the kinge,  
Twice haste thou dealt deceytfullye :  
Alacke, whom may wee ever truste,  
When suche a knyghte soe false can bee ?

Saye, wouldst thou have thy master dead ;  
All for a sword, that wins thine eye :  
Nowe goe againe, and throwe it in,  
Or here the one of us shall dye.

The duke, all shent with this rebuke,  
No sunswere made unto the kinge :  
But to the river tooke the swordes,  
And threwe it far as he coule flinge.

A hande and arme did meete the swordes,  
And flourisht three times in the air ;  
Then sunke benethe the renninge streame,  
And of the duke was seen noe mair.

\* More commonly called *Caliburn*. In the folio M.S. *Excalibrd*.

All sore astonied stood the duke;  
He stood as still, as still mote bee :  
Then hastend backe to tell the kinge ;  
But he was gone from under the tree. 175

But to what place he cold not tell,  
For never after hee did him spye :

But hee sawe a barge goe from the land,  
And hee heard ladyes howle and crye\*. 180

And whether the kinge were there, or not,  
Hee never knewe, nor ever colde :  
For from that sad and direfulle daye,  
Hee never more was seene on molde.

## V.

## THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR.

We have here a short summary of King Arthur's History as given by Jeff. of Monmouth and the old Chronicles, with the addition of a few circumstances from the romance *Morte Arthur*.—The ancient chronicle of Ger. de Leew (quoted above in p. 203) seems to have been chiefly followed: upon the authority of which we have restored some of the names which were corrupted in the MS. and have transposed one stanza, which appeared to be misplaced, [viz. that beginning at v. 49, which in the MS. followed v. 36.]

Printed from the Editor's ancient folio Manuscript.

Or Brutus' blood, in Brittain borne,  
King Arthur I am to name;  
Through Christendome, and Heathynesse,  
Well knowne is my worthy fame.

In Jesus Christ I doe beleeve ; 5  
I am a Christyan bore :  
The Father, Sone, and Holy Gost  
One God, I doe adore.

In the four hundred ninetieth yeere, 10  
Over Brittain I did rayne,  
After my savior Christ his byrth :  
What time I did maintaine.

The fellowshipp of the table round,  
Soe famous in those dayes ;  
Whereatt a hundred noble knights, 15  
And thirty sat alwayes :

Who for their deeds and martiall feates,  
As bookes done yett record,  
Amongst all other nations 20  
Wer feared through the world.

And in the castle off Tyntagill  
King Uther mee bogate  
Of Agyana a bewtyous ladye,  
And come of 'hie' estate.

And when I was fifteen yeere old, 25  
Then was I crowned kinge:  
All Brittain that was att an upròre  
I did to quiett bringe.

And drove the Saxons from the realme,  
Who had opprest this land ;  
All Scotland then through manly feats  
I conquered with my hand. 30

Ireland, Denmarke, Norway,  
These countryes wan I all ;  
Iseland, Gotheland, and Swethland ; 35  
And made their kings my thrall.

I conquered all Gallya,  
That now is called France ;  
And slew the hardye Froll in feild  
My honor to advance. 40

And the ugly gyant Dynabus  
Soe terrible to vewe,  
That in Saint Bernards mount did lye,  
By force of armes I slew : 45

And Lucys the emperour of Rome  
I brought to deadly wracke ;  
And a thousand more of noble knightes  
For feare did turne their backe : 50

Five kinges of "paynims" I did kill  
Amidst that bloody strife ;  
Besides the Grecian emperour  
Who alsoe lost his life. 55

Whose carcassee I did send to Rome  
Cladd poorlye on a beere ;  
And afterward I past Mount-Joye  
The next approaching yeere. 60

Then I came to Rome, where I was mett  
Right as a conquerour,  
And by all the cardinalls solempnelye  
I was crowned an emperour. 65

Ver. 30, Froland field, MS. Froll, according to the Chronicles, was a Roman knight, governor of Gaul. V. 4, Danibus, MS. V. 49, of Parye, MS.

\* Not unlike that passage in Virgil:  
*Sumerisque uisularum vertice nymphæ.*  
LADIES was the word our old English writers used for NYMPHS: As in the following lines of an old song in the Editor's folio MS.

"When scorching Phœbus he did mount,  
Then Lady Venus went to hunt:  
To whom Diana did resort,  
With all the Ladyes of hills, and valleys,  
Of springs, and floodes, &c."

Ver. 178, see MS.

Ver. 1, Brute, MS. V. 9, He began his reign, A.D. 515, according to the Chronicles. V. 23, She is named *Igerne* in the old Chronicles. V. 24, his, MS.



One winter there I made abode :  
Then word to mee was brought  
Howe Mordred had oppressd the crowne :  
What treason he had wrought

Att home in Brittain with my queene ; 65  
Therefore I came with speede  
To Brittain backe, with all my power,  
To quitt that traiterous deede :

And soone at Sandwiche I arrivde,  
Where Mordred me withstoode : 70  
But yett at last I landed there,  
With effusion of much blood.

For there my nephew Sir Gawaine dyed,  
Being wounded in that sore.  
The whiche Sir Lancelot in fight 75  
Had given him before.

Thence chased I Mordred away,  
Who fledd to London right,  
From London to Winchester, and  
To Cornewalle tooke his flyght. 80

And still I him pursued with speed  
Till at the last wee mett :  
Wherby an appointed day of fight  
Was there agreed and sett.

Where we did fight, of mortal life 85  
Eche other to deprive,  
Till of a hundred thousand men  
Scarce one was left alive.

There all the noble chivalrye  
Of Brittain tooke their end. 90  
O see how fickle is their state  
That doe on feates depend !

There all the traiterous men were slaine,  
Not one escape away ;  
And there dyed all my vallyant knightes 95  
Alas ! that woofull day !

Two and twenty yeere I ware the crowne  
In honor and great fame ;  
And thus by death was suddenlye 100  
Deprived of the same.

## VI.

## A DYTIE TO HEY DOWNE.

Copied from an old MS. in the Cotton Library,  
[Vesp. A. 25.] intitled, " Divers things of Hen. viij's  
time."

Who sekes to tame the blustering winde,  
Or cause the floods bend to his wyll,  
Or els against dame nature's kinde  
To ' change' things frame by cunning skyll : 5  
That man I thinke bestoweth paine,  
Though he that his laboure be in vaine.

Who strives to breake the sturdye steele,  
Or goeth about to stave the sunne ;  
Who thinks to cause an oke to reele,  
Which never can by force be done : 10  
That man likewise bestoweth paine,  
Though he that his laboure be in vaine.

Who thinks to stryve against the streame,  
And for to sayle without a maste ;  
Unlesse he thinks perhaps to faine, 15  
His travell ys forelorne and waste ;  
And so in cure of all his paine,  
His travell ys his cheffest gaine.

So he lykewise, that goes about  
To please eche eye and every care, 20  
Had nede to have withouten doubt  
A golden gyft with hym to beare ;  
For evyll report shall be his gaine,  
Though he bestowe both toyle and paine.

God grant eche man one to amend ; 25  
God send us all a happy place ;  
And let us pray unto the end,  
That we may have our priuces grace :  
Amen, amen ! so shall we gaine 30  
A dewe reward for all our paine.

## VII.

## GLASGERION.

An ingenious Friend thinks that the following old  
Ditty (which is printed from the Editor's folio MS.)  
may possibly have given birth to the Tragedy of the  
"Orphan," in which Polidore intercepts Monimia's  
intended favours to Castalio.

See what is said concerning the hero of this song,  
(who is celebrated by Chaucer under the name of  
Glaskyrion) in the Essay prefixed to Series the First,  
Note H.

Ver. 4, cause, MS.

GLASGERION was a kings owne sonne,  
And a harper he was goode :  
He harped in the kinges chambere,  
Where cuppe and caudle stode.

And soe did hee in the queens chamber, 5  
Till ladies waxed ' glad.'  
And then bespake the kinges daughter ;  
And these wordes thus shee sayd.

Ver. 92, perhaps fates. V. 6, wood. MS.

Strike on, strike on, Glasgèrion,  
Of thy striking doe not blinne : 10  
Theres never a stroke comes oer thy harpe,  
But it glads my hart withinne.

Faire might he fall, ladye, quoth hee,  
Who taught you nowe to speake !  
I have loved you, ladye, seven longe yeere 15  
My minde I neere durst breake.

But come to my bower, my Glasgeriòn,  
When all men are att rest :  
As I am a ladie true of my promise,  
Thou shalt bee a welcome guest. 20

Home then came Glasgèrion,  
A glad man, lord ! was hee.  
And, come thou hither, Jacke my boy ;  
Come hither unto mee.

For the kinges daughter of Normandye 25  
Hath granted mee my boone :  
And att her chambere must I bee  
Before the cocke have crowen.

O master, master, then quoth hee,  
Lay your head downe on this stone : 30  
For I will waken you, master deere,  
Afore it be time to gone.

But up then rose that lither ladd,  
And hose and shoone did on :  
A coller he cast upon his necke, 35  
Hee seemed a gentleman.

And when he came to the ladies chamber,  
He thrid upon a pinn\*.  
The lady was true of her promise,  
Rose up and lett him in. 40

He did not take the lady gaye  
To boulster nor to bed :  
'Nor thoughte hee had his wicked wille,  
A single word he sed.'

He did not kisse that ladyes mouthe, 45  
Nor when he came, nor yound :  
And sore mistrusted that ladye gay,  
He was of some churlis blood.

But home then came that lither ladd, 50  
And did off his hose and shoone ;  
And cast the coller from off his necke :  
He was but a churlis sonne.

Awake, awake, my deere muster,  
The cock hath well-nigh crowen. 55  
Awake, awake, my master deere,  
I hold it time to be gone.

For I have saddled your horsse, mastèr,  
Well bridled I have your steede :  
And I have served you a good breakfast :  
For thereof ye have need. 60

Up then rose, good Glasgeriòn,  
And did on hose and shoone ;  
And cast a coller about his necke :  
For he was a kinge his sonne.

And when he came to the ladyes chamber, 65  
He thrid upon the pinne :  
The ladye was more than true of promise,  
And rose and let him inn.

Saies, whether have you left with me  
Your bracelett or your glove ? 70  
Or are you returned backe againe  
To know more of my love ?

Glasgèrion swore a full great othe,  
By oake, and ashe, and thorne ;  
Lady, I was never in your chambèr,  
Sith the time that I was borne, 75

O then it was your lither foot-page,  
He hath beguiled mee.  
Then shee pulled forth a little pen-kniffe,  
That hanged by her knee : 80

Saies, there shall never noe churlis blood  
Within my bodye spring :  
No churlis blood shall ever defile  
The daughter of a kinge.

Home then went Galsgèrion, 85  
And woe, good lord, was hee.  
Saies, come thou hither, Jacke my boy,  
Come hither unto mee.

If I had killed a man to night,  
Jacke, I would tell it to thee : 90  
But if I have not killed a man to night,  
Jacke, thou hast killed three.

And he puld out his bright browne sword,  
A dried it on his sleeve,  
And he smote off that lither ladds head, 95  
Who did his ladye grieve.

He sett the swords poynt till his brest,  
The pummil untill a stone :  
Throw the falsenesse of that lither ladd,  
These three lives werne all gone. 100

Ver. 16, harte, MS.  
\* This is elsewhere expressed 'twirled the pin' or 'tired at the pin' [See B. II. S. VI. v. 3.] and seems to refer to the turning round the button on the outside of a door, by which the latch rises, still used in cottages.

## VIII.

## OLD ROBIN OF PORTINGALE.

From an ancient copy in the Editor's folio MS. which was judged to require considerable corrections.

In the former Edition the hero of this piece had been called Sir Robin, but that title not being in the MS. is now omitted.

Let never again see old a man  
Marrye soe yonge a wife,  
As did old Robin of Portingale ;  
Who may rue all the dayes of his life.

For the mayors daughter of Lin, god wott, 5  
He chose her to his wife,  
And thought with her to have lived in love,  
But they fell to hate and strife:

They scarce were in their wed-bed laid, 10  
And scarce was hee asleepe,  
But upp shee rose, and forth she goes,  
To the steward, and gan to weepe.

Sleepe you, wake you, faire Sir Gyles ?  
Or be you not within ?  
Sleepe you, wake you, faire Sir Gyles, 15  
Arise and let me inn.

O, I am waking, sweete, he said,  
Sweete ladye, what is your will ?  
I have unbethought me of a wile  
How my wed-lord weall spill. 20

Twenty-four good knights, shee sayes,  
That dwell about this towne,  
Even twenty-four of my next cozens.  
Will helpe to dinge him downe.

All that beheard his litle footpage, 25  
As he watered his masters steed ;  
And for his masters sad perille  
His verry heart did bleed.

He mourned still, and wept full sore ;  
I sweare by the holy roode 30  
The teares he for his master wept  
Were blent water and bloude.

And that beheard his deare mastèr  
As he stood at his garden pale :  
Sayes, Ever slacke, my litle foot-page, 35  
What causes thee to wail ?

Hath any one done to thee wronge  
Any of thy fellows here ?  
Or is any of thy good friends dead,  
That thou shedst manye a teare ? 40

Or, if it be my head bookes-man,  
Aggrieved he shal bee :  
For no man here within my howse,  
Shall doe wrong unto thee.

O, it is not your head bookes-man, 45  
Nor none of his degree :  
But, on to-morrow ere it be noone  
All deemed to die are yee.

And of that bethank your head stewàrd,  
And thank your gay ladie. 50  
If this be true, my litle foot-page,  
The heyre of my land thoust bee.

If it be not true, my dear master,  
No good death let me die.  
If it be not true, thou litle foot-page, 55  
A dead corse shalt thou lie.

O call now downe my faire ladye,  
O call her downe to mee :  
And tell my ladye gay how sicke,  
And like to die I bee. 60

Downe then came his ladye faire,  
All clad in purple and pall :  
The rings that were on her fingers,  
Cast light thorow the hall.

What is your will, my owne wed-lord ? 65  
What is your will with mee ?  
O see, my ladye deere, how sicke,  
And like to die I bee.

And thou be sicke, my owne wed-lord,  
Soe sore it grieveth me :  
But my five maydens and my selfe  
Will ' watch thy' bedde for thee. 70

And at the waking of your first sleepe,  
We will a hott drinke make :  
And at the waking of your ' next ' sleepe, 75  
Your sorrowes we will slake.

He put a silk cote on his backe,  
And mail of manye a fold :  
And hee putt a steele cap on his head,  
Was gilt with good red gold. 80

He layd a bright browne sword by his side,  
And another att his feete :  
" And twentye good knights be placed at hand,  
To watch him in his sleepe."

And about the middle time of the night, 85  
Came twentye-four traitours inn :  
Sir Giles he was the foremost man,  
The leader of that ginn.

Ver. 19, unbethought, [properly onbethought] this word is still used in the Midland counties in the same sense as bethought. V. 22, blend, MS.

Ver. 47, or to-morrow, MS. V. 56, bee, MS. V. 72, make the, MS. V. 73, first, MS.

# CHILD WATERS.

Old Robin with his bright browne sword,  
Sir Gyles head soon did winn : 90  
And scant of all those twenty-four,  
Went out one quick agenn.

None save only a litle foot-page,  
Crept forth at a window of stone :  
And he had two armes when he came in, 95  
And he went back with one.

Upp then came that ladie gaye  
With torches burning bright :  
She thought to have brought Sir Gyles a drinke,  
Butt she found her owne wedd knight. 100

The first thinge that she stumblod on  
It was Sir Gyles his foote :  
Sayes, Ever alacke, and woe is mee !  
Here lyes my sweete hart-roots.

The next thinge that she stumblod on 105  
It was Sir Gyles his heade :  
Sayes, Ever, alacke, and woe is me !  
Heere lyes my true love deade.

Hee cutt the pappes beside her brest,  
And did her body spille ; 110  
He cutt the eares beside her heade,  
And bade her love her fille.

He called then up his litle foot-page,  
And made him there his heyre ;  
And sayd, henceforth my worldlye goodes 115  
And countrie I forswear.

He shope the crosse on his right shoulder,  
Of the white ' clothe ' and the redde \*,  
And went into the holy land,  
Whereas Christ was quicke and dead. 120

\* \* In the foregoing piece, *Giles*, steward to a rich old merchant trading to Portugal, is qualified with the title of Sir, not as being a knight, but rather, I conceive, as having received an inferior order of priesthood.

## IX.

# CHILD WATERS.

Child is frequently used by our old writers, as a Title. It is repeatedly given to Prince Arthur in the "Faerie Queen : " and the son of a king is in the same poem called "Child Tristram." [B. 5. c. 11. st. 8. 13.—B. 6. c. 2. st. 36.—Ibid. c. 8. st. 15.] In an old ballad quoted in "Shakspeare's King Lear," the hero of Ariosto is called *Child Roland*. Mr. Theobald supposes this use of the word was received along with their romances from the Spaniards, with whom *Infante* signifies a "Prince." A more eminent critic tells us, that "in the old times of chivalry, the noble youth, who were candidates for knighthood, during the time of their probation were called *Infans*, *Varlets*, *Damoysels*, *Bacheliers*. The most noble of the youth were particularly called *Infans*." [Vid. Warb. Shakesp.] A late commentator on Spenser observes, that the Saxon word *cnicht* knight, signifies also a "Child." [See Upton's Gloss. to the F. Q.] The Editor's folio MS. whence the following piece is taken (with some corrections), affords several other ballads, wherein the word Child occurs as a title : but in none of these it signifies "Prince." See the song intitled Gill Morrice, in this volume.

It ought to be observed, that the word Child or Chield is still used in North Britain to denominate a Man, commonly with some contemptuous character affixed to him, but sometimes to denote Man in general.

CHILDE Waters in his stable stood  
And stroakt his milke white steede :  
To him a fayre yonge ladye came  
As ever ware womans weede.

Sayes, Christ you save, good Childe Waters ; 5  
Sayes, Christ you save, and see :  
My girdle of gold that was too longe,  
Is now too short for mee.

And all is with one chyld of yours,  
I feele sturre att my side : 10  
My gowne of greene it is too straighe :  
Before, it was too wide.

If the child be mine, faire Ellen, he sayd,  
Be mine as you tell mee ;  
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both, 15  
Take them your owne to bee.

If the childe be mine, faire Ellen, he sayd,  
Be mine, as you doe sweare :  
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both, 20  
And make that childe your heyre.

Shes saies, I had rather have one kisse,  
Child Waters, of thy mouth ;  
Than I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire both,  
That lye by north and south.

And I had rather have one twinkling, 25  
Childe Waters, of thine ee :  
Then I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire both,  
To take them mine owne to bee.

To morrow, Ellen, I must forth ryde  
Farr into the north countrie ; 30  
The fairest lady that I can find,  
Ellen, must goe with mee.

' Though I am not that lady fayre,  
Yet let me go with thee' :  
And ever I pray you, Child Waters, 35  
Your foot-page let me bee.

Ver. 118, fleshe, MS. V. 12, be inne, MS.  
\* Every person, who went on a Croisade to the Holy Land, usually wore a cross on his upper garment, on the right shoulder, as a badge of his profession. Different nations were distinguished by crosses of different colours : The English wore white ; the French red ; &c. This circumstance seems to be confounded in the ballad. [V. Spelman, Gloss.]

If you will my foot-page be, Ellèn,  
As you doe tell to mee;  
Then you must cut your gowne of greene,  
An inch above your knee : 40

Soe must you doe your yellowe lookes,  
An inch above your ee:  
You must tell no man what is my name;  
My foot-page then you shall bee.

Shee, all the long day Child Waters rode, 45  
Ran barefoote by his side;  
Yett was he never soe courteous a knyghte,  
To say, Ellen, will you ryde?

Shee, all the long day Child Waters rode, 50  
Ran barefoote thorow the broome;  
Yett hee was never soe curteous, a knyghte,  
To say, put on your shoone.

Ride softlye, shee sayd, O Childe Waters,  
Why doe you ryde soe fast?  
The childe, which is no mans but thine, 55  
My bodye itt will brast.

Hee sayth, seest thou yonder water, Ellen,  
That flows from banke to brimme.—  
I trust to God, O Child Waters,  
You never will see\* mee swimme. 60

But when shee came to the waters side,  
Shee sayled to the chinne:  
Except the Lord of heaven be my speed,  
Now must I learne to swimme. 65

The salt waters bare up her clothes;  
Our Ladye bare upp her chinne:  
Childe Waters was a woe man, good Lord,  
To see faire Ellen swimme.

And when shee over the water was,  
Shee then came to his knee: 70  
He said, Come hither, thou faire Ellèn,  
Loe yonder what I see.

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellèn?  
Of redd gold shines the yate:  
Of twenty foure faire ladyes there, 75  
The fairest is my mate.

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellèn?  
Of redd gold shines the towre:  
There are twenty four faire ladyes there,  
The fairest is my paramoure. 80

I see the hall now, Child Waters,  
Of redd gold shines the yate:  
God give you good now of yourselfe,  
And of your worthe mate.

I see the hall now, Child Waters, 85  
Of redd golde shines the towre:  
God give you good now of yourselfe,  
And of your paramoure.

There twenty four fayre ladyes were  
A playing att the hall: 90  
And Ellen the fairest ladye there,  
Must bring his steed to the stall.

There twenty four fayre ladyes were  
A playinge at the chesse;  
And Ellen the fayrest ladye there, 95  
Must bring his horse to gresse.

And then bespake Childe Waters sister,  
These were the wordes said shee:  
You have the prettyest foot-page, brother,  
That ever I saw with mine ee. 100

But that his bellye it is soe bigg,  
His girdle goes wondrous hie:  
And let him, I pray you, Childe Waters,  
Goe into the chamber with mee.

It is not fit for a litle foot-page, 105  
That has run throughes mosse and myre,  
To go into the chamber with any ladye,  
That weares soe riche attyre.

It is more meete for a litle foot-page,  
That has run throughes mosse and myre, 110  
To take his supper upon his knee,  
And sitt dewne by the kitchen fyre.

But when they had sapped every one,  
To bedd they tooke theyr waye:  
He sayd, come hither, my litle foot-page, 115  
And hearken what I saye.

Goe thee downe into yonder towne,  
And low into the street;  
The fayrest ladye that thou can finde,  
Hyer her in mine armes to sleepe, 120  
And take her up in thine armes twaine,  
For flinge\* of her feete.

Ellen is gone into the towne,  
And low into the streets:  
The fairest ladye that shee cold find, 125  
Shee hyred in his armes to sleepe;  
And tooke her up in her armes twayne,  
For flinge of her feete.

I pray you now, good Childe Waters,  
Let mee lye at your bedds feete:  
For there is noe place about this house, 130  
Where I may saye† a sleepe.

'He gave her leave, and faire Ellèn  
'Down at his beds feet lay':  
This done the nighte drove on apace, 135  
And when it was neare the daye,

Hee sayd, Rise up, my litle foot-page,  
Give my steede corne and haye;  
And soe doe thou the good blacke oats,  
To carry mee better awaye. 140

Up then rose the faire Ellèn,  
And gave his steede corne and hay;  
And soe shee did the good blacke oats,  
To carry him the better away.

Shee leaned her backe to the manger side, 145  
And grievouslye did groane:  
She leaned her back to the manger side,  
And there shee made her moane.

Ver. 84, woldye, MS.  
\* I. e. permit, suffer, &c.

\* I. e. dealing. See Warton's *Observ.* vol. II. p. 106.  
† I. e. essay, attempt.

And that beheard his mother deere,  
Shee heard her there monand\*. 150  
Shee sayd, Rise up, thou Childe Waters,  
I thinke thee a cursed man.

For in thy stable is a ghost,  
That grievously doth grone: 155  
Or else some woman labours of childe  
Shee is soe woo-begone,

Up then rose Childe Waters soon,  
And did on his shirte of silke;  
And then he put on his other clothes,  
On his body as white as milke. 160

And when he came to the stable dore,  
Full still there he did stand,  
That hee mighte heare his fayre Ellèn,  
Howe shee made her monand.

She sayd, Lullabye, mine owne deere child, 165  
Lullabye, dere child, dere;  
I wold thy father were a king,  
Thy mother layd on a biere.

Peace now, hee said, good faire Ellèn;  
Be of good cheare, I praye; 170  
And the bridal and the churching both  
Shall bee upon one day.

X.

PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.

This Sonnet is given from a small quarto MS. in the Editor's possession, written in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Another Copy of it, containing some variations, is reprinted in the Muses Library, p. 295, from an ancient miscellany, intitled England's Helicon, 1600, 4to. The author was Nicholas Breton, a writer of some fame in the reign of Elizabeth; who also published an interlude intitled "An old man's lesson and a young man's love," 4to. and many other little pieces in prose and verse, the titles of which may be seen in Winstanley, Ames' Typog. and Osborne's Harl. Catalog. &c.—He is mentioned with great respect by Meres, in his second part of "Wit's Commonwealth," 1598, f. 283, and is alluded to in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Scornful Lady," Act 2. and again in "Wit without Money," Act 3.—See Whalley's Ben Jonson, vol. III. p. 103.

The present Edition is improved by a copy in "England's Helicon," vol. III, edit. 1614, 8vo.

In the merrie moneth of Maye,  
In a morne by break of daye,  
With a troope of damselles playing  
Forthe 'I yode' forsooth a maying :

When anon by a wood side, 5  
Where as Maye was in his pride,  
I espied all alone  
Phillida and Corydon.

Much adoe there was, god wot;  
He wold love, and she wold not. 10  
She sayde, never man was trewe;  
He sayes, none was false to you.

He sayde, hee had lovde her longe:  
She sayes, love should have no wronge. 15  
Corydon wold kisse her then:  
She sayes, maydes must kisse no men,

Tyll they doe for good and all.  
When she made the shepperde call  
All the heavens to wytnes truthe,  
Never loved a truer youthe. 20

Then with manie a prettie othe,  
Yea and nay, and faith and trothe;  
Suche as seelie shepperdes use  
When they will not love abuse;

Love, that had bene long deluded, 25  
Was with kisses sweete concluded;  
And Phillida with garlands gaye  
Was made the lady of the Maye.

††† The foregoing little pastoral of "Phillida and Corydon" is one of the songs in "The Honourable Entertainment given to the Queenes Majestie in Progresse at Elvetham in Hampshire, by the R. H. the Earle of Hertford, 1591," 4to. [Printed by Wolfe. No name of author.] See in that pamphlet,

"The thirde daies Entertainment.

"On Wednesday morning about 9 o'clock, as her Majestie opened a casement of her gallerie window, ther were 3 excellent musitians, who being disguised in auncient country attire, did greets her with a pleasant song of 'Corydon and Phillida,' made in 3 parts of purpose. The song, as wall for the worth of the dittie, as the aptnesse of the note thereto applied, it pleased her Highnesse after it had been once sung to command it againe, and highly to grace it with her cheerefull acceptance and commendation.

"THE PLOWMAN'S SONG.

"In the merrie month of May, &c."

The splendour and magnificence of Elizabeth's reign is no where more strongly painted than in these little diaries of some of her summer excursions to the houses of her nobility; nor could a more acceptable present be given to the world, than a republication of a select number of such details as this of the entertainment at Elvetham, that at Killingworth, &c., &c., which so strongly mark the spirit of the times, and present us with scenes so very remote from modern manners.

\* Since the above was written, the Public hath been gratified with a most complete work on the foregoing subject, intitled, "The Progresses and Public Processions of Queen Elizabeth, &c. By John Nichols, F. A. S. Edinb. and Perth, 1788," 2 vols, 4to.

Ver. 4, the wode, MS.  
\* Sic in MS. I. e. moaning, bemoaning, &c.

## XI.

## LITTLE MUSGRAVE AND LADY BARNARD.

This ballad is ancient, and has been popular; we find it quoted in many old plays. See Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, 4to, 1613, Act 5. The *Varietie*, a comedy, 12mo. 1649, Act 4, &c. In Sir William Davenant's play, "The Witts," Act 3, a gallant thus boasts of himself:

"Limber and sound! besides I sing Musgrave,  
And for Chevy-chace no lark comes near me."

In the Pepys Collection, vol. III. p. 314, is an imitation of this old song, in 33 stanzas, by a more modern pen, with many alterations, but evidently for the worse.

This is given from an old printed copy in the British Museum, with corrections; some of which are from a fragment in the Editor's folio MS. It is also printed in Dryden's Collection of Miscellaneous Poems.

As it fell out on a highe holye daye,  
As many bee in the yeare,  
When yong men and maides together do goe,  
Their masses and mattins to heare,

Little Musgrave came to the church door, 5  
The priest was at the mass;  
But he had more mind of the fine women,  
Then he had of our Ladyes grace.

And some of them were clad in greene, 10  
And others were clad in pall;  
And then came in my Lord Barnardes wife,  
The fairest among them all.

Shes cast an eye on little Musgrave  
As bright as the summer sunne:  
O then bethought him little Musgrave, 15  
This ladyes heart I have wonne.

Quoth she, I have loved thee, little Musgrave,  
Fulle long and manye a daye.  
So have I loved you, ladye faire, 20  
Yet word I never durst saye.

I have a bower at Bucklesford-Bury\*,  
Full daintilye bedight,  
If thoult wend thither, my little Musgrave,  
Thoust lig in mine armes all night.

Quoth hee, I thanke yee, ladye faire, 25  
This kindness yee shew to mee;  
And whether it be to my weale or woe,  
This night will I lig with thee.

All this beheard a litle foot-page, 30  
By his ladyes coach as he ranne:  
Quoth he, thoughte I am my ladyes page,  
Yet lme my Lord Barnardes manne.

My Lord Barnard shall knowe of this,  
Although I lose a limbe.  
And ever whereas the bridges were broke, 35  
He layd him downe to swimme.

Asleep or awake, thou Lord Barnard,  
As thou art a man of life,  
Lo! this same night at Bucklesford-Bury  
Litle Musgrave's in bed with thy wife. 40

If it be trew, thou litle foote-page,  
This tale thou hast told to mee,  
Then all my lands in Bucklesford-Bury  
I freelye will give to thee.

But and it be a lye, thou litle foot-page, 45  
This tale thou hast told to mee,  
On the highest tree in Bucklesford-Bury  
All hanged shalt thou bee.

Rise up, rise up, my merry men all,  
And saddle me my good steede;  
This night must I to Bucklesford-Bury;  
God wott, I had never more neede. 50

Then some they whistled, and some they sang,  
And some did loudlye saye,  
Whenever Lord Barnardes horne it blew,  
Awaye, Musgrave, awaye. 55

Methinkes I heare the throstle cocke,  
Methinkes I heare the jay,  
Methinkes I heare Lord Barnards horne;  
I would I were awaye. 60

Lye still, lye still, thou little Musgrave,  
And huggle me from the cold;  
For it is but some shephardes boye  
A whistling his sheepe to the fold.

Is not thy hawke upon the pearche, 65  
Thy horse eating corne and haye?  
And thou a gay lady within thine armes:  
And wouldst thou be awaye?

By this Lord Barnard was come to the dore,  
And lighted upon a stone: 70  
And he pulled out three silver keyes,  
And opened the dores eche one.

He lifted up the coverlett,  
He lifted up the sheete;  
How now, how now, thou little Musgrave, 75  
Dost find my gaye ladye sweete?

I find her sweete, quoth little Musgrave,  
The more is my griefe and paine;  
Ide gladlye give three hundred poundes  
That I were on yonder plaine. 80

\* *Bucklesford-bury*, fol. MS.

Ver. 64, Is whistling sheepe ore the mold, fol. MS.

Arise, arise, thou little Musgrave,  
And put thy clothes now on,  
It shall never be said in my countree,  
That I killed a naked man.

I have two swordes in one scabbärde, 85  
Full deare they cost my purse;  
And thou shalt have the best of them,  
And I will have the worse.

The first stroke that little Musgrave struke,  
He hurt Lord Barnard sore; 90  
The next stroke that Lord Barnard struke,  
Little Musgrave never struke more.

With that bespake the ladye faire,  
In bed whereas she laye,  
Although thou art dead, my little Musgrave, 95  
Yet for the I will praye:

And wishe well to thy soule will I,  
So long as I have life;  
So will I not do for thee, Barnard, 100  
Thoughe I am thy wedded wife.

He cut her pappes from off her brest;  
Great pitye it was to see  
The drops of this fair ladyes blood  
Run tricking downe her knee.

Wo worth, wo worth ye, my merry men all, 105  
You never were borne for my goode:  
Why did you not offer to stay my hande,  
When you sawe me wax so wood?

For I have slaine the fairest sir knighte, 110  
That ever rode on a steede;  
So have I done the fairest lady,  
That ever ware womans weede.

A grave, a grave, Lord Barnard cryde,  
To putt these lovers in;  
But lay my ladye o' the upper hande, 15  
For shee comes o' the better kin.

†† That the more modern copy is to be dated  
about the middle of the last century, will be readily  
conceived from the tenor of the concluding stanza,  
viz.

"This sad Mischief by Lust was wrought;  
Then let us call for Grace  
That we may shun the wicked vice,  
And fly from Sin a-pace."

## XII.

## THE EW-BUGHTS MARION.

## A SCOTTISH SONG.

This sonnet appears to be ancient: that and its  
simplicity of sentiment have recommended it to a  
place here.

Will ze gae to the ew-bughts, Marion,  
And wear in the sheip wi' mee?  
The sun shines sweet, my Marion,  
But nae half sae sweet as thee. 5  
O Marion's a bonnie lass;  
And the blyth blinks in her ee:  
And fain wad I marrie Marion,  
Gin Marion wad marrie mee.

Theire's gowd in sour garters, Marion;  
And siller on sour white hauss-bane\*: 10  
Fou faine wad I kisse my Marion  
At eene quhan I cum hame.

Theire's braw lads in Earnalaw, Marion,  
Quha gape and glowr wi' their ee  
At kirk, quhan they see my Marion;  
Bot nane of them luss like mee. 15

Ive nine milk-ows, my Marion,  
A cow and a brawney quay;  
Ise gie tham au to my Marion,  
Just on her bridal day. 20  
And sees get a grein sey apron,  
And waistcote o' London broun;  
And wow bot ze will be vaporeing  
Quhaneir ze gang to the toun.

Ime yong and stout, my Marion, 25  
None dance lik mee on the greine;  
And gin ze forsak me, Marion,  
Ise een gae draw up wi' Jeane.  
Sae put on your pearlins, Marion, 30  
And kirtle oth' cramasie,  
And sune as my chin has nae haire on,  
I sall cum west, and see zee.

\* *Hauss-bane*, i. e. The neck-bone. Marion had probably  
a silver locket on, tied close to her neck with a ribband, an  
usual ornament in Scotland; where a sore throat is called  
"a sair hauss," properly *halax*.



## XIII.

## THE KNIGHT, AND SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER.

This ballad (given from an old black-letter Copy, with some corrections) was popular in the time of Queen Elizabeth, being usually printed with her picture before it, as Hearne informs us in his preface to "Gul. Neubrig, Hist. Oxon, 1719, 8vo, vol. I, p. lxx." It is quoted in Fletcher's comedy of the Pilgrim, Act 4, sc. 1.

There was a shepherds daughter  
Came tripping on the waye;  
And there by chance a knichte shee mett,  
Which caused her to staye.

Good morrowe to you, beauteous maide, 5  
These words pronounced hee:  
O I shall dye this daye, he sayd,  
If I've not my wille of thee.

The Lord forbid, the maide replyde, 10  
That you shold waxe so wode!  
'But for all that shee could do or saye,  
He wold not be withstood.'

Sith you have had your wille of mee, 15  
And put me to open shame,  
Now, if you are a courteous knichte,  
Tell me what is your name?

Some do call mee Jacke, sweet heart,  
And some do call mee Jille;  
But when I come to the kings faire courte  
They call me Wilfulle Wille. 20

He sett his foot into the stirrup,  
And awaye then he did ride;  
She tuckt her girdle about her middle,  
And ranne close by his side.

But when she came to the brode watèr, 25  
She sett her brest and swamme;  
And when she was got out againe,  
She tooke to her heels and ranne.

He never was the courteous knichte, 30  
To saye, faire maide, will ye ride?  
And she was ever too loving a maide  
To saye, sir knichte abide.

When she came to the kings faire courte, 35  
She knocked at the ring;  
So readye was the king himself  
To let this faire maide in.

Now Christ you save, my gracious liege, 40  
Now Christ you save and see,  
You have a knichte within your courte  
This daye hath robbed mee.

What hath he robbed thee of, sweet heart?  
Of purple or of pall?  
Or hath he took thy gaye gold ring  
From off thy finger small?

He hath not robbed mee, my leige, 45  
Of purple nor of pall:  
But he hath gotten my maiden head,  
Which grieves mee worst of all.

Now if he be a batchelor, 50  
His bodye Ile give to thee;  
But if he be a married man,  
High hanged he shall bee.

He called downe his merrye men all, 55  
By one, by two, by three;  
Sir William used to bee the first.  
But nowe the last came hee.

He brought her downe full fortye pounce, 60  
Tyed up withinne a glove:  
Faire maide, Ile give the same to thee;  
Go, seeke thee another love.

O Ile have none of your gold, she sayde,  
Nor Ile have none of your fee;  
But your faire bodye I must have,  
The king hath granted mee.

Sir William ranne and fetchd her then 65  
Five hundred pound in golde,  
Saying, faire maide, take this to thee,  
Thy fault will never be tolde.

Tis not the gold that shall mee tempt, 70  
These words then answered shee,  
But your own bodye I must have,  
The king hath granted mee.

Would I had dranke the water cleare, 75  
When I did drinke the wine,  
Rather than any shepherds brat  
Shold bee a ladye of mine!

Would I had drank the puddle foule, 80  
When I did drink the ale,  
Rather than ever a shepherds brat  
Shold tell me such a tale!

A shepherds brat even as I was, 85  
You mote have let me bee,  
I never had come othe kings faire courte,  
To crave any love of thee.

He sett her on a milk-white steede, 85  
And himself upon a graye;  
He hung a bugle about his necke,  
And soe they rode awaye.

Ver. 80, His bodye Ile give to thee.] This was agreeable to the feudal customs: The lord had a right to give a wife to his vassals. See Shakspeare's "All's well, that ends well."

But when they came unto the place,  
Where marriage-rites were done, 90  
She proved herself a dukes daughter,  
And he but a squires sonne.

Now marrye me, or not, sir knight,  
Your pleasure shall be free:  
If you make me ladye of one good towne, 95  
He make you lord of thre.

Ah! cursed bee the gold, he sayd,  
If thou hadst not been trewe,  
I shold have forsaken my sweet love,  
And have changed her for a newe. 100

And now their hearts being linked fast,  
They joynd hand in hande:  
Thus he had both purse, and person too,  
And all at his commande.

## XIV.

## THE SHEPHERDS ADDRESS TO HIS MUSE.

This Poem, originally printed from the small MS volume mentioned above in No. X. has been improved by a more perfect copy in "England's Helicon," where the author is discovered to be N. Breton.

Good Muse, rocke me asleepe  
With some sweete harmony:  
This wearie eyes is not to kepe  
Thy wary company.

Sweete Love, begon a while, 5  
Thou seest my heavines:  
Beautie is borne but to beguyle  
My harte of happines.

See howe my little flocke,  
That lovde to feede on highe, 10  
Doe headlonge tumble downe the rocke,  
And in the valley dye.

The bushes and the trees,  
That were so freshe and greene, 15  
Doe all their deintie colors leese,  
And not a leafe is seeme.

The blacke birde and the thrushes,  
That made the woodes to ringe,  
With all the rest, are now at hushe,  
And not a note they singe. 20

Swete Philomele, the birde  
That hath the heavenly throte,  
Doth nowe, alas! not once afforde  
Recordinge of a note.

The flowers have had a frost, 25  
The herbes have loste their savoure;  
And Phillida the faire hath lost  
'For me her wonted' favour.

Thus all these careful sights  
So kill me in conceit: 30  
That now to hope upon delights,  
It is but meere deceits.

And therefore, my sweete muse,  
That knowest what helpe is best,  
Doe nowe thy heavenlie conninge use  
To sett my harte at rest: 35

And in a dreame bewraie  
What fate shal be my frende;  
Whether my life shall still decaye,  
Or when my sorrowes ende. 40

## XV.

## LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELINOR,

— is given (with corrections) from an ancient copy in black letter, in the Pepys collection, intitled, "A tragical ballad on the unfortunate love of Lord Thomas and fair Ellinor, together with the downfall of the browne girl."—In the same collection may be seen an attempt to modernize this old song, and reduce it to a different measure: a proof of its popularity.

Lord Thomas he was a bold forrestèr,  
And a chaser of the kings deere;  
Faïre Ellinor was a fine woman,  
And Lord Thomas he loved his deare.

Come riddle my riddle, dear mother, he sayd, 5  
And riddle us both as one;  
Whether I shall marrye with faïre Ellinor,  
And let the browne girl alone?

The browne girl she has got houses and lands,  
Faïre Ellinor she has got none, 10  
And therefore I charge thee on my blessing,  
To bring me the browne girl home.

And as it befelle on a high holidaye,  
As many there are beside,  
Lord Thomas he went to faïre Ellinor, 15  
That should have been her bride.

And when he came to faire Ellinors bower,  
He knocked there at the ring,  
And who was so ready as faire Ellinor,  
To lett Lord Thomas withinn. 20

What newes, what newes, Lord Thomas, she sayd?  
What newes dost thou bring to mee?  
I am come to bid thee to my wedding,  
And that is bad news for thee.

O God forbid, Lord Thomas she sayd, 25  
That such a thing should be done;  
I thought to have been the bride my selfe,  
And thou to have been the bridegrome.

Come riddle my riddle, dear mother, she sayd,  
And riddle it all in one; 30  
Whether I shall goe to Lord Thomas his wedding,  
Or whether shall tarry at home?

There are manye that are your friendes, daughter,  
And manye a one your foe,  
Therefore I charge you on my blessing, 35  
To Lord Thomas his wedding don't goe.

There are manye that are my friendes, mother;  
But were every one my foe,  
Betide me life, betide me death,  
To Lord Thomas his wedding I'd goe. 40

She clothed herself in gallant attire,  
And her merrye men all in greene;  
And as they rid through every towne,  
They took her to be some queene.

But when she came to Lord Thomas his gate, 45  
She knocked there at the ring;  
And who was so readye as Lord Thomàs,  
To lett faire Ellinor in.

Is this your bride, fair Ellinor sayd?  
Methinks she looks wonderous browne; 50  
Thou mightest have had as faire a woman,  
As ever trod on the grounde.

Despise her not, fair Ellin, he sayd,  
Despise her not unto mee;  
For better I love thy little finger, 55  
Than all her whole bodée.

This browne bride had a little penknife,  
That was both long and sharpe,  
And betwixt the short ribs and the long,  
She prick'd faire Ellinor's harte. 60

O Christ thee save, Lord Thomas, hee sayd,  
Methinks thou lookst wondrous wan;  
Thou usedst to look with as fresh a colour,  
As ever the sun shone on.

Oh, art thou blind, Lord Thomas? she sayd, 65  
Or canst thou not very well see?  
Oh! dost thou not see my owne hearts bloode  
Run trickling down my knee.

Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side;  
As he walked about the halle, 70  
He cut off his brides head from her shoulders,,  
And threw it against the walle.

He set the hilt against the grounde,  
And the point against his harte.  
There never three lovers together did meete, 75  
That sooner againe did parte.

\* \* The reader will find a Scottish song on a  
similar subject to this, towards the end of this  
volume, intituled, "Lord Thomas and Lady Annet."

## XVI.

## CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

This elegant little sonnet is found in the third act  
of an old play, intituled, "Alexander and Campaspe,"  
written by John Lilye, a celebrated writer in the  
time of Queen Elizabeth. That play was first  
printed in 1591: but this copy is given from a later  
edition.

CUPID and my Campaspe playd  
At cardes for kisses; Cupid payd:

Ver. 29. It should probably be Reade me, read, &c. i. e.  
Advise me, advise.

He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,  
His mothers doves, and teame of sparrows;  
Loses them too; then down he throws  
The coral of his lippe, the rose  
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how),  
With these, the crystal of his browe,  
And then the dimple of his chinne;  
All these did my Campaspe winne.  
At last he set her both his eyes,  
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.  
O Love! has she done this to thee?  
What shall, alas! become of mee?

## XVII.

## THE LADY TURNED SERVING-MAN.

—is given from a written copy, containing some improvements (perhaps modern ones), upon the popular ballad, intitled, "The famous flower of Serving-men; or the Lady turned Serving-man,"

You beauteous ladies, great and small,  
I write unto you one and all,  
Whereby that you may understand  
What I have suffered in the land.

I was by birth a lady faire, 5  
An ancient barons only heire,  
And when my good old father dyed,  
Then I became a young knights bride.

And there my love built me a bower, 10  
Bedeck'd with many a fragrant flower;  
A braver bower you ne'er did see  
Then my true love did build for mee.

And there I livde a ladye gay, 15  
Till fortune wrought our loves decay;  
For there came foes so fierce a band,  
That soon they over-run the land.

They came upon us in the night,<sup>1</sup>  
And brent my bower, and slew my knight;  
And trembling hid in mans array  
I scant with life escap'd away. 20

In the midst of this extremitie,  
My servants all did from me flee:  
Thus was I left myself alone,  
With heart more cold than any stone.

Yet though my heart was full of care, 25  
Heaven would not suffer me to dispaire,  
Wherefore in haste I chang'd my name  
From fair Elise, to sweet Williame:

And therewithall I cut my haire,  
Resolv'd my man's attire to weare; 30  
And in my beaver, hose and band,  
I travell'd far through many a land.

At length all wearied with my toil,  
I sate me down to rest awhile;  
My heart it was so fill'd with woe, 35  
That downe my cheekes the teares did flow.

It chanc'd the king of that same place  
With all his lords a hunting was,  
And seeing me weepe, upon the same  
Askt who I was, and whence I came. 40

Then to his grace I did replye,  
I am a poore and friendlesse boye,  
Though nobly borne, nowe forc'd to bee  
A serving-man of lowe degree.

Stand up, faire youth, the king reply'd, 45  
For thee a service I'll provide;  
But tell me first what thou canst do;  
Thou shalt be fitted thereunto.

Wilt thou be usber of my hall,  
To wait upon my nobles all? 50  
Or wilt be taster of my wine,  
To 'tend on me when I shall dine?

Or wilt thou be my chamberlaine,  
About my person to remaine? 55  
Or wilt thou be one of my guard,  
And I will give thee great reward?

Chuse, gentle youth, said he, thy place.  
Then I reply'd, If it please your grace  
To shew such favour unto mee,  
Your chamberlaine I faine would bee. 60

The king then smiling gave consent,  
And straitwaye to his court I went;  
Where I behavde so faithfullie,  
That hee great favour showd to mee.

Now marke what fortune did provide; 65  
The king he would a hunting ride  
With all his lords and noble traine,  
Sweet William must at home remaine.

Thus being left alone behind,  
My former state came in my mind: 70  
I wept to see my mans array;  
No longer now a ladye gay.

And meeting with a ladies vest,  
Within the same myself I drest;  
With silken robes and jewells rare, 75  
I deckt me, as a ladye faire:

And taking up a lute straitwaye,  
Upon the same I strove to play;  
And sweetly to the same did sing,  
As made both hall and chamber ring. 80

"My father was as brave a lord,  
As ever Europe might afford;  
My mother was a lady bright:  
My husband was a valiant knight:

"And I myself a ladye gay 85  
Bedeckt with gorgeous rich array;  
The happiest lady in the land  
Had not more pleasure at command.

"I had my musicke every day  
Harmonious lessons for to play;  
I had my virgins fair and free  
Continually to wait on mee. 90

"But now, alas! my husband's dead,  
And all my friends are from me fled,  
My former days are past and gone, 95  
And I am now a serving-man."

And fetching many a tender sigh,  
As thinking no one then was nigh,  
In pensive mood I laid me lowe,  
My heart was full, the teares did flowe. 100

The king, who had a huntinge gone,  
Grew weary of his sport anone,  
And leaving all his gallant trains,  
Turn'd on the sudden home againe :

And when he reach'd his statelie tower, 105  
Hearing one sing within his bower,  
He stopt to listen, and to see  
Who sung there so melodiouslie.

Thus heard he everye word I sed, 110  
And saw the pearlye teares I shed,  
And found to his amazement there,  
Sweete William was a ladye faire.

Then stepping in, Faire ladye rise, 115  
And dry, said he, those lovalye eyes,  
For I have heard thy mournful tale,  
The which shall turn to thy avail.

A crimson dye my face orespred,  
I blusht for shame, and hung my head,

To find my sex and story knowne,  
When as I thought I was alone. 120

But to be brieft, his royall grace  
Grew so enamour'd of my face,  
The richest gifts he proffered mee,  
His mistress if that I would bee.

Ah ! no, my liege, I firmlye sayd, 125  
I'll rather in my grave be layd,  
And though your grace hath won my heart,  
I ne'er will act soe base a part.

Faire ladye, pardon me, sayd hee, 130  
Thy virtue shall rewarded bee,  
And since it is soe fairly tryde  
Thou shalt become my royal bride.

Then strait to end his amorous strife,  
He tooke sweet William to his wife.  
The like before was never seene, 135  
A serving-man became a queene.

## XVIII.

## GIL MORRICE.

## A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

The following piece hath run through two editions in Scotland : the second was printed at Glasgow in, 1755, 8vo. Prefixed to them both is an advertisement, setting forth that the preservation of this poem was owing "to a lady, who favoured the printers with a copy, as it was carefully collected from the mouths of old women and nurses ;" and "any reader that can render it more correct or complete," is desired to oblige the public with such improvements. In consequence of this advertisement, sixteen additional verses have been produced and handed about in manuscript, which are here inserted in their proper places : (these are from verse 109 to verse 121, and from verse 124 to verse 129, but are perhaps, after all, only an ingenious interpolation.)

As this poem lays claim to a pretty high antiquity, we have assigned it a place among our early pieces : though, after all, there is reason to believe it has received very considerable modern improvements : for in the Editor's ancient MS collection is a very old imperfect copy of the same ballad : wherein though the leading features of the story are the same, yet the colouring here is so much improved and heightened, and so many additional strokes are thrown in, that it is evident the whole has undergone a revival.

N.B. The Editor's MS. instead of "Lord Barnard," has "John Stewart," and instead of "Gil Morrice," "Child Maurice," which last is probably the original title. See above, p. 209.

GIL MORRICE was an erl's son,  
His name it waxed wide ;  
It was nae for his great riches,  
Nor yet his mickle pride ;  
Bot it was for a lady gay,  
That livd on Carron side. 5

Quhair sall I get a bonny boy,  
That will win hose and shoon ;  
That will gae to Lord Barnards ha',  
And bid his lady cum ? 16  
And ze maun rin my errand, Willie ;  
And ze may rin wi' pride ;  
Quhen other boys gae on their foot,  
On horse-back ze sall ride.

O no ! Oh no ! my master dear ! 15  
I dare nae for my life ;  
I'll no gae to the bauld barons,  
For to triest furth his wife.  
My bird Willie, my boy Willie ;  
My dear Willie, he sayd : 20  
How can ze strive against the stream ?  
For I sall be obeyd.

Bot, O my master dear ! he cryd,  
In grene wod ze're sour lain ;  
Gi owre sic thochts, I walde ze rede, 25  
For fear ze should be tain.  
Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',  
Bid hir cum here wi speid :  
If ze refuse my heigh command,  
Ill gar sour body bleid. 30

Gae bid hir take this gay mantel,  
'Tis a' gowd bot the hem ;  
Bid hir cum to the gude grene wode,  
And bring nane bot hir lain : 35  
And there it is, a silken sark,  
Hir ain hand sewd the sleive ;  
And bid hir cum to Gill Morrice,  
Speir nae bauld barons leave.

Ver. 11, something seems wanting here. V. 32, and 68, perhaps, 'bout the hem.

Yes, I will gae sour black errand,  
Though it be to sour cost ; 40  
Sen se by me will nae be wara'd,  
In it se sall find frost.  
The baron he is a man of might,  
He neir could bide to tawnt,  
As se will see before its nicht, 45  
How ana' se hae to vauat.

And sen I maun sour errand rin  
See sair against my will ;  
I'se mak a vow and keip it trow,  
It sall be done for ill. 50  
And quhen he came to broken brigue,  
He bent his bow and swam ;  
And quhen he came to grass growing,  
Set down his feet and ran.

And quhen he came to Barnards he', 55  
Would neither chap nor ca':  
Bot set his bent bow to his breast,  
And lightly lap the wa'.  
He would nae tell the man his errand,  
Though he stude at the gait ; 60  
Bot strait into the ha' he cam,  
Quhair they were set at meit.

Hail ! hail ! my gentle sire and dame !  
My message winna waite ;  
Dame, se maun to the gude grene wod  
Before that it be late. 65  
Ze're hidden tak this gay mantel,  
Tis a' gowd bot the hem :  
Zou maun gae to the gude grene wode,  
Ev'n by your sel alane. 70

And there it is, a silken sarke,  
Your ain hand sewd the sleive ;  
Ze maun gae speik to Gill Morice :  
Speir nae bauld barons leave. 75  
The lady stamp'd wi' hir foot,  
And wink'd wi' hir ee ;  
Bot a' that she coud say or do,  
Forbidden he wad nae bee.

Its surely to my bow'r-woman ;  
It neir could be to me. 80  
I brocht it to Lord Barnards lady ;  
I trow that se be ahe.  
Then up and spack the wylie nurse,  
(The bairn upon hir knee)  
If it be cum frae Gill Morice, 85  
It's deir welcum to mee.

Ze leid, ze leid, ze filthy nurse,  
See loud I heird ze lee ;  
I brocht it to Lord Barnards lady ;  
I trow se be nae shee. 90  
Then up and spack the bauld baron,  
An angry man was hee ;  
He's tain the table wi' his foot,  
See has he wi' his knee ;  
Till miller cup and 'maser' dish 95  
In finders he gard flee.

Gae bring a robe of sour eliding,  
That hings upon the pin ;  
And I'll gae to the gude grene wode,  
And speik wi' sour lemmàn. 100  
O bide at hame, now Lord Barnard,  
I warde se bide at hame ;  
Neir wyte a man for violence,  
That neir wate se wi' nane.

Gil Morice state in gude grene wode, 105  
He whistled and he sang :  
O what moun a' the folk coming,  
My mother tarries lang.  
His hair was like the threads of gold,  
Drawne frae Minerva's loome : 110  
His lipps like roses drapping dew,  
His breath was a' perfume.

His brow was like the mountain anae  
Gilt by the morning beam :  
His cheeks like living roses glow : 115  
His een like azure stream.  
The boy was clad in robes of grene,  
Sweets as the infant spring :  
And like the mavis on the bush, 120  
He gart the vullies ring.

The baron came to the grene wode,  
Wi' mickle dule and care,  
And there he first spied Gill Morice  
Kameing his sellow hair. 125  
That sweetly waid around his face,  
That face beyond compare :  
He sang sae sweet it might dispel  
A' rage but fall despair.

Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gill Morice, 130  
My lady loed thee weel,  
The fairest part of my bodie  
Is blacker than thy heel.  
Zet neir the less now, Gill Morice,  
For a' thy great beautie, 135  
Ze's rew the day se air was born ;  
That head sall gae wi' me.

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,  
And elaited on the stree ;  
And thro' Gill Morice's fair body  
He's gar cauld iron gae. 140  
And he has tain Gill Morice's head  
And set it on a speir ;  
The meanest man in a' his train  
Has gotten that head to bear.

And he has tain Gill Morice up. 145  
Laid him across his steid,  
And brocht him to his painted bowr,  
And laid him on a bed.  
The lady set on castil wa',  
Beheld baith dale and down ; 150  
And there she saw Gill Morice's head  
Cum trailing to the toan.

Far better I loe that bluidy head,  
Both and that sellow hair,  
Than lord Barnard, and a' his lands, 155  
As they lig here and thair.

Ver. 58, Could this be the wall of the castle? V. 86, Perhaps, loed say I heire.  
L. e. a drinking cup of maple: other Edit. read ewer.

Ver. 123. So Milton,  
Vernal delight and joy: able to drive  
All sadness but despair. B. iv. v. 155.

And she has tain her Gill Morice,  
And kissd baith mouth and chin :  
I was once as fow of Gill Morice,  
As the hip is o' the stean. 160

I got ze in my father's house,  
Wi' mickle sin and shame ;  
I brocht thee up in gude grene wode,  
Under the heavy rain. 165  
Oft have I by thy cradle sitten,  
And fondly seen thee sleip ;  
But now I gae about thy grave,  
The saut tears for to weip.

And syne she kissd his bluidy cheik,  
And syne his bluidy chin :  
O better I loe my Gill Morice  
Than a' my kith and kin !  
Away, away, ze ill woman,  
And an il deith mait ze dee :  
Gin I had kend he'd bin zour son, 175  
He'd neir bin alain for mee.

Obraid me not, my Lord Barnard !  
Obraid me not for shame !  
Wi' that saim speir O pierce my heart !  
And put me out o' pain. 180  
Since nothing bot Gill Morice head  
Thy jelous rage could quell,  
Let that saim hand now tak hir life,  
That neir to thee did ill.

To me nae after days nor nichts 185  
Will eir be saft or kind ;  
I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,  
And greet till I am blind.

Enouch of blood by me's bin spilt,  
Seek not zour death frae mee ; 190  
I rather lourd it had been my sel  
Than eather him or thee.

With waefo wae I hear zour plaint ;  
Sair, sair I rew the deid,  
That eir this cursed hand of mine 195  
Had gard his body bleid.  
Dry up zour tears, my winsome dame,  
Ze neir can heal the wound ;  
Ze see his head upon the speir,  
His heart's blude on the ground. 200

I curse the hand that did the deid,  
The heart that thocht the ill ;  
The feet that bore me wi' silk speid,  
The comely south to kill. 205  
I'll ay lament for Gill Morice,  
As gin he were mine ain ;  
I'll neir forget the dreiry day  
On which the south was alain.

\* \* This little pathetic tale suggested the plot of the tragedy of " Douglas."

Since it was first printed, the Editor has been assured that the foregoing ballad is still current in many parts of Scotland, where the hero is universally known by the name of " Child Maurice," pronounced by the common people *Chield* or *Cheild* ; which occasioned the mistake.

It may be proper to mention, that other copies read ver. 110 thus :

" Shot frae the golden sun."

And ver 116 as follows :

" His een like azure sheene."

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

## SERIES THE THIRD.

### BOOK II.

#### I.

### THE LEGEND OF SIR GUY

— contains a short summary of the exploits of this famous champion, as recorded in the old story books ; and is commonly intitled, " A pleasant song of the valiant deeds of chivalry achieved by that noble knight Sir Guy of Warwick, who, for the love of fair Phelis, became a hermit, and dyed in a cave of craggy rocks, a mile distant from Warwick."

The history of Sir Guy, though now very properly resigned to children, was once admired by all readers of wit and taste : for taste and wit had once their childhood. Although of English growth, it was early a favourite with other nations : it ap-

peared in French in 1525 ; and is alluded to in the old Spanish romance *Tirante el blanco*, which, it is believed, was written not long after the year 1430. See advertisement to the French translation, 2 vols. 12mo.

The original whence all these stories are extracted is a very ancient romance in old English verse, which is quoted by Chaucer as a celebrated piece even in his time, (viz.)

" Men speken of romances of prynces,  
Of Horne childe and Ippotis,  
Of Bevis, and Sir Guy, &c." R. of Thop.)

and was usually sung to the harp at Christmas dinners and brideales, as we learn from Puttenham's *Art of Poetry*, 4to. 1589.

This ancient romance is not wholly lost. An imperfect copy in black letter, "Imprynted at London—for Wylliam Copland," in 34 sheets 4to. without date, is still preserved among Mr. Garrick's collection of old plays. As a specimen of the poetry of this antique rhymers, take his description of the dragon mentioned in ver. 105 of the following ballad:

—“ A messenger came to the king.  
Syr king, he sayd, lysten me now,  
For bad tydinges I bring you,  
In Northumberlande there is no man,  
But that they be slayne everychone:  
For there dare no man route,  
By twenty myle rounde aboute,  
For doubt of a fowle dragon,  
That sleath men and beastes downe.  
He is blacke as any cole  
Ragged as a rough fole;  
His bodye from the navill upwarde  
No man may it pierce it is so harde;  
His neck is great as any summere;  
He renneth as swifte as any distrere;  
Pawes he hath as a lyon:  
All that he toucheth he sleath dead downe.  
Great winges he hath to flight,  
That is no man that bare him might.  
There may no man fight him agayne,  
But that he sleath him certayne:  
For a fowler beast then is he,  
Ywis of none never heard ye.”

Sir William Dugdale is of opinion that the story of Guy is not wholly apocryphal, though he acknowledges the monks have sounded out his praises too hyperbolically. In particular, he gives the duel fought with the Danish champion as a real historical truth, and fixes the date of it in the year 926, *ætat. Guy 67*. See his *Warwickshire*.

The following is written upon the same plan as ballad V. Book I. but which is the original, and which the copy, cannot be decided. This song is ancient, as may be inferred from the idiom preserved in the margin, ver. 94. 102: and was once popular, as appears from Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Act 2. sc. ult.

It is here published from an ancient MS copy in the Editor's old folio volume, collated with two printed ones, one of which is in black letter in the Pepsys collection.

Was ever knight for ladyes sake  
Soe toot in love, as I Sir Guy  
For Phelis fayre, that lady bright  
As ever man beheld with eye ?

She gave me leave myself to try, 5  
The valiant knight with sheeld and speare,  
Ere that her love shee wold grant me;  
Which made mee venture far and neare.

Then proved I a baron bold, 10  
In deeda of armes the doughtyest knight  
That in those dayes in England was,  
With sword and speare in field to fight.

Ver. 9, The proud Sir Guy, PC.

An English man I was by birthe:  
In faith of Christ a christyan true:  
The wicked laws of infidells 15  
I sought by prowesse to subdue.

'Nine' hundred twenty yeere and odde  
After our Saviour Christ his birth,  
When King Athelstone wore the crowne,  
I lived heere upon the earth. 20

Sometime I was of Warwicke erle,  
And, as I sayd, of very truth  
A ladyes love did me constraine  
To seeke strange ventures in my youth.

To win me fame by festes of armes 25  
In strange and sundry heathen lands;  
Where I atchieved for her sake  
Right dangerous conquests with my hands.

For first I sayled to Normandye,  
And there I stoutlye wan in fight 30  
The emperours daughter of Almaine,  
From manye a vallyant worthy knight.

Then passed I the seas to Greece  
To helpe the emperour in his right;  
Against the mighty souldans hoaste 35  
Of puissant Persians for to fight.

Where I did slay of Sarazens,  
And heathen pagans, manye a man;  
And slew the souldans cozen deere,  
Who had to name doughty Coldrān. 40

Eskeldered a famous knight  
To death likewise I did pursue:  
And Elmayne King of Tyre alsoe,  
Most terrible in fight to viewe.

I went into the souldans hoast, 45  
Being thither on embassage sent,  
And brought his head awaye with mee;  
I having slaine him in his tent.

There was a dragon in that land  
Most fiercely mett me by the waye 50  
As hee a lyon did pursue,  
Which I myself did alsoe slay.

Then soon I past the seas from Greece,  
And came to Pavye land aright:  
Where I the duke of Pavye killed, 55  
His hainous treason to requite.

To England then I came with speede,  
To wedd faire Phelis lady bright:  
For love of whome I travelled farr 60  
To try my manhood and my might.

But when I had espoused her,  
I stayd with her but fortye dayes,  
Ere that I left this ladye faire,  
And went from her beyond the seas.

All cladd in gray, in pilgrim sort, 65  
My voyage from her I did take  
Unto the blessed Holy-land,  
For Jesus Christ my Saviours sake.

Ver. 17, Two handed, MS. and P.



Where I Erle Jonas did redeeme,  
And all his sounes, which were fiftene, 70  
Who with the cruell Sarasens  
In prison for long time had beene.

I slew the gyant Amarant  
In battel hercelye hand to hand :  
And doughty Barknard killed I, 75  
A treacherous knight of Pavye land.

Then I to England came againe,  
And here with Colbronde fell I fought :  
An ugly gyant, which the Danes 80  
Had for their champion hither brought.

I overcame him in the feild,  
And slew him scone right valiantlye ;  
Wherebye this land I did redeeme  
From Danish tribute utterlye.

And afterwards I offered upp 85  
The use of weapons solemnlye  
At Winchester, whereas I fought,  
In sight of manye farr and nye.

'But first,' neare Winsor, I did slaye  
A bore of passing might and strength ; 90  
Whose like in England never was  
For hugeness both in bredth and length.

Some of his bones in Warwicke yett  
Within the castle there doe lye :  
One of his sheeld-bones to this day 95  
Hangs in the cite of Coventrye.

On Dunsmore heath I alsoe slawe  
A monstrous wyld and cruell beast,  
Calld the Dun-cow of Dunsmore heath ;  
Which manye people had opprest. 100

Some of her bones in Warwicke yett  
Still for a monument doe lye ;  
And there exposed to lookers viewe  
As wondrous strange, they may espye.

A dragon in Northumberland 105  
I alsoe did in fight destroye,  
Which did bothe man and beast oppress,  
And all the countrie sore annoy.

At length to Warwicke I did come,  
Like pilgrim poore, and was not knowne ; 110  
And there I lived a hermits life  
A mile and more out of the towne.

Where with my hands I hewed a house  
Out of a craggy rocks of stone ;  
And lived like a palmer poore 115  
Within that cave myself alone :

And daylye came to begg my bread  
Of Phelis att my castle gate ;  
Not knowne unto my loved wiffe,  
Who dailye mourned for her mate. 120

Till att the last I fell sore sicke,  
Yea sicke soe sore that I must dye ;  
I sent to her a ring of golde,  
By which shee knew me presentlye.

Then shee repairing to the cave 125  
Before that I gave up the ghost ;  
Herself closed up my dying eyes :  
My Phelis faire, whom I lov'd most.

Thus dreadful death did me arrest,  
To bring my corpes unto the grave ; 130  
And like a palmer dyed I,  
Wherby I sought my soule to save.

My body that endured this toyle,  
Though now it be consumed to mold ;  
My statue fair engraven in stone, 135  
In Warwicke still you may behold.

## II

## GUY AND AMARANT.

The Editor found this Poem in his ancient folio manuscript among the old ballads ; he was desirous, therefore, that it should still accompany them ; and as it is not altogether devoid of merit, its insertion here will be pardoned.

Although this piece seems not imperfect, there is reason to believe that it is only a part of a much larger poem, which contained the whole history of Sir Guy : for, upon comparing it with the common story book 12mo, we find the latter to be nothing more than this poem reduced to prose : which is only effected by now and then altering the rhyme, and throwing out some few of the poetical ornaments. The disguise is so slight, that it is an easy matter to pick complete stanzas in any page of that book.

Ver. 94, 102, doth lye, MS.

The author of this poem has shown some invention. Though he took the subject from the old romance quoted before, he has adorned it afresh, and made the story intirely his own.

Guy journeyes towards that sanctified ground,  
Whereas the Jewes fayre citye sometime stood,  
Wherein our Saviours sacred head was crown'd,  
And where for sinfull man he shed his blood : 5  
To see the sepulcher was his intent,  
The tombe that Joseph unto Jesus lent.

With tedious miles he tyred his wearye feet,  
And passed desert places full of danger,  
At last with a most woefull wight \* did meet,

\* Erle Jonas, mentioned in the foregoing ballad.

A man that unto sorrow was noe stranger : 10  
For he had fifteen sonnes, made captives all  
To slavish bondage, in extreemest thrall.

A gyant called Amarant detained them,  
Whom noe man durst encounter for his strength :  
Who in a castle, which he held, had chained them : 15  
Guy questions, where ? and understands at length  
The place not farr.—Lend me thy sword, quoth hee,  
He lend my manhood all thy sonnes to free.

With that he goes, and lays upon the dore,  
Like one that sayes, I must, and will come in : 20  
The gyant never was soe row'd before :  
For noe such knocking at his gate had bin :  
Soe takes his keyes, and clubb, and cometh out.  
Staring with ireful countenance about.

Sirra, quoth hee, what business hast thou heere ? 25  
Art come to feast the crows about my walls ?  
Didst never heere, noe ransome can him cleere,  
That in the compasse of my furies falls :  
For making me to take a porters paines,  
With this same clubb I will dash out thy braines. 30

Gyant, quoth Guy, y'are quarrelsome I see,  
Choller and you seem very neere of kin :  
Most dangerous at the clubb belike you bee ;  
I have bin better armd, though nowe goe thin ;  
But shew thy utmost hate, enlarge thy spight, 35  
Keene is my weapon, and shall doe me right.

Soe draws his sword, salutes him with the same  
About the heed, the shoulders, and the side :  
Whilst his erected clubb doth death proclaime,  
Standinge with huge Colossus' spacious stride, 40  
Putting such vigour to his knotty beame,  
That like a furnace he did smoke extreame.

But on the ground he spent his strokes in vaine,  
For Guy was nimble to avoyde them still,  
And ever ere he hea'd his clubb againe, 45  
Did brush his plated coat against his will :  
Att such advantage Guy wold never fayle,  
To bang him soundlye in his coate of mayle.

Att last through thirst the gyant feeble grewe,  
And sayd to Guy, As thou'rt of humane race, 50  
Shew itt in this, give natures wants their dewe,  
Let me but see, and drinke in yonder place :  
Thou canst not yeeld to 'me' a smaller thing,  
Than to graunt life, thats given by the spring.

I graunt thee leave, quoth Guye, goe drink thy last, 55  
Go pledge the dragon, and the salvage bore\* :  
Succeed the tragedyes that they have past,  
But never thinke to taste cold water more :  
Drinke deepe to death and unto him carouse :  
Bid him receive thee in his earthen house. 60

Soe to the spring he goes, and shakes his thirst ;  
Taking the water in extremely like  
Some wracked shipp that on a rocke is burst,  
Whose forced hulke against the stone does stryke ;  
Scooping it in soe fast with both his hands, 65  
That Guy admiring to behold it stands.

Come on, quoth Guy, let us to worke againe,  
Thou stayest about thy liquor overlong ;  
The fish, which in the river doe remaine,  
Will want thereby ; thy drinking doth them wrong :  
But I will see their satisfaction made, 71  
With gyants blood they must, and shall be payd.

Villaine, quoth Amarant, Ile crush thee streight ;  
Thy life shall pay thy daring tounge offence :  
This clubb, which is about some hundred weight, 75  
Is deatnes commission to dispatch thee hence :  
Dresse thee for ravens dyett I must needes ;  
And breake thy bones, as they were made of reedes.

Incensed much by these bold pagan bostes,  
Which worthye Guy cold ill endure to heare, 80  
He hewes upon those bigg supporting postes,  
Which like two pillars did his body beare :  
Amarant for those wounds in choller growes  
And desperately att Guy his clubb he throwes :

Which did directly on his body light, 85  
Soe violent, and weighty there-withall,  
That downe to ground on sudden came the knight ;  
And, ere he cold recover from the fall,  
The gyant gott his clubb againe in fist,  
And smid a stroke that wonderfullye mist. 90

Traitor, quoth Guy, thy falshood Ile repay,  
This coward act to intercept my bloods.  
Sayes Amarant, Ile murder any way,  
With enemyes all vantages are good :  
O could I poyson in thy nostrills blowe, 95  
Besure of it I wold dispatch thee soe.

Its well, said Guy, thy honest thoughts appeare,  
Within that beastlye bulke where devills dwell ;  
Which are thy tenants while thou livest heere,  
But will be landlords when thou comest in hell :  
Vile miscreant, prepare thee for their den, 101  
Inhumane monster, hatefull unto men.

But breathe thy selfe a time, while I goe drinke,  
For flameing Phœbus with his fyerye eye  
Torments me soe with burning heat, I thinke 105  
My thirst wold serve to drinke an ocean drye :  
Forbear a litle, as I delt with thee.  
Quoth Amarant. Thou hast noe foole of mee.

Noe, sillye wretch, my father taught more witt,  
How I shold use such enemyes as thou ; 110  
By all my gods I doe rejoice at itt,  
To understand that thirst constraines thee now ;  
For all the treasure, that the world containes,  
One drop of water shall not coole thy vaines.

Releeve my foe ! why, 'twere a madmans part : 115  
Refresh an adversarye to my wrong !  
If thou imagine this, a child thou art :  
Noe, fellow, I have known the world too long  
To be soe simple : now I know thy want,  
A minutes space of breathing I'll not grant. 120

And with these words heaving aloft his clubb  
Into the ayre, he swings the same about :  
Then shakes his lockes, and doth his temples rubb,  
And, like the Cyclope, in his pride doth strut :  
Sirra, sayes hee, I have you at a lift, 125  
Now you are come unto your latest shift.

Ver. 64, bulke, MS. and PCC.  
\* Which Guy had slain before.

Perish forever : with this stroke I send thee  
 A medicine, that will doe thy thirst much good ;  
 Take noe more care for drinke before I end thee,  
 And then wee'll have carouses of thy blood ; 130  
 Here's at thee with a butcher's downright blow,  
 To please my fury with thine overthrow.

Infernall, false, obdurate feend, said Guy,  
 That seemst a lump of crueltye from hell ;  
 Ungratefull monster, since thou dost deny 135  
 The thing to mee wherin I used thee well :  
 With more revenge, than ere my sword did make,  
 On thy accursed head revenge Ie take.

Thy gyants longitude shall shorter shrinke,  
 Except thy sun-scorcht skin be weapen proof : 140  
 Farewell my thirst ; I doe disdaine to drinke ;  
 Streames keepe your waters to your owne behoof ;  
 Or let wild beasts be welcome thereunto ;  
 With those pearle drops I will not have to do.

Here, tyrant, take a taste of my good-will, 145  
 For thus I doe begin my bloodye bout :  
 You cannot chuse but like the greeting ill ;  
 It is not that same clubb will beare you out ;  
 And take this payment on thy shaggye crowne—  
 A blowe that brought him with a vengeance downe.

Then Guy sett foot upon the monsters brest, 151  
 And from his shoulders did his head divide ;  
 Which with a yawning mouth did gape, unblest ;  
 Noe dragons jawes were ever seene soe wide  
 To open and to shut, till life was spent. 155  
 Then Guy tooke keyes, and to the castle went.

Where manye woefull captives he did find,  
 Which had beene tyred with extremities ;  
 Whom he in freindly manner did unbind,  
 And reasoned with them of their miseries ; 160  
 Eche told a tale with teares, and sighes, and cryes,  
 All weeping to him with complaining eyes.

There tender ladyes in darke dungeons lay,  
 That were surprised in the desert wood,  
 And had noe other dyett every day, 165  
 But flesh of humane creatures for their food :  
 Some with their lovers bodyes had beene fed,  
 And in their wombes their husbands buried.

Now he bethinkes him of his being there,  
 To enlarge the wronged brethren from their woes :  
 And, as he searcheth, doth great clamours heare, 171  
 By which sad sound's direction on he goes,  
 Untill he findes a darksome obscure gate,  
 Arm'd strongly ouer all with iron plate.

That he unlockes, and enters, where appears 175  
 The strangest object that he ever saw ;  
 Men that with famishment of many yeares,  
 Were like deathes picture, which the painters draw ;  
 Divers of them were hanged by eche thombe ;  
 Others head-downward : by the middle some. 180

With diligence he takes them from the walle,  
 With lybertye their thraldome to acquaint :  
 Then the perplexed knight their father calls, [faint  
 And sayes, Receive thy sonnes though poore and  
 I promisd you their lives, except of that ; 185  
 But did not warrant you they shold be fat.

The castle I doe give thee, heere's the keyes,  
 Where tyranye for many yeeres did dwell :  
 Procure the gentle tender ladyes ease,  
 For pittyes sake, use wronged women well : 190  
 Men easilye revenge the wrongs men do ;  
 But poore weake women have not strength thereto.

The good old man, even overjoyed with this,  
 Fell on the ground, and wold have kist Guys feete :  
 Father, quoth he, refraine soe base a kiss, 195  
 For age to honor youth I hold unmeete :  
 Ambitious pryde hath hurt mee all it can,  
 I goe to mortifie a sinfull man.

\* \* The foregoing poem on "Guy and Amarant" has been discovered to be a fragment of "The famous historie of Guy earle of Warwicke, by Samuel Rowlands, London, printed by J. Bell, 1649," 4to. in xii cantos, beginning thus :

"When dreadful Mars in armour every day."

Whether the edition in 1649 was the first is not known, but the author Sam. Rowlands was one of the minor poets who lived in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I. and perhaps later. His other poems are chiefly of the religious kind, which makes it probable that the history of Guy was one of his earliest performances.—There are extant of his (1.) "The betraying of Christ, Judas in dispaire, the seven words of our Saviour on the crosse, with other poems on the passion, &c. 1598, 4to. [Ames Typ. p. 428.]—(2) A Theatre of delightful Recreation. Lond. printed for A. Johnson, 1605," 4to. (Penes editor.) This is a book of poems on subjects chiefly taken from the Old Testament. (3.) "Memory of Christ's miracles, in verse. Lond. 1618, 4to." (4.) "Heaven's glory, earth's vanity, and hell's horror." Lond. 1638, 8vo. [These two in Bod. Cat.]

In the present edition the foregoing poem has been much improved from the printed copy.

## III.

## THE AULD GOOD-MAN.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

I have not been able to meet with a more ancient copy of this humorous old song, than that printed in the Tea-Table Miscellany, &c. which seems to have admitted some corruptions.

LATS in an evening forth I went  
A little before the sun gade down,  
And there I chanc't, by accident,  
To light on a battle new begun :  
A man and his wife wer fawn in a strife, 5  
I canna weel tell ye how it began ;  
But aye she wail'd her wretched life,  
Cryeng, Eir alake, mine auld goodman !

HE.

Thy auld goodman, that thou tells of,  
The country kens where he was born, 10  
Was but a silly poor vagabond,  
And ilka ane leugh him to scorn :  
For he did spend and make an end  
Of gear 'his fathers nevir' wan ;  
He gart the poor stand frae the door ; 15  
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

My heart, alake ! is liken to break,  
Whan I think on my winsome John,  
His blinkan ee, and gait sae free,  
Was naithing like thee, thou dosend drone ; 20  
Wi' his rosie face, and flaxen hair,  
And akin as white as ony swan,  
He was large and tall, and comely withall ;  
Thou't nevir be like mine auld goodman.

HE.

Why dost thou plein ? I thee maintain ; 25  
For meal and mawt thou disna want :  
But thy wild bees I canna please,  
Now whan our gear gins to grow scant .  
Of household stuff thou hast enough ;  
Thou wants for neither pot nor pan ; 30  
Of sicklike ware he left thee bare ;  
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

Yes I may tell, and fret my sell,  
To think on those blyth days I had,  
Whan I and he together ley 35  
In armes into a well-made bed :  
But now I sigh and may be sad,  
Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,  
Thou falds thy feet, and fa's asleep ;  
Thou't nevir be like mine auld goodman. 40

Then coming was the night sae dark,  
And gane was a' the light of day :  
The carle was fear'd to miss his mark,  
And therefore wad nae longer stay : 45  
Then up he gat, and ran his way,  
I trowe, the wife the day she wan ;  
And aye the owreword of the fray  
Was, Eir alake ! mine auld goodman.

## IV.

## FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.

This seems to be the old song quoted in Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle," Acts 2d and 3d ; although the six lines there preserved are somewhat different from those in the ballad, as it stands at present. The reader will not wonder at this, when he is informed that this is only given from a modern printed copy picked up on a stall. Its full title is, "Fair Margaret's Misfortunes ; or Sweet William's frightful dreams on his wedding night, with the sudden death and burial of those noble lovers."—

The lines preserved in the play are this distich,

"You are no love for me, Margaret,  
I am no love for you."

And the following stanza,

"When it was grown to dark midnight,  
And all were fast asleep,  
In came Margaret's grimly ghost  
And stood at Williams feet."

These lines have acquired an importance by giving birth to one of the most beautiful ballads in our own or any language. See the song entitled "Margaret's Ghost," at the end of this volume.

Since the first edition some improvements have been inserted, which were communicated by a lady of the first distinction, as she had heard this song repeated in her infancy.

As it fell out on a long summer's day  
Two lovers they sat on a hill ;  
They sat together that long summer's day,  
And could not talk their fill.

I see no harm by you, Margare't, 5  
And you see none by me ;  
Before to-morrow at eight o' the clock  
A rich wedding you shall see.

Fair Margarett sat in her bower-window,  
Combing her yellow hair ; 10  
There she spied sweet William and his bride,  
As they were a riding near.

Then down she layd her ivory combs,  
And braided her hair in twain : 15  
She went alive out of her bower,  
But ne'er came alive in't again.

When day was gone, and night was come,  
And all men fast asleep,  
Then came the spirit of fair Marg'ret,  
And stood at Williams feet. 20

Are you awake, sweet William ? shee said ;  
Or, sweet William, are you asleep ?  
God give you joy of your gay bride-bed,  
And me of my winding sheet.

When day was come, and night was gone, 25  
And all men wak'd from sleep,  
Sweet William to his lady sayd,  
My dear, I have cause to weep.

I dreamt a dream, my dear ladye,  
Such dreames are never good : 30  
I dreamt my bower was full of red ' wine,'  
And my bride-bed full of blood.

Such dreams, such dreams, my honoured sir,  
They never do prove good :  
To dream thy bower was full of red ' wine,' 35  
And thy bride-bed full of blood.

He called up his merry men all,  
By one, by two, and by three ;  
Saying, I'll away to fair Marg'ret's bower,  
By the leave of my ladye. 40

And when he came to fair Marg'ret's bower,  
He knocked at the ring ;  
And who so ready as her seven breth'ren  
To let sweet William in.

Then he turned up the covering-sheet,  
Pray let me see the dead : 45  
Methinks she looks all pale and wan,  
She hath lost her cherry red.

I'll do more for thee, Margarett,  
Than any of thy kin ; 50  
For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,  
Though a smile I cannot win.

With that bespake the seven breth'ren,  
Making most piteous mone :  
You may go kiss your jolly brown bride,  
And let our sister alone. 55

If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,  
I do but what is right ;  
I neer made a vow to yonder poor corpse  
By day, nor yet by night. 60

Deal on, deal on, my merry men all,  
Deal on your cake and your wine \* :  
For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-day,  
Shall be dealt to-morrow at mine.

Fair Margaret dyed to-day, to-day, 65  
Sweet William dyed the morrow :  
Fair Margaret dyed for pure true love,  
Sweet William dyed for sorrow.

Margaret was buried in the lower chancel,  
And William in the higher : 70  
Out of her brest there sprang a rose,  
And out of his a briar.

They grew till they grew unto the church top,  
And then they could grow no higher ;  
And there they tyed in a true lovers knot, 75  
Which made all the people admire.

Then came the clerk of the parish,  
As you the truth shall hear,  
And by misfortune cut them down,  
Or they had now been there.

## V.

## BARBARA ALLEN'S CRUELTY.

Given, with some corrections, from an old black  
letter copy, entitled, "Barbary Allen's cruelty, or  
the Young Man's Tragedy."

In Scarlet towne, where I was borne,  
There was a faire maid dwellin,  
Made every youth crye, Wel-awaye !  
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merrie month of May, 5  
When greene buds they were swellin,  
Yong Jemmye Grove on his death-bed lay,  
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,  
-To the town where shee was dwellin ; 10  
You must come to my master deare,  
Giff your name be Barbara Allen.

For death is printed on his face,  
And ore his hart is stealin :  
Then haste away to comfort him, 15  
O lovely Barbara Allen.

Though death be printed on his face,  
And ore his harte is stealin,  
Yet little better shall he bee 20  
For bonny Barbara Allen.

So slowly, slowly, she came up,  
And slowly she came nye him ;  
And all she sayd, when there she came,  
Yong man, I think y'are dying.

He turnd his face unto her strait, 25  
With deadlye sorrow sighing ;  
O lovely maid, come pity mee,  
Ime on my deth-bed lying.

If on your death-bed you doe lye, 30  
What needs the tale you are tellin ;  
I cannot keep you from your death ;  
Farewell, sayd Barbara Allen.

He turnd his face unto the wall,  
As deadlye pangs he fell in : 35  
Adieu ! adieu ! adieu to you all,  
Adieu to Barbara Allen.

As she was walking ore the fields,  
She heard the bell a knellin ;  
And every stroke did seem to saye,  
Unworthy Barbara Allen. 40

She turnd her bodye round about,  
And spied the corpe a coming :  
Laye down, laye down the corpe, she sayd,  
That I may look upon him.

With scornful eye she looked downe, 45  
Her cheeke with laughter swellin :  
Whilst all her friends cryd out amaine ;  
Unworthye Barbara Allen.

When he was dead, and laid in grave,  
Her harte was struck with sorrowe, 50  
O mother, mother, make my bed,  
For I shall dye to-morrowe.

Hard-harted creature him to slight,  
Who loved me so deariye :  
O that I had beene more kind to him,  
When he was alive and neare me ! 55

She, on her death-bed as she laye,  
Beg'd to be buried by him ;  
And sore repented of the daye,  
That she did ere denye him. 60

Farewell, she sayd, ye virgins all,  
And shun the fault I fell in :  
Henceforth take warning by the fall  
Of cruel Barbara Allen.

## VI.

## SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST.

## A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

From Allan Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany. The  
concluding stanza of this piece seems modern.

There came a ghost to Margaret's door,  
With many a grievous groue,  
And ay he tirl'd at the pin ;  
But answer made she none.

Is this my father Philip ? 5  
Or is't my brother John ?  
Or is't my true love Willie,  
From Scotland new come home ?

'Tis not thy father Philip ; 10  
Nor yet thy brother John :  
But 'tis thy true love Willie  
From Scotland new come home.

O sweet Margret ! O dear Margret !  
I pray thee speak to mee :  
Give me my faith and troth, Margret, 15  
As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou'ee nevir get,  
'Of me shalt nevir win,'  
Till that thou come within my bower,  
And kiss my cheek and chin. 20

If I should come within thy bower,  
I am no earthly man :  
And should I kiss thy rosy lipp,  
Thy days will not be lang.

O sweet Margret, O dear Margret, 25  
I pray thee speak to mee :  
Give me my faith and troth, Margret  
As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou'ee nevir get,  
'Of me shalt nevir win,' 30  
Till thou take me to yon kirk yard,  
And wed me with a ring.

My bones are buried in a kirk yard  
Afar beyond the sea,  
And it is but my sprite, Margret, 35  
That's speaking now to thee.

She stretched out her lily-white hand,  
As for to do her best :  
Hae there your faith and troth, Willie,  
God send your soul good rest. 40

Now she has kilted her robes of green,  
A piece below her knee ;  
And a' the live-lang winter night  
The dead corpe followed shee.

Is there any room at your head, Willie?  
Or any room at your feet?  
Or any room at your side, Willie,  
Wherein that I may creep?

45

There's nae room at my head, Margret.  
There's nae room at my feet,  
There's no room at my side, Margret,  
My coffin is made so meet.

50

Then up and crew the red red cock,  
And up then crew the gray:

Tis time, tis time, my dear Margret,  
That 'I' were gane away.

55

No more the ghost to Margret said,  
But, with a grievous grone,  
Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,  
And left her all alone.

60

O stay, my only true love, stay,  
The constant Margret cried:  
Wan grew her cheeks, she closed her een,  
Stretch'd her saft limbs, and died.

## VII.

## SIR JOHN GREHME AND BARBARA ALLAN.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

Printed, with a few conjectural emendations, from a  
written copy.

It was in and about the Martinmas time,  
When the greens leaves wer a fallan;  
That Sir John Grehme o' the west countrie,  
Fell in luve wi' Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down throw the towne,  
To the plaice wher she was dwellan:  
O haste and cum to my maister deare,  
Gin ye bin Barbara Allan.

5

O hooly, hooly raise she up,  
To the plaice wher he was lyan;  
And whan she drew the curtain by,  
Young man I think ye're dyan\*.

10

O its I'm sick, and very very sick,  
And its a' for Barbara Allan.  
O the better for me ye'se never be,  
Though your harts blude wer spillan.

15

Remember ye nat in the tavern, sir,  
Whan ye the cups wer fillan;  
How ye made the healths gae round and round,  
And slighted Barbara Allan?

20

He turn'd his face unto the wa',  
And death was with him dealan;  
Adiew! adiew! my dear friends a',  
Be kind to Barbara Allan.

Then hooly, hooly raise she up,  
And hooly, hooly left him;  
And sighan said, she could not stay,  
Since death of life had rest him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,  
Whan she heard the deid-bell knellan;  
And every jow the deid-bell gied,  
Cried, Wae to Barbara Allan!

30

O mither, mither, mak my bed,  
O mak it saft and narrow:  
Since my love died for me to day,  
Ise die for him to morrowe.

35

## VIII.

## THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON.

From an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys  
Collection, with some improvements communicated  
by a lady as she had heard the same recited in her  
youth. The full title is, "True love requited: Or,  
the Bailiff's daughter of Islington."

Islington in Norfolk is probably the place here meant.

THERE was a youthe, and a well-beloved youthe,  
And he was a squires son:  
He loved the bayliffes daughter deare,  
That lived in Islington.

\* An ingenious friend thinks the rhymes Dyand and  
Lyand ought to be transposed: as the taunt Young man,  
I think ye're lyand, would be very characteristic.

Yet she was coye, and would not believe  
That he did love her soe,  
Noe nor at any time would she  
Any countenance to him showe.

5

But when his friendes did understand  
His fond and foolish minde,  
They sent him up to faire London  
An apprentice for to binde.

10

And when he had been seven long yeares,  
And never his love could see:  
Many a teare have I shed for her sake,  
When she little thought of mee.

15

THE WILLOW TREE.

229

Then all the maids of Islington  
Went forth to sport and playe,  
All but the baylifles daughter dears;  
She secretly stole awaye. 20

She pulled off her gowne of greene,  
And put on ragged attire,  
And to faire London she would go  
Her true love to enquire.

And as she went along the high road,  
The weather being hot and drye, 25  
She sat her downe upon a green bank,  
And her true love came riding bye.

She started up, with a colour soe redd,  
Catching hold of his bridle-reine; 30  
One penny, one penny, kind sir, she sayd,  
Will ease me of much paine.

Before I give you one penny, sweet-heart,  
Praye tell me where you were borne.

At Islington, kind sir, sayd shee, 35  
Where I have had many a soorne.

I prythee, sweet-heart, then tell to mee,  
O tell me, whether you knowe  
The baylifles daughter of Islington.  
She is dead, sir, long agoe. 40

If she be dead, then take my horse,  
My saddle und bridle also;  
For I will into some farr cuntrye,  
Where noe man shall me knowe.

O staye, O staye, thou goodlye youthe, 45  
She standeth by thy side;  
She is here alive, she is not dead,  
And readye to be thy bride.

O farewell grieffe, and welcome joye,  
Ten thousand times therefore; 50  
For nowe I have founde mine owne true love,  
Whom I thought I should never see more.

IX.

THE WILLOW TREE.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

From the small black-letter collection, intituled,  
"The Golden Garland of princely Delights," col-  
lated with two other copies, and corrected by con-  
jecture.

WILLY.

How now, shepherde, what meanes that?  
Why that willowe in thy hat?  
Why thy scarffes of red and yellowe  
Turn'd to branches of greene willowe?

CUDDY.

They are chang'd, and so am I; 5  
Sorrowes live, but pleasures die:  
Phillis hath forsaken mee,  
Which makes me weare the willowe-tree.

WILLY.

Phillis! shee that lov'd thee long?  
Is shee the lass hath done thee wrong? 10  
Shee that lov'd thee long and best,  
Is her love turned to a jest?

CUDDY.

Shee that long true love profest,  
She hath robb'd my heart of rest:

For she a new love loves, not mee; 15  
Which makes me wear the willowe-tree.

WILLY.

Come then, shepherde, let us joine,  
Since thy happ is like to mine:  
For the maid I thought most true  
Mee hath also bid adieu. 20

CUDDY.

Thy hard happ doth mine appease,  
Companye doth sorrowes ease:  
Yet, Phillis, still I pine for thee,  
And still must weare the willowe-tree.

WILLY.

Shepherde, be advis'd by mee, 25  
Cast off grief and willowe-tree:  
For thy grief brings her content,  
She is pleas'd if thou lament.

CUDDY.

Herdaman, I'll be rul'd by thee,  
There lyes grief and willowe-tree: 30  
Henceforth I will do as they,  
And love a new love every day.

••



## X.

## THE LADY'S FALL,

—is given (with corrections) from the editor's ancient folio MS. collated with two printed copies in black-letter; one in the British Museum, the other in the Pepys Collection. Its old title is, "A lamentable ballad of the Lady's fall." To the tune of "In Pescod Time, &c."—The ballad here referred to is preserved in the "Muses Library," 8vo. p. 281. It is an allegory or vision, intitled, "The Shepherd's Slumber," and opens with some pretty rural images, viz.

"In pescod time when hound to horn  
Gives care till buck be kil'd,  
And little lads with pipes of corne  
Sate keeping beasts a-field.

"I went to gather strawberries  
By woods and groves full fair, &c."

MAKE well my heavy dolefull tale,  
You loyall lovers all,  
And heedfully beare in your brest  
A gallant ladyes fall.  
Long was she wooed, ere shee was wonne, 5  
To lead a wedded life,  
But folly wrought her overthrowe  
Before shee was a wife.

Too soone, alas! shee gave consent  
And yeelded to his will, 10  
Though he protested to be true,  
And faithfull to her still.  
Shee felt her body altered quite,  
Her bright hue waxed pale,  
Her lovely cheeks chang'd color white, 15  
Her strength began to fayle.

Soe that with many a sorrowful aigh,  
This beauteous ladye milde,  
With greived hart, perceived herselfe  
To have conceived with childe. 20  
Shee kept it from her parents sight  
As close as close might bee  
And soe put on her silken gowne  
None might her swelling see.

Unto her lover secretly 25  
Her greefe shee did bewray,  
And, walking with him hand in hand,  
These words to him did say;  
Behold, quoth shee, a maids distresse  
By love brought to thy bowe, 30  
Behold I goe with childe by thee,  
The none thereof doth knowe.

The litle babe springs in my wombe  
To heare its fathers voyce,  
Lett it not be a bastard called, 35  
Sith I made thee my choyce:  
Come, come, my love, perform thy vowe  
And wed me out of hand;  
O leave me not in this extreme 40  
Of grieve, alas! to stand.

Think on thy former promises,  
Thy oathes and vowes eche one;  
Remember with what bitter teares  
To mee thou madest thy moane.  
Convey mee to some secrett place, 45  
And marye me with speede;  
Or with thy rapyer end my life,  
Ere further shame proceede.

Alacke! my beauteous love, quoth hee,  
My joye, and only dear; 50  
Which way can I convey thee hence,  
When dangers are so near?  
Thy friends are all of hye degree,  
And I of mean estate;  
Full hard it is to gett thee forthe 55  
Out of thy fathers gate.

Dread not thy life to save my fame,  
For, if thou taken bee,  
My selfe will step betweene the swords,  
And take the harme on mee: 60  
Soe shall I scape dishonour quite;  
And if I should be slaine,  
What could they say, but that true love  
Had wrought a ladyes bane.

But feare not any further harme;  
My selfe will soe devise, 65  
That I will ryde away with thee  
Unknownen of mortal eyes:  
Disguised like some pretty page  
Hee meets thee in the darke, 70  
And all alone hee come to thee  
Hard by my fathers parke.

And there, quoth hee, hee meets my deare  
If God so lend me life,  
On this day month without all fayle 75  
I will make thee my wife.  
Then with a sweet and loving kisse,  
They parted presentlye,  
And att their partinge brinish teares  
Stood in eche others eye. 80

Att length the wished day was come,  
On which this beauteous mayd,  
With longing eyes, and strange attire,  
For her true lover stayd.  
When any person shee espyed 85  
Come ryding ore the plaine,  
Shee hop'd it was her owne true love:  
But all her hopes were vaine.

Then did shee weepe and sore bewayle  
Her most unhappy fate; 90  
Then did shee speake these woefull words,  
As succourless shee sate;  
O false, foraworne, and faithlesse man,  
Disloyall in thy love,  
Hast thou forgott thy promise past, 95  
And wilt thou periured prove?

And hast thou now forsaken mee  
In this my great distresse,  
To end my days in open shame,  
Which thou mightst well redresse ? 100  
Woe worth the time I eer believ'd  
That flattering tongue of thine :  
Wold God that I had never seene  
The teares of thy false eyne.

And thus with many a sorrowful sigh,  
Homewards shee went againe : 105  
Noe rest came in her watery eyes,  
She felt such privye paine.  
In travail strong shee fell that night,  
With many a bitter throwe ; 110  
What woefull paines shee then did feel,  
Doth eche good woman knowe.

Shee called up her waiting mayd,  
That lay at her bedds feete,  
Who musing at her mistress woe, 115  
Began full faste to weepe.  
Weepe not, said shee, but shutt the dore,  
And windowes round about,  
Let none bewray my wretched state,  
But keepe all persons out. 120

O mistress, call your mother deare  
Of women you have neede,  
And of some skilfull midwives helpe,  
That better may you speed.

Call not my mother for thy life, 125  
Nor fetch no woman here ;  
The midwives helpe comes all too late,  
My death I doe not feare.

With that the babe sprang from her wombe  
No creature being nye, 130  
And with one sighe, which brake her hart,  
This gentle dame did dye.  
The lovely litle infant younge,  
The mother being dead,  
Resigned its new received breath 135  
To him that had it made.

Next morning came her own true love,  
Affrighted at the newes,  
And he for sorrow slew himselfe,  
Whom eche one did accuse. 140  
The mother with her new borne babe,  
Were laide both in one grave ;  
Their parents overworne with woe,  
No joy thenceforth cold have.

Take heed, you daynty damsells all,  
Of flattering words beware, 145  
And to the honour of your name  
Have an especial care.  
Too true, alas ! this story is,  
As many one can tell : 159  
By others harmes learne to be wise,  
And you shall do full well.

## XI.

## WALY WALY, LOVE BE BONNY.

## A SCOTTISH SONG.

This is a very ancient song, but we could only give it from a modern copy. Some editions instead of the four last lines in the second stanza have these, which have too much merit to be wholly suppressed :

" When cockle shells twa siller bells,  
And muscles grow on every tree,  
When frost and snaw sall warm us aw',  
Then sall my love prove true to me."  
See the Orpheus Caledonius, &c.

Arthur's-seat, mentioned in ver. 17, is a hill near Edinburgh ; at the bottom of which is St. Anthony's well.

O waly waly up the bank,  
And waly waly down the brae,  
And waly waly yon burn side,  
Where I and my love wer wont to gae.  
I leant my back unto an aik,  
I thought it was a tryste tree !  
But first it bow'd and aye it brak,  
See my true love did lichtly me.

O waly waly, gin love be bonny, 10  
A little time while it is new ;  
But when its auld, it waxeth cauld,  
And fades awa' like morning dew

O wherfore shuld I busk my head ?  
Or wherfore shuld I kame my hair ?  
For my true love has me forsook,  
And says he'll never loe me mair. 15

Now Arthur-seat sall be my bed,  
The sheets shall neir be fyl'd by me :  
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,  
Since my true love has forsaken me. 20  
Mart'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
And shake the green leaves aff the tree ?  
O gentle death, when wilt thou cum ?  
For of my life I am wearie.

Tis not the frost, that freezes fell, 25  
Nor blawing snaws inclemencie ;  
'Tis not sic cauld, that makes me cry,  
But my loves heart grown cauld to me.  
Whan we came in by Glasgowe town,  
We were a comely sight to see, 30  
My love was cled in black velvet,  
And I my sell in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kist,  
That love had been sae ill to win ;  
I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd,  
And pinnd it with a siller pin. 35  
And, oh ! if my young babe were born,  
And set upon the nurres knee,  
And I my sell were dead and gane !  
For a maid again Ise never be. 40

## XII.

## THE BRIDE'S BURIAL.

From two ancient copies in black-letter : one in the Pepys Collection ; the other in the British Museum.

To the tune of "The Lady's Fall."

Come mourne, come mourne with mee,  
You loyall lovers all ;  
Lament my loss in weeds of woe,  
Whom griping grief doth thrall.

Like to the drooping vine, 5  
Cut by the gardener's knife,  
Even so my heart, with sorrow slaine,  
Doth bleed for my sweet wife.

By death, that grislye ghost, 10  
My turtle dove is slaine,  
And I am left, unhappy man,  
To spend my dayes in paine.

Her beauty late so bright, 15  
Like roses in their prime,  
Is wasted like the mountain snowe,  
Before warme Phebus' shine.

Her faire red colour'd cheeks 20  
Now pale and wan ; her eyes,  
That late did shine like crystal stars,  
Alas, their light it dies :

Her prettye lilly hands,  
With fingers long and small,  
In colour like the earthly clays,  
Yea, cold and stiff withall.

When as the morning-star 25  
Her golden gates had spred,  
And that the glittering sun arose  
Forth from fair Thetis' bed ;

Then did my love awake, 30  
Most like a lilly-flower,  
And as the lovely queene of heaven,  
So shone shee in her bower.

Attired was shee then 35  
Like Flora in her pride,  
Like one of bright Diana's nymphs,  
So look'd my loving bride.

And as fair Helens face 40  
Did Grecian dames besmirche,  
So did my dear exceed in sight  
All virgins in the church.

When we had knitt the knott  
Of holy wedlock-band,  
Like alabaster joyn'd to jett,  
So stood we hand in hand

Then lo ! a chilling cold 45  
Strucke every vital part,  
And griping griefe, like pangs of death,  
Seiz'd on my true love's heart.

Down in a swoon she fell,  
As cold as any stone ; 50  
Like Venus picture lacking life,  
So was my love brought home.

At length her rosey red,  
Throughout her comely face,  
As Phœbus beames with watry cloudes 55  
Was cover'd for a space.

When with a grievous groane,  
And voice both hoarse and drye,  
Farewell, quoth she, my loving friend, 60  
For I this daye must dye ;

The messenger of God  
With golden trumpe I see,  
With manye other angels more,  
Which sound and call for mee.

Instead of musicke sweet, 65  
Go toll my passing-bell ;  
And with sweet flowers strow my grave,  
That in my chamber smell.

Strip off my bride's arraye, 70  
My cork shoes from my feet ;  
And, gentle mother, be not coy  
To bring my winding-sheet.

My wedding dinner drest,  
Bestowe upon the poor,  
And on the hungry, needy, maimde, 75  
Now craving at the door.

Instead of virgins yong,  
My bride-bed for to see,  
Go cause some cunning carpenter, 80  
To make a chest for mee.

My bride laces of silk  
Bestow'd, for maidens meet,  
May fitly serve, when I am dead,  
To tye my hands and feet.

And thou, my lover true, 85  
My husband and my friend,  
Let me intreat thee here to staye,  
Until my life doth end.

Now leave to talk of love,  
And humblye on your knee,  
Direct your prayers unto God : 90  
But mourn no more for mee.

In love as we have livde,  
In love let us depart ;  
And I, in token of my love, 95  
Do kisse thee with my heart.

O staunch those bootless teares,  
Thy weeping tis in vaine ;  
I am not lost, for wee in heaven 100  
Shall one daye meet againe.

With that shee turn'd aside,  
As one dispos'd to sleep,  
And like a lamb departed life :  
Whose friends did sorely weep.

Her true love seeing this, 105  
Did fetch a grievous groane,  
As tho' his heart would burst in twaine,  
And thus he made his moane.

O darke and dismal daye, 110  
A daye of grief and care,  
That hath bereft the sun so bright,  
Whose beams refresht the air.

Now woe unto the world, 115  
And all that therein dwell,  
O that I were with thee in heaven  
For here I live in hell.

And now this lover lives  
A discontented life,  
Whose bride was brought unto the grave  
A maiden and a wife. 120

A garland fresh and faire  
Of lillies there was made,  
In sign of her virginitye,  
And on her coffin laid.

Six maidens all in white, 125  
Did beare her to the ground :  
The bells did ring in solemne sort,  
And made a dolefull sound.

In earth they laid her then, 130  
For hungry wormes a preye ;  
So shall the fairest face alive  
At length be brought to claye.

## XIII.

## DULCINA.

Given from two ancient copies, one in black-print, in the Pepys Collection, the other in the Editor's folio MS. Each of these contained a stanza not found in the other. What seemed the best readings were selected from both

This song is quoted as very popular in "Walton's Compleat Angler," chap. 2. It is more ancient than the ballad of "Robin Good-Fellow" printed below, which yet is supposed to have been written by Ben Jonson.

As at noone Dulcina rested  
In her sweete and shady bower,  
Came a shepheard, and requested  
In her lapp to sleepe an hour.  
But from her looke 5  
A wounde he tooke  
Soe deepe, that for a further boone  
The nymph he prayes.  
Wherto shee sayes,  
Forgoe me now, come to me soone. 10

But in wayne shee did conjure him  
To depart her presence soe ;  
Having a thousand tongues to allure him,  
And but one to bid him goe :  
Where lipps invite, 15  
And eyes delight,  
And cheekes, as fresh as rose in June,  
Persuade delay ;  
What boots, she say,  
Forgoe me now, come to me soone ? 20

He demands what time for pleasure  
Can there be more fit than now :  
She sayes, night gives love that leysure,  
Which the day can not allow.  
He sayes, the sight 25  
'Improves delight.  
Which she denies : Nights mirkie noone  
In Venus' playes  
Makes bold, shee sayes ;  
Forgoe me now, come to mee soone. 30

But what promise or profession  
From his hands could purchase scope ?  
Who would sell the sweet possession  
Of suche beautye for a hope ?  
Or for the sight 35  
Of lingering night  
Foregoe the present joyes of noone ?  
Though ne'er soe faire  
Her speeches were,  
Forgoe me now, come to me soone. 40

How, at last, agreed these lovers ?  
Shee was fayre, and he was young :  
The tongue may tell what th'eye discovers ;  
Joyes unseene are never sung.  
Did shee consent, 45  
Or he relent ;  
Accepts he night, or grants shee noone ;  
Left he her a mayd,  
Or not ; she sayd  
Forgoe me now, come to me soone. 50

## XIV.

## THE LADY ISABELLA'S TRAGEDY.

This ballad is given from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, collated with another in the British Museum, H. 263. folio. It is there intitled, "The Lady Isabella's Tragedy, or the Step-Mother's Cruelty: being a relation of a lamentable and cruel murder, committed on the body of the Lady Isabella, the only daughter of a noble Duke, &c. To the tune of, The Lady's Fall." To some copies are annexed eight more modern stanzas, intitled, "The Dutchess's and Cook's Lamentation."

THERE was a lord of worthy fame,  
And a hunting he would ride,  
Attended by a noble traine  
Of gentrye by his side.

And while he did in chase remaine,  
To see both sport and playe;  
His ladye went, as she did feigne,  
Unto the church to praye.

This lord he had a daughter deare,  
Whose beauty shone so bright,  
She was belov'd, both far and neare,  
Of many a lord and knight.

Fair Isabella was she call'd,  
A creature faire was shee;  
She was her fathers only joye;  
As you shall after see.

Therefore her cruel step-mother  
Did envye her so much,  
That daye by daye she sought her life,  
Her malice it was such.

She bargain'd with the master-cook,  
To take her life awaye:  
And taking of her daughters booke,  
She thus to her did saye.

Go home, sweet daughter, I thee praye,  
Go hasten presentlie;  
And tell unto the master-cook  
These wordes that I tell thee.

And bid him dresse to dinner straight  
That faire and milk-white doe,  
That in the parke doth shine so bright,  
There's none so faire to shewe.

This ladye fearing of no harme,  
Obey'd her mothers will;  
And presentlie she hasted home,  
Her pleasure to fulfill.

She straight into the kitchen went,  
Her message for to tell;  
And there she spied the master-cook,  
Who did with malice swell.

Nowe, master-cook, it must be soe,  
Do that which I thee tell:  
You needes must dresse the milk-white doe,  
Which you do knowe full well.

Then streight his cruell bloodye hands,  
He on the ladye layd;  
Who quivering and shaking stands,  
While thus to her he sayd;

Thou art the doe that I must dresse;  
See here, behold my knife;  
For it is pointed presently  
To ridd thee of thy life.

O then, cried out the scullion-boye,  
As loud as loud might bee;  
O save her life, good master-cook,  
And make your pyes of mee!

For pityes sake do not destroye  
My ladye with your knife;  
You knowe shee is her fathers joye,  
For Christes sake save her life.

I will not save her life, he sayd,  
Nor make my pyes of thee;  
Yet if thou dost this deed bewraye,  
Thy butcher I will bee.

Now when this lord he did come home  
For to sit down and eat;  
He called for his daughter deare,  
To come and carve his meat.

Now sit you downe, his ladye sayd,  
O sit you downe to meat;  
Into some nunnery she is gone;  
Your daughter deare forget.

Then solemnlye he made a vowe,  
Before the companie:  
That he would neither eat nor drinke,  
Until he did her see.

O then bespake the scullion-boye,  
With a loud voice so hye;  
If now you will your daughter see,  
My lord cut up that pye:

Wherein her fleshe is minced small,  
And parched with the fire;  
All caused by her step-mother,  
Who did her death desire.

And cursd bee the master-cook,  
O cursd may he bee!  
I proffered him my own heart's blood,  
From death to set her free,

Then all in blacke this lord did mourne ;  
And for his daughters sake,  
He judg'd her cruell step-mother  
To be burnt at a stake.

90

Likewise he judg'd the master-cook  
In boiling lead to stand ;  
And made the simple scullion-boye  
The heire of all his land.

95

## XV.

## A HUE AND CRY AFTER CUPID:

This song is a kind of Translation of a pretty poem of Tasso's, called *Amore fuggitivo*, generally printed with his "Aminta," and originally imitated from the first Idyllium of Moschus.

It is extracted from Ben Jonson's Masque at the marriage of Lord Viscount Hadington, on Shrove-Tuesday 1608. One stanza, full of dry mythology, is here omitted, as it had been dropt in a copy of this song printed in a small volume called "Le Prince d'Amour. Lond. 1660," 8vo.

BEAUTIES, have yee seen a toy,  
Called Love, a little boy,  
Almost naked, wanton, blinde ;  
Cruel now, and then as kinde ?  
If he be amongst yee, say ;  
He is Venus' run away.

5

Shee, that will but now discover  
Where the winged wag doth hover,  
Shall to-night receive a kisse,  
How and where herselfe would wish :  
But who brings him to his mother  
Shall have that kisse, and another.

10

Markes he hath about him plentie ;  
You may know him among twentie :  
All his body is a fire,  
And his breath a flame entire :  
Which, being shot, like lightning, in,  
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

15

Wings he hath, which though yee clip,  
He will leape from lip to lip,  
Over liver, lights, and heart ;  
Yet not stay in any part.  
And, if chance his arrow misses,  
He will shoot himselfe in kisses.

20

He doth beare a golden bow,  
And a quiver hanging low,  
Full of arrowes, which outbrave  
Dian's shafts ; where, if he have  
Any head more sharpe than other,  
With that first he strikes his mother.

25

30

Still the fairest are his fuell,  
When his daies are to be cruell ;  
Lovers hearts are all his food,  
And his baths their warmest bloud :  
Nought but wounds his hand doth season,  
And he hates none like to Reason.

35

Trust him not : his words, though sweet,  
Seldome with his heart doe meet :  
All his practice is deceit ;  
Everie gift is but a bait :  
Not a kisse but poyson beares ;  
And most treason's in his teares.

40

Idle minutes are his raigne ;  
Then the straggler makes his game,  
By presenting maids with toys  
And would have yee thinke hem joyes ;  
'Tis the ambition of the elfe  
To have all childish as himselfe.

45

If by these yee please to know him,  
Beauties, be not nice, but show him.  
Though yee had a will to hide him,  
Now, we hope, yee'l not abide him,  
Since yee heare this falsers' play,  
And that he is Venus' run-away

50

## XVI.

## THE KING OF FRANCE'S DAUGHTER.

The story of this Ballad seems to be taken from an incident in the domestic history of Charles the Bald, King of France. His daughter Judith was betrothed to Ethelwulph King of England : but before the marriage was consummated, Ethelwulph died, and she returned to France : whence she was carried off by Baldwyn, Forester of Flanders ; who, after many crosses and difficulties, at length obtained the king's consent to their marriage, and was made Earl of

Flanders. This happened about A. D. 863.—See Rapin, Hensault, and the French Historians.

The following copy is given from the Editor's ancient folio MS. collated with another in black-letter in the Pepys Collection, intitled, "An excellent Ballad of a prince of England's courtship to the King of France's daughter, &c. To the tune of Crimson Velvet."

Many breaches having been made in this old song

by the hand of time, principally (as might be expected) in the quick returns of the rhyme; an attempt is here made to repair them.

In the dayes of old,  
When faire France did flourish,  
Storyes plaine have told,  
Lovers felt annoye. 5  
The queene a daughter bare,  
Whom beautye's queene did nourish :  
She was lovelye faire,  
She was her fathers joye.  
A prince of England came,  
Whose deeds did merit fame, 10  
But he was exil'd, and outcast:  
Love his soul did fire,  
Shee granted his desire,  
Their hearts in one were linked fast.  
Which when her father proved, 15  
Sorelye he was moved,  
And tormented in his minde.  
He sought for to prevent them ;  
And, to discontent them,  
Fortune cross'd these lovers kinde. 20

When these princes twaine  
Were thus barr'd of pleasure,  
Through the kinges disdaine,  
Which their joyes withstoode :  
The lady soon prepar'd 25  
Her jewells and her treasure :  
Having no regard  
For state and royall bloods ;  
In homelye poore array  
She went from court away, 30  
To meet her joye and hearts delight ;  
Who in a forrest great  
Had taken up his seat,  
To wayt her coming in the night.  
But, lo ! what sudden danger 35  
To this princely stranger  
Chanced, as he sate alone !  
By outlawes he was robbed,  
And with ponyards stabbed,  
Uttering many a dying grone. 40

The princeesse, arm'd by love,  
And by chaste desire,  
All the night did rove  
Without dread at all :  
Still unknowne she past 45  
In her strange ature ;  
Coming at the last  
Within echoes call,—  
You faire woods, quoth shee,  
Honoured may you bee, 50  
Harbouring my hearts delight ;  
Which encompass here  
My joye and only deare,  
My trustye friend, and comelye knight.  
Sweetes, I come unto thee, 55  
Sweetes, I come to woo thee ;  
That thou mayst not angry bee  
For my long delaying ;  
For thy courteous staying  
Sooone amends Ile make to thee. 60

Passing thus alone  
Through the silent forest,  
Many a grievous grone  
Sounded in her ears :

She heard one complayne 65  
And lament the sorest,  
Seeming all in payne,  
Shedding deadly teares.  
Farewell, my deare, quoth hee,  
Whom I must never see ; 70  
For why my life is att an end,  
Through villaines crueltye :  
For thy sweet sake I dye,  
To show I am a faithfull friend.  
Here I lye a bleeding, 75  
While my thoughts are feeding  
On the rarest beautye found.  
O hard happ, that may be !  
Little knowes my ladye  
My heartes blood lyes on the ground. 80

With that a grone he sends  
Which did burst in sunder  
All the tender bands  
Of his gentle heart.  
She, who knewe his voice, 85  
At his wordes did wonder ;  
All her former joyes  
Did to griefe convert.  
Strait she ran to seee.  
Who this man shold bee, 90  
That soe like her love did seeme :  
Her lovely lord she found  
Lye slaine upon the ground,  
Smear'd with gore a ghastlye stream.  
Which his lady spying, 95  
Shrieking, fainting, crying,  
Her sorrows could not uttered bee :  
Fate, she cryed, too cruell :  
For thee—my dearest jewell,  
Would God ! that I had dyed for thee. 100

His pale lippes, alas !  
Twentye times she kissed,  
And his face did wash  
With her trickling teares :  
Every gaping wound 105  
Tenderlye she pressed,  
And did wipe it round  
With her golden haire.  
Speake, faire love, quoth shee,  
Speake, faire prince, to mee, 110  
One sweets word of comfort give :  
Lift up thy deare eyes,  
Listen to my cryes,  
Thinke in what sad griefe I live.  
All in vain she sued, 115  
All in vain she wooed,  
The prince's life was fled and gone.  
There stood she still mourning,  
Till the suns retourning,  
And bright day was coming on 120

In this great distresse  
Weeping, wayling ever,  
Oft shee cryed, alas !  
What will become of mee ?  
To my fathers court 125  
I returne will never :  
But in lowlye sort  
I will a servant bee.  
While thus she made her mone,  
Weeping all alone 130

In this deepe and deadlie feare :  
 A for'ster all in greene,  
 Most comelye to be seene,  
 Ranging the woods did find her there.  
 Moved with her sorrowe, 135  
 Maid, quoth hee, good morrowe,  
 What hard happ has brought thee here ?  
 Harder happ did never  
 Two kinde hearts dissever :  
 Here lyes slaine my brother deare. 140

Where may I remaine,  
 Gentle for'ster, shew me,  
 Till I can obtaine  
 A service in my neede ?  
 Paines I will not spare : 145  
 This kinde favour doe mee,  
 It will ease my care ;  
 Heaven shall be thy meede.  
 The for'ster all amazed,  
 On her beautye gazed, 150  
 Till his heart was set on fire.  
 If, faire maid, quoth hee,  
 You will goe with mee,  
 You shall have your hearts desire.  
 He brought her to his mother, 155  
 And above all other  
 He sett forth this maidens praise.  
 Long was his heart inflamed,  
 At length her love he gained,  
 And fortune crown'd his future dayes. 160

Thus unknowne he wedde  
 With a kings faire daughter :  
 Children seven they had,  
 Ere she told her birth.  
 Which when once he knew, 165  
 Humblie he besought her,  
 He to the world might shew  
 Her rank and princelye worth.  
 He cloath'd his children then,  
 (Not like other men) 170  
 In partye-colours strange to see :  
 The right side cloth of gold,  
 The left side to behold,  
 Of woollen cloth still framed hee \*.  
 Men thereatt did wonder ; 175  
 Golden fame did thunder

This strange deede in every place :  
 The King of France came thither,  
 It being pleasant weather,  
 In those woods the hart to chase. 180

The children then they bring.  
 So their mother will'd it,  
 Where the royall king  
 Must of force come bye :  
 Their mothers riche array, 185  
 Was of crimson velvet :  
 Their fathers all of gray,  
 Seemelye to the eye.  
 Then this famous king,  
 Noting every thing, 190  
 Askt how he durst be so bold  
 To let his wife soe weare,  
 And decke his children there  
 In costly robes of pearl and gold.  
 The forrester replying, 195  
 And the cause descrying \*,  
 To the king these words did say,  
 Well may they, by their mother,  
 Weare rich clothes with other,  
 Being by birth a princesse gay. 200

The king aroused thus,  
 More heedfullie beheld them,  
 Till a crimson blush  
 His remembrance crost.  
 The more I fix my mind 205  
 On thy wife and children,  
 The more methinks I find  
 The daughter which I lost.  
 Falling on her knee,  
 I am that child, quoth shee ; 210  
 Pardon mee, my soveraine liege,  
 The king perceiving this,  
 His daughter deare did kiss,  
 While joyfull teares did stopp his speache.  
 With his traine he tourned, 215  
 And with them sojourned.  
 Strait he dubb'd her husband knight ;  
 Then made him Erie of Flanders,  
 And chiefe of his commanders :  
 Thus were their sorrowes put to flight. 220

## XVII.

## THE SWEET NEGLECT.

This little madrigal (extrated from Ben. Jonson's *Silent Woman*, act. 1. sc. 1. first acted in 1609.) is in imitation of a Latin poem printed at the end of the variorum Edit. of Petronius, beginning, "*Semper munditias, semper Basilissa decoras &c.*" See Whalley's Ben. Jonson, vol. II. p. 420.

\* This will remind the reader of the livery and device of Charles Brandon, a private gentleman, who married the Queen Dowager of France, sister of Henry VIII. At a tournament which he held at his wedding, the trappings of his horse were half cloth of gold, and half frieze, with the following motto :

"Cloth of Gold, do not despise,  
 Tho' thou art match with Cloth of Frize ;  
 Cloth of Frize, be not too bold,  
 Tho' thou art matcht with Cloth of Gold."

See Sir W. Temple's Misc. vol. III. p. 250.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,  
 As you were going to a feast :  
 Still to be poud' red, still perfum'd :  
 Lady it is to be presum'd,  
 Though art's hid causes are not found, 5  
 All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a looke, give me a face,  
 That makes simplicitie a grace ;  
 Robes loosely flowing, haire as free :  
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me, 10  
 Than all th' adulteries of art,  
 That strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

\* i. e. describing. See Gloss.



## XVIII.

## THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

The subject of this very popular ballad (which has been set in so favourable a light by the Spectator, No. 85,) seems to be taken from an old play, entitled, "Two lamentable Tragedies; the one of the murder of Maister Beech, a chandler in Thames-streete, &c. The other of a young child murdered in a wood by two ruffians, with the consent of his uncle. By Rob. Yarrington, 1601, 4to." Our ballad-maker has strictly followed the play in the description of the father and mother's dying charge: in the uncle's promise to take care of their issue: his hiring two ruffians to destroy his ward, under pretence of sending him to school: their choosing a wood to perpetrate the murder in: one of the ruffians relenting, and a battle ensuing, &c. In other respects he has departed from the play. In the latter the scene is laid in Padua: there is but one child: which is murdered by a sudden stab of the unrelenting ruffian: he is slain himself by his less bloody companion; but ere he dies gives the other a mortal wound: the latter living just long enough to impeach the uncle; who, in consequence of this impeachment, is arraigned and executed by the hand of justice, &c. Whoever compares the play with the ballad, will have no doubt but the former is the original: the language is far more obsolete, and such a vein of simplicity runs through the whole performance, that, had the ballad been written first, there is no doubt but every circumstance of it would have been received into the drama: whereas this was probably built on some Italian novel.

Printed from two ancient copies, one of them in black letter in the Pepys collection. Its title at large is, "The Children in the Wood: or, the Norfolk Gentleman's Last Will and Testament: to the tune of Rogero, &c."

Now ponder well, you parents deare,  
These wordes, which I shall write;  
A doleful story you shall heare,  
In time brought forth to light.  
A gentleman of good account  
In Norfolke dwelt of late,  
Who did in honour far surmount  
Most men of his estate.

5

Sore sicke he was, and like to dye,  
No helpe his life could save;  
His wife by him as sicke did lye,  
And both possest one grave.  
No love between these two was lost,  
Each was to other kinde,  
In love they liv'd, in love they dyed,  
And left too babes behinde:

10

15

The one a fine and pretty boy,  
Not passing three yeares olde;  
The other a girl more young than he,  
And fram'd in beautyes molde.  
The father left his little son,  
As plainlye doth appeare,  
When he to perfect age should come,  
Three hundred poundes a yeare.

20

And to his little daughter Jane  
Five hundred poundes in gold,  
To be paid downe on marriage-day,  
Which might not be controll'd:  
But if the children chance to dye,  
Ere they to age should come,  
Their uncle should possesse their wealth;  
For so the wille did run.

25

30

Now, brother, said the dying man,  
Look to my children deare;  
Be good unto my boy and girl,  
No friendes else have they here:  
To God and you I recommend  
My children deare this daye;  
But little while be sure we have  
Within this world to staye.

35

40

You must be father and mother both,  
And uncle all in one;  
God knowes what will become of them,  
When I am dead and gone.  
With that bespake their mother deare,  
O brother kinde, quoth ahee,  
You are the man must bring our babes  
To wealth or miserie:

45

And if you keep them carefully,  
Then God will you reward;  
But if you otherwise should deal,  
God will your deedes regard.  
With lippes as cold as any stone,  
They kist their children small:  
God bless you both, my children deare;  
With that the teares did fall.

50

55

These speeches then their brother spake  
To this sicke couple there,  
The keeping of your little ones  
Sweet sister, do not feare:  
God never prosper me nor mine,  
Nor aught else that I have,  
If I do wrong your children deare,  
When you are layd in grave.

60

The parents being dead and gone,  
The children home he takes,  
And bringes them straits unto his house,  
Where much of them he makes.  
He had not kept these pretty babes  
A twelvemonth and a daye,  
But, for their wealth, he did devise  
To make them both awaye.

65

70

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,  
Which were of furious mood,  
That they should take these children young,  
And slaye them in a wood.  
He told his wife an artful tale,  
He would the children send  
To be brought up in faire London,  
With one that was his friend.

80

Away then went those pretty babes,  
Rejoycing at that tide,  
Rejoycing with a merry minde,  
They should on cock-horse ride.  
They prate and prattle pleasantly, 85  
As they rode on the ways,  
To those that should their butchers be,  
And work their lives decaye :

So that the pretty speeche they had,  
Made Murder's heart relent : 90  
And they that undertooke the deed,  
Full sore did now repent.  
Yet one of them more hard of heart,  
Did vowe to do his charge,  
Because the wretch, that hired him, 95  
Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,  
So here they fall to strife ;  
With one another they did fight,  
About the childrens life : 100  
And he that was of mildest mood,  
Did slaye the other there,  
Within an unfrequented wood ;  
The babes did quake for feare !

He took the children by the hand, 105  
Teares standing in their eye,  
And bad them straitways follow him,  
And look they did not erve :  
And two long miles he led them on,  
While they for food complaine : 110  
Staye here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread,  
When I come back againe.

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,  
Went wandering up and downe ;  
But never more could see the man 115  
Approaching from the town :  
Their pretty lippes with black-berries,  
Were all beamear'd and dyed,  
And when they sawe the darksome night,  
They sat them downe and cryed. 120

Thus wandered these poor innocents,  
Till death did end their griet,  
In one anothers armes they dyed,  
As wanting due relief : 125  
No burial ' this' pretty ' pair'  
Of any man receives,  
Till Robin-red-breast piously  
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrathe of God  
Upon their uncle fell ;  
Yea, fearfull fiends did haunt his house,  
His conscience felt an hell :  
His barnes were fir'd, his goodes consum'd,  
His landes were barren made, 135  
His cattle dyed within the field,  
And nothing with him stayd,

And in a voyage to Portugal  
Two of his sonnes did dye ;  
And to conclude, himself was brought  
To want and miserye : 140  
He pawn'd and mortgaged all his land  
Ere seven years came about.  
And now at length this wicked act  
Did by this meanes come out :

The fellowe, that did take in hand 145  
These children for to kill,  
Was for a robbery judg'd to dye,  
Such was God's blessed will :  
Who did confess the very truth,  
As here hath been display'd : 150  
Their uncle having dyed in gaol,  
Where he for debt was layd.

You that executors be made,  
And overseers eke  
Of children that be fatherless, 155  
And infants mild and meek ;  
Take you example by this thing,  
And yield to each his right,  
Lest God with such like miserye  
Your wicked minds requite.

## XIX.

## A LOVER OF LATE.

Printed, with a few slight corrections, from the  
Editor's folio MS.

A LOVER of late was I,  
For Cupid would have it soe,  
The boy that hath never an eye,  
As every man doth know :  
I sighed and sobbed, and cryed, alas ! 5  
For her that laught, and called me ass.

Then knew not I what to doe,  
When I saw itt was in vaine  
A lady soe coy to wooe,  
Who gave me the asse soe plaine : 10  
Yet would I her asse freelye bee,  
Soe shes would helpe, and beare with mee.

An' I were as faire as shes,  
Or shes were as kind as I,  
What payre cold have made, as wee, 15  
Soe prettye a sympathye :  
I was as kind as shes was faire,  
But for all this wee cold not paire.

Paire with her that will for mee,  
With her I will never paire ; 20  
That cunningly can be coy,  
For being a little faire.  
The asse Ile leave to her disdaine ;  
And now I am myselfe againe.

## XX.

## THE KING AND MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

It has been a favourite subject with our English ballad-makers to represent our kings conversing, either by accident or design, with the meanest of their subjects. Of the former kind, besides this song of the King and the Miller, we have King Henry and the Soldier; King James I. and the Tinker; King William III. and the Forester, &c. Of the latter sort, are King Alfred and the Shepherd; King Edward IV. and the Tanner; King Henry VIII. and the Cobler, &c.—A few of the best of these are admitted into this collection. Both the author of the following ballad, and others who have written on the same plan, seem to have copied a very ancient poem, intitled "John the Reeve," which is built on an adventure of the same kind, that happened between King Edward Longshanks and one of his Reeves or Bailiffs. This is a piece of great antiquity, being written before the time of Edward IV. and for its genuine humour, diverting incidents, and faithful picture of rustic manners, is infinitely superior to all that have been since written in imitation of it. The Editor has a copy in his ancient folio MS. but its length rendered it improper for this volume, it consisting of more than 900 lines. It contains also some corruptions, and the Editor chuses to defer its publication, in hopes that some time or other he shall be able to remove them.

The following is printed, with corrections, from the Editor's folio MS. collated with an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, intitled, "A pleasant ballad of King Henry II. and the Miller of Mansfield, &c."

## PART THE FIRST.

HENRY, our royall king, would ride a hunting  
To the greene forest so pleasant and faire;  
To see the harts skiping, and dainty does tripping:  
Unto merry Sherwood his nobles repaire:  
Hawke and hound were unbound, all things prepar'd  
For the game, in the same, with good regard. 6

All a long summers day rode the king pleasantly,  
With all his princes and nobles eche one;  
Chasing the hart and hind, and the buck gallantly,  
Till the dark evening forc'd all to turn home. 10  
Then at last, riding fast, he had lost quite  
All his lords in the wood, late in the night.

Wandering thus wearily, all alone, up and downe,  
With a rude miller he mett at the last;  
Asking the ready way unto faire Nottingham; 15  
Sir, quoth the miller, I meane not to jest,  
Yet I thinke, what I thinke, sooth for to say,  
You doe not lightlye ride out of your way.

Why, what dost thou think of me, quoth our king  
merrily,  
Passing thy judgment upon me so briefe? 20  
Good faith sayd the miller, I mean not to flatter thee,  
I guess thee to bee but some gentleman thiefe;  
Stand thee backe, in the darke; light not adowne,  
at that I presently crack thy knaves crowne. 24

Thou dost abuse me much, quoth the king, saying  
I am a gentleman; lodging I lacke. [thus;  
Thou hast not quoth th' miller, one groat in thy purse;  
All thy inheritance hangs on thy backe.  
• I have gold to discharge all that I call;  
If it be forty pence I will pay all. 30

If thou beest a true man, then quoth the miller,  
I sweare by my toll-dish, I'll lodge thee all night.  
Here's my hand, quoth the king, that was I ever.  
Nay, soft, quoth the miller, thou may'st be a sprite.  
Better I'll know thee, ere hands we will shake; 35  
With none but honest men hands will I take.

Thus they went all along unto the millers house:  
Where they were seething of puddings and souse:  
The miller first enter'd in, after him went the king;  
Never came hee in soe smoakye a house. 40  
Now, quoth hee, let me see here what you are.  
Quoth the king, looke your fill, and doe not spare.

I like well thy countenance, thou hast an honest face:  
With my son Richard this night thou shalt lye.  
Quoth his wife, by my troth, it is a handsome youth,  
Yet it's best, husband, to deal warilye, 46  
Art thou no run away, prythee, youth, tell?  
Show me thy passport, and all shal be well.

Then our king presently, making lowe courtesye,  
With his hatt in his hand, thus he did say; 50  
I have no passport, nor never was servitor,  
But a poor courttyer, rode out of my way:  
And for your kindness here offered to mee,  
I will requite you in every degree,

Then to the miller his wife whisper'd secretlye, 55  
Saying, It seemeth, this youth's of good kin,  
Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners;  
To turne him out certainlye, were a great sin.  
Yea, quoth hee, you may see, he hath some grace  
When he doth speake to his betters in place. 60

Well, quo'the millers wife, young man, ye're welcome  
And, though I say it, well lodged shall be: [here;  
Fresh straw will I have, laid on thy bed so brave,  
And good brown hempen sheets likewise, quoth  
ahee.

Aye, quoth the good man; and when that is done,  
Thou shalt lye with no worse than our own sonne.

Nay, first, quoth Richard, good-fellowe, tell me true,  
Hast thou noe creepers within thy gay boose?  
Or art thou not troubled with the scabbedo?  
I pray, quoth the king, what creatures are those?  
Art thou not lowsay, nor scabby? quoth he: 71  
If thou beest, surely thou lyst not with mee.

• The king says this.

This caus'd the king, suddenlye, to laugh most heartlye,

Till the teares trickled fast downe from his eyes.  
Then to their supper were they set orderlye, 75  
With hot bag-puddings, and good apple-pyes ;  
Nappy ale, good and stale, in a browne bowle,  
Which did about the board merrilye trowle.

Here, quoth the miller, good fellowe, I drinke to thee,

And to all 'cuckholds, wherever they bee,' 80  
I pledge thee, quoth our king, and thanke thee heart-  
For my good welcome in every degree : [ilye  
And here, in like manner, I drinke to thy sonne.  
Do then, quoth Richard, and quicke let it come.

Wife, quoth the miller, fetch me forth lightfoote, 85  
And of his sweetnesse a little we'll taste.  
A fair ven'son pastye brought she out presentlye.  
Eate, quoth the miller, but, sir, make no waste.  
Here's dainty lightfoote ! In faith, sayd the king.  
I never before eat so daintye a thing. 90

I wis, quoth Richard, no daintye at all it is,  
For we doe eate of it every day.  
In what place, sayd our king, may be bought like to  
We never pay penneye for itt, by my fay : [this ?  
From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here ; 95  
Now and then we make bold with our kings dear.

Then I thinke, sayd our king, that it is venison.  
Eche foole, quoth Richard, full well may know that :  
Never are wee without two or thre in the roof,  
Very well fleshed, and excellent fat : 100  
But, prythee, say nothing whereever thou goe ;  
We would not, for two pence, the king should it knowe.

Doubt not, then sayd the king, my promist secresye ;  
The king shall never know more on't for mee.  
A cupp of lambs-wool they dranke unto him then,  
And to their bedds they past presentlie. 106  
The nobles, next morning, went all up and down,  
For to seeke out the king in every towne.

At last, at the millers' cott,' soone they espy'd him out,  
As he was mounting upon his faire steede ; 110  
To whom they came presently, falling down on their knee ;  
Which made the millers heart wofully bleede ;  
Shaking and quaking, before him he stood,  
Thinking he should have been hang'd, by the rood.

The king perceiving him fearfully trembling, 115  
Drew forth his sword, but nothing he sed :  
The miller downe did fall, crying before them all,  
Doubting the king would have cut off his head.  
But he his kind courtesye for to requite,  
Gave him great living, and dubb'd him a knight. 120

## PART THE SECONDE.

When as our royall king came home from Notting-  
And with his nobles at Westminster lay ; [ham,  
Recounting the sports and pastimes they had taken,  
In this late progress along on the way ;  
Of them all, great and small, he did protest, 5  
The miller of Mansfield's sport liked him best.

Ver. 80, courtalls, that courteous be, MS. and P.

And now, my lords, quoth the king, I am determined  
Against St. Georges next sumptuous feast,  
That this old miller, our new confirm'd knight,  
With his son Richard, shall here be my guest : 10  
For, in this merrymment, 'tis my desire  
To talke with the jolly knight, and the young squire.

When as the noble lords saw the kinges pleasantness,  
They were right joyfull and glad in their hearts :  
A pursuivant there was sent straighte on the busi-  
ness, 15

The which had often-times been in those parts.  
When he came to the place, where they did dwell,  
His message orderlye then 'gan he tell.

God save your worshippe, then said the messenger,  
And grant your ladye her own hearts desire ; 20  
And to your sonne Richard good fortune and happi-  
ness ;  
That sweet, gentle, and gallant young squire.  
Our king greets you well, and thus he doth say,  
You must come to the court on St. George's day ;

Therefore, in any case, faile not to be in place. 25  
I wis, quoth the miller, this is an odd jest :  
What should we doe there ? faith, I am halfe afraid.  
I doubt, quoth Richard, to be hang'd at the least.  
Nay, quoth the messenger, you doe mistake ;  
Our king he provides a great feast for your sake. 30

Then sayd the miller, By my troth, messenger,  
Thou hast contented my worshippe full well.  
Hold here are three farthings, to quite thy gentleness,  
For these happy tydings, which thou dost tell.  
Let me see, hear thou mee ; tell to our king, 35  
We'll wayt on his mastership in every thing.

The pursuivant smiled at their simplicitie,  
And making many leggs, tooke their reward ;  
And his leave taking with great humilitie  
To the kings court againe he repair'd ; 40  
Shewing unto his grace, merry and free,  
The knightes most liberrall gift and bountie.

When he was gone away, thus gan the miller say,  
Here come expences and charges indeed ; [have ;  
Now must we needs be brave, tho' we spend all we  
For of new garments we have great need : 46  
Of horses and serving-men we must have store,  
With bridles and saddles, and twentye things more.

Tushe, Sir John, quoth his wife, why should you  
frett, or frowne ?  
You shall ne'er be att no charges for mee ; 50  
For I will turne and trim up my old russet gowne,  
With everye thing else as fine as may bee ;  
And on our mill-horses swift we will ride,  
With pillowes and pannells, as we shall provide.

In this most statelie sort, rode they unto the court,  
Their jolly sonne Richard rode foremost of all ; 56  
Who set up, for good hap, a cocks feather in his cap,  
And so they jettet downe to the kings hall ;  
The merry old miller with hands on his side ; 59  
His wife, like maid Marian, did mince at that tide.

Ver. 57, for good hap : i. e. for good luck ; they were going on an hazardous expedition. Ver. 60, Maid Marian in the Morris dance, was represented by a man in woman's clothes, who was to take short steps in order to sustain the female character.

The king and his nobles that heard of their coming,  
Meeting this gallant knight with his brave train;  
Welcome, sir knight, quoth he, with your gay lady:  
Good Sir John Cockle, once welcome againe:  
And so is the squire of courage soe free, 65  
Quoth Dicke, A bots on you! do you know mee?

Quoth our king gentlie, how should I forget thee?  
That wast my owne bed-fellowe, well it I wot.  
Yea, sir, quoth Richard, and by the same token,  
Thou with thy farting didst make the bed hot. 70  
Thou whore-son unhappy knave, then quoth the  
knight.  
Speake cleanly to our king, or else go sh\*\*\*.

The king and his courtiers laugh at this heartily,  
While the king taketh them both by the hand;  
With the court-dames, and maids, like to the queen  
of spades 75  
The millers wife did soe orderly stand.  
A milk-maids courtesye at every word;  
And downe all the folkes were set to the board.

There the king royally, in princelye majesty,  
Sate at his dinner with joy and delight; 80  
When they had eaten well, then he to jesting fell,  
And in a bowle of wine dranke to the knight:  
Here's to you both, in wine, ale and beer;  
Thanking you heartilye for my good cheer.

Quoth Sir John Cockle, I'll pledge you a pottle, 85  
Were it the best ale in Nottinghamshire:  
But then said our king, now I think of a thing;  
Some of your lightfoote I would we had here.  
Ho! ho! quoth Richard, full well I may say it,  
'Tis knavery to eate it, and then to betray it. 90

Why art thou angry? quoth our king merrilye;  
In faith, I take it now very unkind:  
I thought thou wouldst pledge me in ale and wine  
heartily.  
Quoth Dicke, You are like to stay till I have din'd:  
You feed us with twatling dishes soe small; 95  
Zounds, a blacke-pudding is better than all.

Aye, marry, quoth our king, that were a daintye thing,  
Could a man get but one here for to eate. [hose,  
With that Dicke strait arose, and pluckt one from his  
Which with heat of his breech gan to sweate. 100  
The king made a proffer to snatch it away:—  
'Tis meat for your master: good sir, you must stay.

Thus in great merriment was the time wholly spent;  
And then the ladyes prepared to dance.  
Old Sir John Cockle, and Richard, incontinent 105  
Unto their places the king did advance.  
Here with the ladyes such sport they did make,  
The nobles with laughing did make their sides ake.

Many thanks for their paines did the king give them,  
Asking young Richard then, if he would wed; 110  
Among these ladyes free, tell me which liketh thee?  
Quoth he Jugg Grumball, Sir, with the red head:  
She's my love, she's my life, her will I wed;  
She hath sworn I shall have her maidenhead.

Then Sir John Cockle the king call'd unto him, 115  
And of merry Sherwood made him o'er seer;  
And gave him out of hand three hundred pound yearlye:  
Take heed now you steale no more of my deer:  
And once a quarter let's here have your view;  
And now, Sir John Cockle, I bid you adieu. 120

## XXI.

## THE SHEPHERDS RESOLUTION.

This beautiful old song was written by a poet, whose name would have been utterly forgotten, if it had not been preserved by Swift, as a term of contempt. "Dryden and Wither" are coupled by him like the "Bavius and Mævius" of Virgil. Dryden however has had justice done him by posterity: and as for Wither, though of subordinate merit, that he was not altogether devoid of genius, will be judged from the following stanzas. The truth is, Wither was a very voluminous party-writer: and as his political and satirical strokes rendered him extremely popular in his life-time: so afterwards, when these were no longer reliabed, they totally consigned his writings to oblivion.

George Wither was born June 11, 1588, and in his younger years distinguished himself by some pastoral pieces, that were not inelegant; but growing afterwards involved in the political and religious disputes in the times of James I. and Charles I. he employed his poetical vein in severe pasquils on the court and clergy, and was occasionally a sufferer for the freedom of his pen. In the civil war that ensued, he exerted himself in the service of the

Parliament, and became a considerable sharer in the spoils. He was even one of those provincial tyrants, whom Oliver distributed over the kingdom, under the name of Major Generals; and had the fleecing of the county of Surrey: but, surviving the Restoration, he outlived both his power, and his affluence; and giving vent to his chagrin in libels on the court, was long a prisoner in Newgate and the Tower. He died at length on the 2d of May, 1667.

During the whole course of his life, Wither was a continual publisher; having generally for opponent, Taylor the Water-poet. The long list of his productions may be seen in Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* vol. II. His most popular satire is intitled "Abuses whipt and stript," 1613. His most poetical pieces were eclogues, intitled, "The Shepherd's Hunting," 1615, 8vo. and others printed at the end of Browne's "Shepherd's Pipe," 1614, 8vo. The following sonnet is extracted from a long pastoral piece of his, intitled, "The Mistress of Philarete," 1632, 8vo. which is said in the preface to be one of the Author's first poems; and may therefore be dated as early as any of the foregoing.

SHALL I, wasting in dispaire,  
Dye because a woman's faire?  
Or make pale my cheeks with care  
'Cause another's rosie are?  
Be shee fairer then the day,  
Or the flowry meads in may;  
If she be not so to me,  
What care I how faire shee be?

5

Shall my foolish heart be pin'd  
'Cause I see a woman kind?  
Or a well-disposed nature  
Joynd with a lovely feature?  
Be shee meeker, kinder, than  
The turtle-dove or pelican:  
If shee be not so to me,  
What care I how kind shee be?

10

15

Shall a woman's virtues move  
Me to perish for her love?  
Or, her well-deservings knowne,  
Make me quite forget mine owne?

20

Be shee with that goodnesse blest,  
Which may merit name of Best;  
If she be not such to me,  
What care I how good she be?

Cause her fortune seems too high,  
Shall I play the foole and dye?  
Those that beare a noble minde,  
Where they want of riches find,  
Thinke what with them they would doe,  
That without them dare to woe;  
And, unlesse that minde I see,  
What care I how great she be?

25

30

Great or good, or kind or faire,  
I will ne'er the more dispaire:  
If she love me, this beleewe;  
I will die ere she shall grieve.  
If she alight me when I wooe,  
I can scorne and let her goe:  
If shee be not fit for me,  
What care I for whom she be?

35

40

XXII.

QUEEN DIDO.

Such is the title given in the Editor's folio MS. to this excellent old ballad, which, in the common printed copies, is inscribed, "Eneas wandering Prince of Troy." It is here given from that MS. collated with two different printed copies, both in black letter, in the Pepys collection.

The reader will smile to observe with what natural and affecting simplicity, our ancient ballad-maker has engrafted a Gothic conclusion on the classic story of Virgil, from whom, however, it is probable he had it not. Nor can it be denied, but he has dealt out his poetical justice with a more impartial hand than that celebrated poet.

WHEN Troy towne had, for ten yeeres 'past,  
Withstood the Greekes in manfull wise,  
Then did their foes encrease soe fast,  
That to resist none could suffice:  
Wast lye those walls, that were soe good,  
And corne now growes where Troy towne stooode.

5

Eneas, wandering prince of Troy,  
When he for land long time had sought,  
At length arriving with great joy,  
To mighty Carthage walls was brought;  
Where Dido queene, with sumptuous feast,  
Did entertaine that wandering guest.

10

And, as in hall at meate they sate,  
The queene, desirous newes to heare,  
'Savs, of thy Troys unhappy fate'  
Declare to me thou Trojan deare:  
The heavy hap and chance soe bad,  
That thou, poore wandering prince, hast had.

15

And then anon this comely knight,  
With words demure, as he cold well,  
Of his unhappy ten yeeres 'fight,'  
Soe true a tale began to tell,  
With words soe sweete, and sighs soe deepe,  
That oft he made them all to weepe.

20

And then a thousand sighes he fet,  
And every sigh brought teares amaine;  
That where he sate the place was wet,  
As though he had scene those warrs againe.  
Soe that the queene, with ruth therefore,  
Said, Worthy prince, enough, no more.

25

30

And then the darksome night drew on,  
And twinkling starres the skeye bespred;  
When he his dolefull tale had done,  
And every one was layd in bedd:  
Where they full sweetly tooke their rest,  
Save only Dido's boyling brest.

35

This silly woman never slept,  
But in her chamber, all alone,  
As one unhappy, alwayes wept,  
And to the walls shee made her mone;  
That she shold still desire in vaine  
The thing, she never must obtaine.

40

And thus in grieffe she spent the night,  
Till twinkling starres the skeye were fled,  
And Phœbus, with his glistening light,  
Through misty cloudes appeared red;  
Then tidings came to her anon,  
That all the Trojan shippes were gone.

45

And then the queene with bloody knife Did arme her hart as hard as stone; Yet, something loth to loose-her life, In woefull wise she made her mone; And, rowling on her carefull bed, With sighes and sobbes, these words she sayd :	50	Thus by thy meanes I lost a friend ; Heavens send thee such untimely end.	95
O wretched Dido queene ! quoth shee, I see thy end approacheth neare ; For hee is fled away from thee, Whom thou didst love and hold so deare : What is he gone, and passed by ? O hart, prepare thyselfe to dye.	55	When he these lines, full fraught with gall, Perused had, and wayed them right, His lofty courage then did fall ; And straight appeared in his sight Queene Dido's ghost, both grim and pale : Which made this valliant souldier quail.	100
Though reason says, thou shouldst forbear, And stay thy hand from bloody stroke ; Yet fancy bids thee not to fear, Which fetter'd thee in Cupids yoke. Come death, quoth shee, resolve my smart !— And with those words shee peered her hart.	60	Æneas, quoth this ghastly ghost, My whole delight when I did live, Thee of all men I loved most ; My fancy and my will did give ; For entertainment I thee gave, Unthankfully thou didst me grave.	105
When death had pierced the tender har Of Dido, Carthaginian queene ; Whose bloody knife did end the smart, Which shee sustain'd in mournfull teene ; Æneas being shipt and gone, Whose flattery caused all her mone ;	65	Therefore prepare thy fitting soule To wander with me in the aire : Where deadlye griefe shall make it howle, Because of me thou tookst no care : Delay not time, thy glasse is run, Thy date is past, thy life is done.	110
Her funerall most costly made, And all things finisht mournfullye ; Her body fine in mold was laid, Where itt consumed speedilye : Her sisters teares her tombe bestrewe ; Her subjects griefe their kindnesse shewed.	70	O stay a while, thou lovely sprite, Be not soe hasty to convey My soule into eternall night, Where itt shall ne're behold bright day. O doe not frowne ; thy angry looke Hath 'all my soule with horror shooke.'	115
Then was Æneas in an ile In Greycy, where he stayd long space, Whereas her sister in short while Writt to him to his vile disgrace ; In speeches bitter to his mind Shee told him plaine he was unkind.	75	But, woe is me ! all is in vaine, And bootless is my dismall crye ; Time will not be recalled againe, Nor thou surcease before I dye. O lett me live, and make amends To some of thy most dearest friends.	120
False-harted wretch, quoth shee, thou art ; And traiterouslye thou hast betraid Unto thy lure a gentle hart, Which unto thee much welcome made ; My sister deare, and Carthage' joy, Whose folly bred her deere annoy.	80	But seeing thou obdurate art, And wilt no pittye on me show, Because from thee I did depart, And left unpaid what I did owe : I must content myselfe to take What lott to me thou wilt partake.	125
Yett on her death-bed when shee lay, Shee prayd for thy prosperitie, Beseeching god, that every day Might breed thy great felicitye :	85	And thus, as one being in a trance, A multitude of uglye feinds About this woffull prince did dance, He had no helpe of any friends : His body then they tooke away, And no man knew his dying day.	130
	90		135

## XXIII.

## THE WITCHES' SONG.

—From Ben Jonson's *Masque of Queens*, presented at Whitehall, Feb. 2, 1609.

The Editor thought it incumbent on him to insert some old pieces on the popular superstition concerning witches, hobgoblins, fairies, and ghosts. The last of these make their appearance in most of the tragical ballads; and in the following songs will be found some description of the former.

It is true, this song of the Witches, falling from the learned pen of Ben Jonson, is rather an extract from the various incantations of classical antiquity, than a display of the opinions of our own vulgar. But let it be observed, that a parcel of learned wise-acres had just before busied themselves on this sub-

Ver. 120, MS. Hath made my breath my life forsooke.

ject, in compliment to King James I. whose weakness on this head is well known : and these had so ransacked all writers, ancient and modern, and so blended and kneaded together the several superstitions of different times and nations, that those of genuine English growth could no longer be traced out and distinguished.

By good luck the whimsical belief of fairies and goblins could furnish no pretences for torturing our fellow-creatures, and therefore we have this handed down to us pure and unsophisticated.

## 1 WITCH.

I HAVE been all day looking after  
A raven feeding upon a quarter :  
And, soone as she turn'd her beak to the south,  
I snatch'd this morsell out of her mouth.

## 2 WITCH.

I have beens gathering wolves haire,  
The madd dogges foames, and adders eares ;  
The spurging of a deadmans eyes :  
And all since the evening starre did rise.

## 3 WITCH.

I last night lay all alone  
O' the ground, to heare the mandrake grone ;  
And pluckt him up, though he grew full low :  
And, as I had done, the cocke did crow.

## 4 WITCH.

And I ha' beene chusing out this scull  
From charnell houses that were full ;  
From private grots, and publike pits ;  
And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

## 5 WITCH.

Under a cradle I did crepe  
By day ; and, when the childe was a-sleepe  
At night, I suck'd the breath ; and rose,  
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

## 6 WITCH.

I had a dagger : what did I with that ?  
Killed an infant to have his fat.  
A piper it got at a church-ale.  
I bade him again blow wind i' the taile.

## 7 WITCH.

A murderer, yonder, was hung in chaines ;  
The sunne and the wind had shrunke his veines .  
I bit off a sinew ; I clipp'd his haire ;  
I brought off his ragges, that danc'd i' the ayre.

## 8 WITCH.

The scrich-owles egges and the feathers blacke,  
The bloud of the frogge, and the bone in his backe  
I have been getting ; and made of his skin  
A pursnet, to keepe Sir Cranion in.

## 9 WITCH.

And I ha' beene plucking (plants among)  
Hemlock, henbane, adders-tongue,  
Night-shade, moone-wort, libbards-bane ;  
And wise by the dogges was like to be tane.

## 10 WITCH.

I from the jawes of a gardiner's bitch  
Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the ditch :  
Yet went I back to the house againe,  
Kill'd the blacke cat, and here is the braine.

## 11 WITCH.

I went to the toad, breeds under the wall,  
I charmed him out, and he came at my call ;  
I scratch'd out the eyes of the owle before ;  
I tore the batts wing : what would you have more ?

## DAME.

Yes : I have brought, to helpe your vows,  
Horned poppie, cypresse boughes,  
The fig-tree wild, that grows on tombes,  
And juice, that from the larch-tree comes,  
The basilikes bloud, and the vipers skin :  
And now our orgies let's begin.

## XXIV.

## ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW,

—alias PUCK, alias HOBGOBLIN, in the creed of ancient superstition, was a kind of merry sprite, whose character and achievements are recorded in this ballad, and in those well-known lines of Milton's *L'Allegro*, which the antiquarian Peck supposes to be owing to it :

"Tells how the drudging GOBLIN sweet  
To earn his creame-bowle duly set :  
When in one night, ere glimpse of morne,  
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn  
That ten day-labourers could not end ;  
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,  
And stretch'd out all the chimneys length,  
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,  
And crop-full out of doors he flings,  
Ere the first cock his matins rings."

The reader will observe that our simple ancestors had reduced all these whimsies to a kind of system, as regular, and perhaps more consistent, than many parts of classic mythology : a proof of the extensive

influence and vast antiquity of these superstitions. Mankind, and especially the common people, could not every where have been so unanimously agreed concerning these arbitrary notions, if they had not prevailed among them for many ages. Indeed, a learned friend in Wales assures the Editor, that the existence of Fairies and Goblins is alluded to by the most ancient British Bards, who mention them under various names, one of the most common of which signifies "The spirits of the mountains." See also Preface to Song XXV.

This song, which Peck attributes to Ben Jonson (though it is not found among his works) is chiefly printed from an ancient black-letter copy in the British Museum. It seems to have been originally intended for some Masque.

This Ballad is intitled, in the old black-letter copies, "The merry Pranks of Robin Goodfellow To the tune of Dulcinea," &c. (See No. XIII above.)



From Oberon, in fairye land, The king of ghosts and shadowes there, Mad Robin I, at his command, Am sent to viewe the night-sports here. What revell rout Is kept about, In every corner where I go, I will o'ersee, And merry bee, And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!	5          10
More swift than lightening can I flye About this sery welkin soone, And, in a minutes space, descrye Each thing that's done belowe the moone, There's not a hag Or ghost shall wag, Or cry, ware Goblins! where I go; But Robin I Their feates will spy, And send them home, with ho, ho, ho!	    15      20
Whene'er such wanderers I meete, As from their night-sports they trudge home; With counterfeiting voice I greeete, And call them on, with me to roame Thro' woods, thro' lakes, Thro' bogs, thro' brakes; Or else, unseene, with them I go, All in the nicke To play some trickes And frolicke it, with ho, ho, ho!	    25      30
Sometimes I meete them like a man; Sometimes, an ox, sometimes, a hound; And to a horse I turn me can; To trip and trot about them round. But if, to ride, My backe they stride, More swift than winde away I go, Ore hedge and lands, Thro' pools and ponds I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho!	    35      40
When lads and lasses merry be, With possets and with juncates fine; Unseene of all the company, I eat their cakes and sip their wine; And, to make sport, I fart and snort; And out the candles I do blow: The maids I kiss; They shrieke—Who's this? I answer nought, but ho, ho, ho!	    45      50
Yet now and then, the maids to please, At midnight I card up their wooll; And while they sleepe, and take their ease, With wheel to threads their flax I pull. I grind at mill Their malt up still; I dress their hemp, I spin their tow. If any 'wake, And would me take, I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho?	    55      60
When house or harth doth aluttish lye, I pinch the maidens black and blue; The bed-clothes from the bedd pull I And lay them naked all to view. 'Twixt sleepe and wake, I do them take, And on the key-cold floor them throw. If out they cry, Then forth I fly, And loudly laugh out, ho, ho, ho!	    65      70
When any need to borrowe ought, We lend them what they do require. And for the use demand we nought; Our owne is all we do desire. If to repay, They do delay, Abroad amongst them then I go, And night by night, I them affright With pinchings, dreames, and ho, ho, ho!	    75      80
When lazie queans have nought to do, But study how to cog and lye; To make debate and mischief too, 'Twixt one another secretlye: I marke their gloze, And it disclose, To them whom they have wronged so; When I have done, I get me gone, And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!	    85      90
When men do traps and engins set In loope holes, where the vermine creepe, Who from their foldes and houses, get Their duckes and geese, and lambes and sheepe: I spy the gin, And enter in, And seeme a vermine taken so; But when they there Approach me neare, I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho!	    95      100
By walls and rills, in meadowes greene, We nightly dance our hey-day guise; And to our fairye king and queene We chant our moon-light minstrelsies. When larks gin sing, Away we sing; And babes new borne steal as we go, And elfe in bed We leave instead, And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!	    105      110
From hag-bred Merlin's time have I Thus nightly revell'd to and fro: And for my pranks men call me by The name of Robin Good-fellow. Fiends, ghosts, and sprites, Who haunt the nightes, The hags and goblins do me know; And beldames old My feates have told; So Vale, Vale; ho, ho, ho!	    115      120

## XXV.

## THE FAIRY QUEEN.

We have here a short display of the popular belief concerning Fairies. It will afford entertainment to a contemplative mind to trace these whimsical opinions up to their origin. Whoever considers, how early, how extensively, and how uniformly, they have prevailed in these nations, will not readily assent to the hypothesis of those who fetch them from the East so late as the time of the Croisades. Whereas it is well known that our Saxon ancestors, long before they left their German forests, believed the existence of a kind of diminutive demons, or middle species between men and spirits, whom they called Duergar or Dwarfs, and to whom they attributed many wonderful performances, far exceeding human art. Vid. *Hervarer Saga Olaf Verelj.* 1675. *Hickes Thesaur.* &c.

This Song is given (with some corrections by another copy) from a book intitled "The Mysteries of Love and Eloquence, &c." Lond. 1648. 8vo.

Comz, follow, follow me,  
You, fairy elves that be :  
Which circle on the greene,  
Come follow Mab your queene.  
Hand in hand let's dance around,  
For this place is fairye ground. 5

When mortals are at rest,  
And snoring in their nest ;  
Unheard, and unesp'y'd,  
Through key-holes we do glide ; 10  
Over tables, stools and shelves,  
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And, if the house be foul  
With platter, dish, or bowl,  
Up stairs we nimble creep, 15  
And find the sluts asleep :

There we pinch their armes and thighes ;  
None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,  
And from uncleanness kept, 20  
We praise the household maid,  
And duly she is paid :  
For we use before we goe  
To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroomee head 25  
Our table-cloth we spread ;  
A grain of rye, or wheat,  
Is manchot, which we eat ;  
Pearly drops of dew we drink  
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink. 30

The brains of nightingales,  
With unctuous fat of anailes,  
Between two cockles stew'd,  
Is meat that's easilly chew'd ; 35  
Tayles of wormes, and marrow of mice  
Do make a dish, that's wonderous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,  
Serve for our minstrelsie ;  
Grace said, we dance a while,  
And so the time beguile : 40  
And if the moon doth hide her head,  
The gloe-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewie grasses  
So nimble do we passe, 45  
The young and tender stalk  
Ne'er bends when we do walk :  
Yet in the morning may be seen  
Where we the night before have been.

## XXVI.

## THE FAIRIES FAREWELL.

This humorous old song fell from the hand of the witty Dr. Corbet (afterwards Bishop of Norwich, &c.) and is printed from his *Poetica Stomatia*, 1648, 12mo. (compared with the third edition of his poems, 1672.) It is there called "A proper new Ballad, entituled, The Fairies Farewell, or God-a-mercy Will, to be sung or whistled to the tune of The Meddow Brow, by the learned ; by the unlearned, to the tune of Fortune."

The departure of Fairies is here attributed to the abolition of monkery : Chaucer has, with equal humour, assigned a cause the very reverse, in his "Wife of Bath's Tale."

"In olde dayes of the King Artour,  
Of which that Bretons spoken gret honour,

All was this lond fulfilled of faerie ;  
The elf-queene, with hire joly compaignie  
Danced ful oft in many a grene mede.  
This was the old opinion as I rede ;  
I speke of many hundred yeres ago ,  
But now can no man see non elves mo,  
For now the grete charities and prayeres  
Of limitoures and other holy freres,  
That serchen every land and every streme,  
As thikke as motes in the sonne beme,  
Blissing halles, chambres, kichenes, and boures,  
Citees and burghes, castles high, and toures,  
Thropes and bernes, shepenes and dairies,  
This maketh that ther ben no faeries :  
For ther as wont to walken was an elf,  
Ther walketh now the limitour himself,

In undermeles and in morweninges,  
And sayth his Matines and his holy thinges,  
As he goth in his limitatioun.  
Women may now go safely up and doun,  
In every bush, and under every tree,  
Ther is non other incubus but he,  
And he ne will don hem no dishonour."

Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, I. p. 255.

Dr. Richard Corbet, having been bishop of Oxford about three years, and afterwards as long bishop of Norwich, died in 1635, ætæ 52.

FAREWELL rewards and Fairies !

Good housewives now may say ;  
For now foule sluts in dairies,  
Doe fare as well as they :  
And though they sweepe their hearths no less  
Than mayds were wont to doe, 6  
Yet who of late for cleanness  
Finds sixe-pence in her shoe ?

Lament, lament old Abbies,  
The fairies lost command ; 10  
They did but change priests babies,  
But some have chang'd your land :  
And all your children stoln from thence  
Are now growne Puritanes,  
Who live as changelings ever since, 15  
For love of your demaines.

At morning and at evening both  
You merry were and glad,  
So little care of sleepe and sloth,  
These prettie ladies had. 20  
When Tom came home from labour,  
Or Ciss to milking rose,  
Then merrily went their tabour,  
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelayes 25  
Of theirs, which yet remaine ;  
Were footed in Queene Maries dayes  
On many a grassy playne.  
But since of late Elizabeth  
And later James came in ; 30  
They never danc'd on any heath,  
As when the time hath bin.

By which wee note the fairies  
Were of the old profession :  
Their songs were *Ave Maries*, 35  
Their dances were procession.  
But now, alas ! they all are dead,  
Or gone beyond the seas,  
Or farther for religion fled,  
Or else they take their ease. 40

A tell-tale in their company  
They never could endure ;  
And whoso kept not secretly  
Their mirth, was punish'd sure : 45  
It was a just and Christian deed  
To pinch such blacke and blue :  
O how the common-welth doth need  
Such justices as you !

Now they have left our quarters ;  
A Register they have, 50  
Who can preserve their charters ,  
A man both wise and grave.

An hundred of their merry pranks  
By one that I could name  
Are kept in store ; con twenty thanks 55  
To William for the same.

To William Churne of Staffordshire  
Give laud and praises due,  
Who every meale can mend your cheare  
With tales both old and true : 60  
To William all give audience,  
And pray yee for his noddle :  
For all the fairies evidence  
Were lost, if it were addle.

\* \* After these songs on the fairies, the reader may be curious to see the manner in which they were formerly invoked and bound to human service. In Ashmole's collection of MSS. at Oxford [Num. 8259, 1406, 2.] are the papers of some Alchymist, which contain a variety of Incantations and Forms of Conjuring both Fairies, Witches, and Demons, principally, as it should seem, to assist him in his great work of transmuting metals. Most of them are too impious to be reprinted : but the two following may be very innocently laughed at.

Whoever looks into Ben Jonson's "Alchymist," will find that these impostors, among their other secrets, affected to have a power over Fairies : and that they were commonly expected to be seen in a christall glass appears from that extraordinary book, "The Relation of Dr. John Dee's actions with Spirits, 1659," folio.

"An excellent way to gett a Fayrie. (For myself I call Margaret Barrance ; but this will obtaine any one that is not already bownd.)

"First, gett a broad square christall or Venice glasse, in length and breadth three inches. Then lay that glasse or christall in the bloud of a white henne, three Wednesdayes, or three Fridayes. Then take it out, and wash it with holy aq. and fumigate it. Then take three hazle sticks, or wands of an yere groth : pill them fayre and white ; and make 'them' soe longe, as you write the Spiritts name, or Fayries name, which you call, three times on every stick being made flatt on one side. Then bury them under some hill, whereas you suppose Fayries haunt, the Wednesday before you call her : and the Friday followinge take them uppe, and call her at eight or three or ten of the clocke, which be good planetts and houres for that turne : but when you call, be in cleane life, and turne thy face towards the east. And when you have her, bind her to that stone or glasse."

"An unguent to annoynt under the eyelids, and upon the eyelids eveninge and morninge : but especially when you call ; or find your sight not perfect.

"R. A pint of sallet-oyle, and put it into a viall glasse : but first wash it with rose-water, and marygold-water : the flowers 'to' be gathered towards the east. Wash it till the oyle come white ; then put it into the glasse, ut supra : and then put thereto the budds of holyhocke, the flowers of marygold, the flowers or toppes of wild thime, the budds of young hazle : and the thime must be gathered neere the side of a hill where Fayries use to be : and 'take' the grasse of a fayrie throne, there. All these put into the oyle, into the glasse : and set it to dissolve three dayes in the sunne, and then keep it for thy use ; ut supra."

After this receipt for the unguent follows a Form of Incantation, wherein the Alchemist conjures a Fairy, named Elaby Gathon, to appear to him in that chrystall glass, meekly and mildly; to resolve him truly in all manner of questions; and to be obedient to all his commands, under pain of damnation, &c.

One of the vulgar opinions about Fairies is, that they cannot be seen by human eyes, without a par-

ticular charm exerted in favour of the person who is to see them: and that they strike with blindness such as, having the gift of seeing them, take notice of them mal a-propos.

As for the hazle sticks mentioned above, they were to be probably of that species called the "Witch Hazle;" which received its name from this manner of applying it in incantations.

THE END OF BOOK THE SECOND.

### SERIES THE THIRD.

#### BOOK III.

##### I.

#### THE BIRTH OF ST. GEORGE.

The incidents in this, and the other ballad of "St. George and the Dragon," are chiefly taken from the old story-book of the Seven Champions of Christendom; which, though now the plaything of children, was once in high repute. Bp. Hall, in his Satires, published in 1597, ranks

"St. George's sorell, and his cross of blood,"

among the most popular stories of his time; and an ingenious critic thinks that Spencer himself did not disdain to borrow hints from it\*; though I much doubt whether this popular romance were written so early as the Faery Queen.

The author of this book of the Seven Champions was one Richard Johnson, who lived in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, as we collect from his other publications; viz.—"The nine worthies of London: 1592," 4to.—"The pleasant walks of Moor fields: 1607," 4to.—"A crown garland of Goulden Roses, gathered, &c. 1612," 8vo.—"The life and death of Rob. Cecil, E. of Salisbury, 1612," 4to.—"The Hist of Tom of Lincoln," 4to. is also by R. J. who likewise reprinted "Don Flores of Greece," 4to.

The Seven Champions, though written in a wild inflated style, contains some strong Gothic painting; which seems for the most part, copied from the metrical romances of former ages. At least the story of St. George and the fair Sabra is taken almost verbatim from the old poetical legend of "Sir Bevis of Hampton."

This very antique poem was in great fame in Chaucer's time [see above pag. 220.], and is so continued till the introduction of printing, when it ran through several editions, two of which are in black letter, 4to. "imprinted by Wylliam Copland," without date: containing great variations.

\* Mr. Wharton. Vld. Observations on the Faery Queen, 2 vol. 1702, 12mo. *passim*.

As a specimen of the poetic powers of this very old rhimist, and as a proof how closely the author of the Seven Champions has followed him, take a description of the dragon slain by Sir Bevis.

"—When the dragon, that foule is,  
Had a syght of Syr Bevis,  
He cast up a loude cry,  
As it had thondred in the sky;  
He turned his bely toward the son,  
It was greater than any tonne:  
His scales was bryghter then the glas,  
And harder they were than any bras:  
Betwene his shulder and his tayle,  
Was forty fote withoute fayle.  
He waltred out of his denne,  
And Bevis pricked his stede then,  
And to hym a spere he thraste  
That all to shyvers he it braste:  
The dragon then gan Bevis assaile,  
And smote Syr Bevis with his tayle:  
Then downe went horse and man,  
And two rybbes of Bevis brused than.

After a long fight, at length, as the dragon was preparing to fly, Sir Bevis

"Hit him under the wynges,  
As he was in his flyenge,  
There he was tender without scale,  
And Bevis thought to be his bale.  
He smote after, as I you save,  
With his good sword Morglaye.  
Up to the hiltes Morglay yode  
Through harte, lyver, bone, and bloude;  
To the ground fell the dragon,  
Great joye Syr Bevis begon.  
Under the scales al on hight:  
He smote off his head forth right,  
And put it on a spere: &c."

Sign K. iv.

Sir Bevis's dragon is evidently the parent of that in the Seven Champions, see Chap. III. viz. "The dragon no sooner had a sight of him [St. George] but he gave such a terrible peal, as though it had thundered in the elements. . . . Betwixt his shoulders and his tail were fifty feet in distance, his scales glistening as bright as silver, but far more hard than brass; his belly of the colour of gold, but bigger than a tun. Thus weltered he from his den, &c. . . . The champion . . . gave the dragon such a thrust with his spear, that it shivered in a thousand pieces: whereat the furious dragon so fiercely smote him with his venomous tail, that down fell man and horse: in which fall two of St. George's ribs were so bruised, &c.—At length. . . . St. George smote the dragon under the wing where it was tender without scale, whereby his good sword Ascalon with an easie passage went to the very hilt through both the dragon's heart, liver, bone, and blood.—Then St. George cut off the dragon's head, and pitcht it upon the truncheon of a spear, &c."

The History of the Seven Champions, being written just before the decline of books of chivalry, was never, I believe, translated into any foreign language: but "Le Roman de Beuves of Hantonne" was published at Paris in 1502, 4to. Let. Gothique.

The learned Selden tells us, that about the time of the Norman invasion was Bevis famous with the title of Earl of Southampton, whose residence was at Dunston in Wiltshire: but he observes, that the monkish enlargements of his story have made his very existence doubted. See Notes on Poly-Olbion, Song III.

This hath also been the case of St. George himself, whose martial history is allowed to be apocryphal. But, to prove that there really existed an orthodox Saint of this name (although little or nothing, it seems, is known of his genuine story) is the subject of "An Historical and Critical Inquiry into the Existence and Character of Saint George, &c. By the Rev. J. Milner, F.S.A. 1792, 8vo."

The Equestrian Figure worn by the Knights of the Garter, has been understood to be an emblem of the Christian warrior, in his spiritual armour, vanquishing the old serpent.

But on this subject the inquisitive reader may consult "A Dissertation on the Original of the Equestrian Figure of the George and of the Garter, ensigns of the most noble order of that name. Illustrated with copper-plates. By John Pettingal, A.M. Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, London, 1753," 4to. This learned and curious work the author of the Historical and Critical Inquiry would have done well to have seen.

It cannot be denied, but that the following ballad is for the most part modern: for which reason it would have been thrown to the end of the volume, had not its subject procured it a place here.

LISTEN, lords, in bower and hall,  
I sing the wonderous birth  
Of brave St. George, whose valorous arm  
Rid monsters from the earth:

Distressed ladies to relieve 5  
He travell'd many a day;  
In honour of the Christian faith,  
Which shall endure for aye.

In Coventry sometime did dwell  
A knight of worthy fame, 10  
High steward of this noble realme;  
Lord Albert was his name.

He had to wife a princely dame,  
Whose beauty did excell. 15  
This virtuous lady, being with child,  
In sudden sadness fell:

For thirty nights no sooner sleep  
Had clos'd her wakeful eyes,  
But, lo! a foul and fearful dream  
Her fancy would surprize: 20

She dreamt a dragon fierce and fell  
Conceiv'd within her womb;  
Whose mortal fangs her body rent  
Ere he to life could come.

All woe-begone, and sad was she; 25  
She nourisht constant woe:  
Yet strove to hide it from her lord,  
Lest he should sorrow know.

In vain she strove; her tender lord,  
Who watch'd her slightest look, 30  
Discover'd soon her secret pain,  
And soon that pain partook.

And when to him the fearful cause  
She weeping did impart,  
With kindest speech he strove to heal 35  
The anguish of her heart.

Be comforted, my lady dear,  
Those pearly drops refrain;  
Betide me weal, betide me woe, 40  
I'll try to ease thy pain.

And for this foul and fearful dream,  
That causeth all thy woe,  
Trust me I'll travel far away  
But I'll the meaning knowe.

Then giving many a fond embrace, 45  
And shedding many a teare,  
To the weird lady of the woods,  
He purpos'd to repaire.

To the weird lady of the woods,  
Full long and many a day, 50  
Thro' lonely shades and thickets rough  
He winds his weary way.

At length he reach'd a dreary dell  
With dismal yews o'erhung;  
Where cypress spread its mournful boughs, 55  
And pois'nous nightshade sprung.

No chearful gleams here pierc'd the gloom,  
He hears no chearful sound;  
But shrill night-ravens' yelling scream,  
And serpents hissing round. 60

The shriek of fiends and damned ghosts  
Ran howling thro' his ear:  
A chilling horror froze his heart,  
Tho' all unus'd to fear

Three times he strives to win his way, And pierce those sickly dews : Three times to bear his trembling corse His knocking knees refuse.	65	" But when a cunning leech was fet, Too soon declared he, She, or her babe must lose its life ; Both saved could not be,	
At length upon his beating breast He signs the holy crosse ; And, rousing up his wonted might, He treads th' unhallow'd mosse.	70	" Now take my life, thy lady said, My little infant save : And O commend me to my lord, When I am laid in grave.	125
Beneath a pendant craggy cliff, All vaulted like a grave, And opening in the solid rock, He found the enchanted cave.	75	" O tell him how that precious babe Cost him a tender wife : And teach my son to lisp her name, Who died to save his life.	130
An iron gate clos'd up the mouth, All hideous and forlorne ; And, fasten'd by a silver chain, Near hung a brazed horne.	80	" Then calling still upon thy name, And praying still for thee ; Without repining or complaint, Her gentle soul did flee."	135
Then offering up a secret prayer, Three times he blowes amaine : Three times a deepe and hollow sound Did answer him againe.		What tongue can paint Lord Albret's woe, The bitter tears he shed, The bitter pangs that wrung his heart, To find his lady dead ?	140
" Sir knight, thy lady beares a son, Who, like a dragon bright, Shall prove most dreadful to his foes, And terrible in fight.	85	He beat his breast : he tore his hair ; And shedding many a tear, At length he askt to see his son ; The son that cost so dear.	
" His name advanc'd in future times On banners shall be worn : But lo ! thy lady's life must passe Before he can be born."	90	New sorrowe seiz'd the damsells all : At length they faltering say : " Alas ! my lord, how shall we tell ? Thy son is stoln away.	145
All sore opprest with fear and doubt Long time Lord Albert stood ; At length he winds his doubtful way Back thro' the dreary wood.	95	" Fair as the sweetest flower of spring, Such was his infant mien : And on his little body stampt Three wonderous marks were seen :	150
Eager to clasp his lovely dame Then fast he travels back : But when he reach'd his castle gate, His gate was hung with black.	100	" A blood-red cross was on his arm ; A dragon on his breast : A little garter all of gold Was round his leg exprest.	155
In every court and hall he found A sullen silence reigne ; Save where, amid the lonely towers, He heard her maidens 'plaine ;		" Three carefull nurses we provide Our little lord to keep : One gave him sucke, one gave him food, And one did lull to sleep.	160
And bitterly lament and weep, With many a grievous grone : Then sore his bleeding heart misgave, His lady's life was gone.	105	" But lo ! all in the dead of night, We heard a fearful sound : Loud thunder clapt ; the castle shook ; And lightning flasht around.	
With faltering step he enters in, Yet half affraid to goe ; With trembling voice asks why they grieve, Yet fears the cause to knowe.	110	" Dead with affright at first we lay ; But rousing up anon, We ran to see our little lord : Our little lord was gone !	165
" Three times the sun hath rose and set ;" They said, then stopt to weep : " Since heaven hath laid thy lady deare In death's eternal sleep.	115	" But how or where we could not tell ; For lying on the ground, In deep and magic slumbers laid, The nurses there we found."	170
" For, ah ! in travel sore she fell So sore that she must dye ; Unless some shrewd and cunning leech Could ease her presentlye.	120	O grief on grief ! Lord Albret said : No more his tongue cou'd say, When falling in a deadly swoone, Long time he lifeless lay.	175

At length restor'd to life and sense He nourisht endless woe, No future joy his heart could taste, No future comfort know.	180	There up and downe he wandered far, Clad in a palmer's gown: Till his brown locks grew white as wool, His beard as thistle down.	190
So withers on the mountain top A fair and stately oake, Whose vigorous arms are torne away By some rude thunder-stroke.		At length, all wearied, down in death He laid his reverend head. Meantime amid the lonely wilds His little son was bred.	193
At length his castle irksome grew, He loathes his wonted home; His native country he forsakes, In foreign lands to roame.	185	There the weird lady of the woods Had borne him far away, And train'd him up in feates of armes, And every martial play.	200

## II.

## ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

The following ballad is given (with some corrections) from two ancient black-letter copies in the Pepys Collection: one of which is in 12mo, the other in folio.

Or Hector's deeds did Homer sing; And of the sack of stately Troy, What griefs fair Helena did bring, Which was Sir Paris' only joy: And by my pen I will recite St. George's deeds, an English knight.	5	No means there were, as they could hear, For to appease the dragon's rage, But to present some virgin clear, Whose blood his fury might assuage; Each daye he would a maiden eat, For to allay his hunger great.	40
Against the Sarazens so rude Fought he full long and many a day; Where many gyaunts he subdu'd, In honour of the Christian way And after many adventures past To Egypt land he came at last.	10	This thing by art the wise-men found, Which truly must observed be; Wherefore throughout the city round A virgin pure of good degree Was by the king's commission still Taken up to serve the dragon's will.	45
Now, as the story plain doth tell, Within that country there did rest A dreadful dragon fierce and fell, Whereby they were full sore oppress: Who by his poisonous breath each day, Did many of the city slay.	15	Thus did the dragon every day Untimely crop some virgin flower, Till all the maids were worn away, And none were left him to devour: Saving the king's fair daughter bright, Her father's only heart's delight.	50
The grief whereof did grow so great Throughout the limits of the land, That they were wise men did intreat To shew their cunning out of hand; What way they might this fiend destroy, That did the country thus annoy.	30	Then came the officers to the king That heavy message to declare, Which did his heart with sorrow sting; She is, quoth he, my kingdom's heir: O let us all be poisoned here, Ere she should die, that is my dear.	60
The wise men all before the king This answer fram'd incontinent; The dragon none to death might bring By any means they could invent: His skin more hard than brass was found, That sword nor spear could pierce nor wound.	25	Then rose the people presently, And to the king in rage they went; They said his daughter dear should dye, The dragon's fury to prevent: Our daughters all are dead, quoth they, And have been made the dragon's prey:	65
When this the people understood, They cryed out most piteouslye, The dragon's breath infects their blood, That every day in heaps they dye: Among them such a plague it bred, The living scarce could bury the dead.	31	And by their blood we rescued were, And thou hast sav'd thy life thereby; And now in sooth it is but fair, For us thy daughter so sould die. O save my daughter said the king; And let me feel the dragon's sting.	70
	35	Then fell fair Sabra on her knee, And to her father dear did say, O father, strive not thus for me, But let me be the dragon's prey;	75

It may be for my sake alone  
This plague upon the land was thrown.

'Tis better I should dye, she said,  
Than all your subjects perish quite ; 80  
Perhaps the dragon here was laid,  
For my offence to work his spite :  
And after he hath suckt my gore,  
Your land shall feel the grief no more.

What hast thou done, my daughter dear, 85  
For to deserve this heavy scourge ?  
It is my fault, as may appear,  
Which makes the gods our state to purge ;  
Then ought I die, to stint the strife,  
And to preserve thy happy life. 90

Like mad-men, all the people cried,  
Thy death to us can do no good ;  
Our safety only doth abide  
In making her the dragon's food.  
Lo ! here I am, I come, quoth she, 95  
Therefore do what you will with me.

Nay stay, dear daughter, quoth the queen,  
And as thou art a virgin bright,  
That hast for virtue famous been,  
So let me cloath thee all in white ; 100  
And crown thy head with flowers sweet,  
An ornament for virgins meet.

And when she was attired so,  
According to her mother's mind,  
Unto the stake then did she go ; 105  
To which her tender limbs they bind :  
And being bound to stake a thrall,  
She bade farewell unto them all.

Farewell, my father dear, quoth she,  
And my sweet mother meek and mild ; 110  
Take you no thought nor weep for me,  
For you may have another child :  
Since for my country's good I dye,  
Death I receive most willinglye.

The king and queen and all their train 115  
With weeping eyes went then their way  
And let their daughter there remain,  
To be the hungry dragon's prey :  
But as she did there weeping lye,  
Behold St. George came riding by. 120

And seeing there a lady bright  
So rudely tyed unto a stake,  
As well became a valiant knight,  
He straight to her his way did take :  
Tell me, sweet maiden, then quoth he, 125  
What casit thus abuseth thee ?

And, lo ! by Christ his cross I vow,  
Which here is figured on my breast,  
I will revenge it on his brow,  
And break my lance upon his chest : 130  
And speaking thus whereas he stood,  
The dragon issued from the wood.

The lady that did first espy  
The dreadful dragon coming so,  
Unto St. George aloud did cry. 135  
And willed him away to go ;

Here comes that cursed fiend quoth she,  
That soon will make an end of me.

St. George then looking round about,  
The fiery dragon soon espy'd, 140  
And like a knight of courage stout,  
Against him did most fiercely ride ;  
And with such blows he did him greet,  
He fell beneath his horse's feet.

For with his lance that was so strong, 145  
As he came gaping in his face,  
In at his mouth he thrust along ;  
For he could pierce no other place :  
And thus within the lady's view  
This mighty dragon straight he slew. 150

The savour of his poisoned breath  
Could do this holy knight no harm.  
Thus he the lady sav'd from death,  
And home he led her by the arm ;  
Which when King Ptolemy did see, 155  
There was great mirth and melody.

When as that valiant champion there  
Had slain the dragon in the field,  
To court he brought the lady fair,  
Which to their hearts much joy did yield. 160  
He in the court of Egypt staid  
Till he most falsely was betray'd.

That lady dearly lov'd the knight,  
He counted her his only joy ; 165  
But when their love was brought to light,  
It turn'd unto their great annoy :  
Th' Morocco king was in the court,  
Who to the orchard did resort,

Dayly to take the pleasant air, 170  
For pleasure sake he us'd to walk,  
Under a wall he oft did hear  
St. George with Lady Sabra talk :  
Their love he shew'd unto the king,  
Which to St. George great woe did bring. 175

Those kings together did deveyse  
To make the Christian knight away,  
With letters him in courteous wise  
They straightway sent to Persia :  
But wrote to the sophy him to kill, 180  
And treacherously his blood to spill.

Thus they for good did him reward  
With evil, and most subtilly  
By such vile meanes they had regard  
To work his death most cruelly ; 185  
Who, as through Persia land he rode,  
With zeal destroy'd each idol god.

For which offence he straight was thrown  
Into a dungeon dark and deep ;  
Where, when he thought his wrongs upon, 190  
He bitterly did wail and weep :  
Yet like a knight of courage stout,  
At length his way he digged out.

Three grooms of the King of Persia  
By night this valiant champion slew, 195  
Though he had fasted many a day ;  
And then away from thence he flew



On the best steed the sophy had ;  
Which when he knew he was full mad.

Towards Christendom he made his flight, 200  
But met a gyant by the way,  
With whom in combat he did fight  
Most valiantly a summer's day :  
Who yet, for all his bats of steel,  
Was forc'd the sting of death to feel. 205

Back o'er the seas with many bands  
Of warlike souldiers soon he past,  
Vowing upon those heathen lands  
To work revenge ; which at the last,  
Ere thrice three years were gone and spent, 210  
He wrought unto his heart's content.

Save onely Egypt land he spar'd  
For Sabra bright her only sake,  
And, ere for her he had regard,  
He meant a tryal kind to make : 215  
Mean while the king, o'ercome in field,  
Unto saint George did quickly yield.

Then straight Morocco's king he alew,  
And took fair Sabra to his wife,  
But meant to try if she were true  
Ere with her he would lead his life ; 220  
And, tho' he had her in his train,  
She did a virgin pure remain

Toward England then that lovely dame  
The brave St. George conducted strait, 225  
An eunuch also with them came,  
Who did upon the lady wait ;  
These three from Egypt went alone.  
Now mark St. George's valour shown.

When as they in a forest were, 230  
The lady did desire to rest :  
Mean while St. George to kill a deer,  
For their repast did think it best :

Leaving her with the eunuch there,  
Whilst he did go to kill the deer. 235

But lo ! all in his absence came  
Two hungry lyons fierce and fell,  
And tore the eunuch on the same  
In pieces small, the truth to tell ; 240  
Down by the lady then they laid,  
Whereby they shew'd, she was a maid.

But when he came from hunting back,  
And did behold this heavy chance,  
Then for his lovely virgin's sake  
His courage strait he did advance, 245  
And came into the lions sight,  
Who ran at him with all their might.

Their rage did him no whit dismay,  
Who, like a stout and valiant knight,  
Did both the hungry lyons slay 250  
Within the Lady Sabra's sight :  
Who all this while sad and demure,  
There stood most like a virgin pure.

Now when St. George did surely know  
This lady was a virgin true, 255  
His heart was glad, that erst was woe,  
And all his love did soon renew :  
He set her on a palfrey steed,  
And towards England came with speed.

Where being in short space arriv'd 260  
Unto his native dwelling place ;  
Therein with his dear love he liv'd,  
And fortune did his nuptials grace :  
'They many years of joy did see,  
And led their lives at Coventry. 265

## III.

## LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

This excellent song is ancient : but we could only  
give it from a modern copy.

Over the mountains,  
And over the waves ;  
Under the fountains,  
And under the graves ; 5  
Under floods that are deepest,  
Which Neptune obey ;  
Over rocks that are steepest,  
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place  
For the glow-worm to lye ; 10  
Where there is no space  
For receipt of a fly ;

Where the midge dares not venture,  
Lest herself fast she lay ; 15  
If love come, he will enter,  
And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him  
A child for his might ;  
Or you may deem him  
A coward from his flight : 20  
But if she, whom love doth honour,  
Be conceal'd from the day,  
Set a thousand guards upon her,  
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him, 25  
By having him confin'd ;  
And some do suppose him,  
Poor thing, to be blind ;

But if ne'er so close ye wall him,  
Do the best that you may, 30  
Blind love, if so ye call him,  
Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle  
To stoop to your fist;

Or you may inveigle 35  
The phenix of the east;  
The lioness, ye may move her  
To give o'er her prey;  
But you'll ne'er stop a lover  
He will find out his way. 40

## IV.

## LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET,

## A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

—seems to be composed (not without improvements) out of two ancient English ones, printed in the former part of this volume. See book I. ballad XV. and book II. ballad IV.—If this had been the original, the authors of those two ballads would hardly have adopted two such different stories: besides, this contains enlargements not to be found in either of the others. It is given, with some corrections, from a MS. copy transmitted from Scotland.

Lord Thomas and fair Annet  
Sate a' day on a hill;  
Whan night was cum, and sun was sett,  
They had not talkt their fill.

Lord Thomas said a word in jest, 5  
Fair Annet took it ill:  
A'! I will nevir wed a wife  
Against my ain friends will.

Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife, 10  
A wife wull neir wed yee.  
Sae he is hame to tell his mithier,  
And knelt upon his knee:

O rede, O rede, mithier, he says,  
A gude rede gie to mee: 15  
O sall I tak the nut-browne bride,  
And let faire Annet bee?

The nut-browne bride haes gowd and gear,  
Fair Annet she has gat nane;  
And the little beauty fair Annet has, 20  
O it wull soon be gane!

And he has till his brother gane:  
Now, brother, rede ye mee;  
A' sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,  
And let fair Annet bee?

The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother, 25  
The nut-browne bride has kye;  
I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,  
And cast fair Annet bye.

Her oxen may dye i' the house, Billie, 30  
And her kye into the byre;  
And I sall hae nothing to my sell,  
Bot a fat fadge by the fyre.

And he has till his sister gane:  
Now, sister, rede ye mee;  
O sall I marrie the nut-browne bride, 35  
And set fair Annet free?

Ise rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,  
And let the browne bride alane;  
Lest ye sould sigh and say, Alace!  
What is this we brought hame? 40

No, I will tak my mithers, counsel,  
And marrie me owt o' hand;  
And I will tak the nut-browne bride;  
Fair Annet may leive the land.

Up then rose fair Annets father 45  
Twa hours or it wer day,  
And he is gane into the bower,  
Wherein fair Annet lay.

Rise up, rise up, fair Annet, he says,  
Put on your silken sheene; 50  
Let us gae to St. Maries kirke,  
And see that rich weddeen.

My maides, gae to my dressing-roome,  
And dress to me my hair;  
Whair-air yee laid a plait before, 55  
See yee lay ten times mair.

My maids, gae to my dressing-room,  
And dress to me my smock;  
The one half is o' the holland fine, 60  
The other o' needle-work.

The horse fair Annet rade upon  
He amblit like the wind,  
Wi' siller he was shod before,  
W' burning gowd behind.

Four and twantye siller bells 65  
Wer a' tyed till his mane,  
And yae tift o' the norland wind,  
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four and twantye gay gude knights 70  
Rade by fair Annets aide,  
And four and twantye fair ladies,  
As gin she had bin a bride.

And whan she cam to Maries kirk,  
She sat on Maries stean:  
The cleading that fair Annet had on 75  
It skinkled in their een.

And whan she cam into the kirk,  
She shimmer'd like the sun;  
The belt that was about her waist, 80  
Was a' wi' pearles bedone.

She sat her by the nut-browne bride,  
And her een they wer sae clear,  
Lord Thomas he clean forgot the bride,  
Whan fair Annet she drew near.

He had a rose into his hand, 85  
And he gave it kisses three,  
And reaching by the nut-browne bride.  
Laid it on fair Annets knee.

Up than spak the nut-browne bride, 90  
She spak wi' meikle spite ;  
And whair gat ye that rose-water,  
That does mak yee sae white ?

O I did get the rose-water  
Whair ye wull neir get nane,  
For I did get that very rose-wa'er 95  
Into my mithers wame.

The bride she drew a long bodkin,  
Frae out her gay head-gear,  
And strake fair Annet unto the heart,  
That word she nevir spak mair. 100

Lord Thomas he saw fair Annet wex pale,  
Aud marvelit what mote bee :  
But whan he saw her dear hearts blude,  
A' wood-wroth wexed hee.

He drew his dagger, that was sae sharp, 105  
That was sae sharp and meet,  
And drave into the nut-browne bride,  
That fell deid at his feit.

Now stay for me, dear Annet, he sed,  
Now stay, my dear, he cry'd ; 110  
Then strake the dagger untill his heart,  
And fell deid by her side.

Lord Thomas was buried without kirk-wa,  
Fair Annet within the quiere ;  
And o' the tane thair grew a birch, 115  
The other a bonny briere.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,  
As they wad faine be neare ;  
And by this ye may ken right weil,  
They were twa luvvers deare. 120

## V.

## UNFADING BEAUTY.

This little beautiful sonnet is reprinted from a small volume of "Poems by Thomas Carew, Esq. one of the gentlemen of the privie-chamber, and sewer in ordinary to his majesty (Charles I.) Lond. 1640." This elegant and almost-forgotten writer, whose poems have been deservedly revived, died, in the prime of his age, in 1639.

In the original follows a third stanza ; which, not being of general application, nor of equal merit, I have ventured to omit.

Hxz, that loves a rosie cheek,  
Or a corall lip admires,

Or from star-like eyes doth seeke  
Fuell to maintaine his fires,  
As old time makes these decay, 5  
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,  
Gentle thoughts, and calme desires,  
Hearts with equal love combin'd,  
Kindle never-dying fires: 10  
Where these are not, I despise  
Lovely cheekes, or lips, or eyes.

## VI.

## GEORGE BARNWELL.

The subject of this ballad is sufficiently popular from the modern play which is founded upon it. This was written by George Lillo, a jeweller of London, and first acted about 1730.—As for the ballad, it was printed at least as early as the middle of the last century.

It is here given from three old printed copies, which exhibit a strange intermixture of Roman and black letter. It is also collated with another copy in the Ashmole Collection at Oxford, which is thus intitled, "An excellent ballad of George Barnwell, an apprentice of London, who . . . thrice robbed his

master and murdered his vncle in Ludlow." The tune is "The Merchant."

This tragical narrative seems to relate a real fact ; but when it happened I have not been able to discover.

## THE FIRST PART.

ALL y outh of fair England  
That dwell both far and near,  
Regard my story that I tell,  
And to my song give ear.

A London lad I was, A merchant's prentice bound ; My name George Barnwell ; that did spend My master many a pound.	5	And since I have thee found As good as thy word to be : A homely supper, are we part, Thou shalt take here with me.	
Take heed of harlots then, And their enticing trains ; For by that means I have been brought To hang alive in chains.	10	O pardon me, quoth I, Fair mistress, I you pray ; For why, out of my master's house, So long I dare not stay.	65
As I, upon a day, Was walking through the street About my master's business, A wanton I did meet.	15	Alas, good sir, she said, Are you so strictly ty'd, You may not with your dearest friend One hour or two abide ?	70
A gallant dainty dame, And sumptuous in attire ; With smiling look she greeted me, And did my name require.	20	Faith, then the case is hard ; If it be so, quoth she, I would I were a prentice bound, To live along with thee :	75
Which when I had declar'd, She gave me then a kiss, And said, if I would come to her, I should have more than this.		Therefore, my dearest George, List well what I shall say, And do not blame a woman much, Her fancy to bewray.	80
Fair mistress, then quoth I, If I the place may know, This evening I will be with you, For I abroad must go.	25	Let not affection's force Be counted lewd desire ; Nor think it not immodesty, I should thy love require.	
To gather monies in, That are my master's due : And ere that I do home return. I'll come and visit you.	30	With that she turn'd aside, And with a blushing red, A mournful motion she bewray'd By hanging down her head.	85
Good Barnwell, then quoth she, Do thou to Shoreditch come, And ask for Mrs. Millwood's house, Next door unto the Gun.	35	A handkerchief she had All wrought with silk and gold : Which she to stay her trickling tears Before her eyes did hold.	90
And trust me on my truth, If thou keep touch with me, My dearest friend, as my own heart Thou shalt right welcome be.	40	This thing unto my sight Was wondrous rare and strange ; And in my soul and inward thought It wrought a sudden change :	95
Thus parted we in peace, And home I passed right ; Then went abroad, and gathered in, By six o'clock at night,		That I so hardy grew, To take her by the hand : Saying, Sweet mistress, why do you So dull and pensive stand ?	100
An hundred pound and one : With bag under my arm I went to Mrs. Millwood's house, And thought on little harm ;	45	Call me no mistress now, But Sarah, thy true friend, Thy servant, Millwood, honouring thee, Until her life hath end.	
And knocking at the door, Straightway herself came down ; Rustling in most brave attire, With hood and silken gown.	50	If thou wouldst here alledge, Thou art in years a boy ; So was Adonis, yet was he Fair Venus' only joy.	105
Who, through her beauty bright, So gloriously did shine, That she amaz'd my dazzling eyes, She seemed so divine.	55	Thus I, who ne'er before Of woman found such grace, But seeing now so fair a dame Give me a kind embrace,	110
She took me by the hand, And with a modest grace Welcome, sweet Barnwell, then quoth she, Unto this homely place.	60	I supt with her that night, With joys that did abound ; And for the same paid presently, In money twice three pound,	115

An hundred kisses then,  
For my farewell she gave;  
Crying, Sweet Barnwell, when shall I  
Again thy company have? 120

O stay not hence too long,  
Sweet George, have me in mind.  
Her words bewicht my childishness,  
She uttered them so kind:

So that I made a vow, 125  
Next Sunday without fail,  
With my sweet Sarah once again  
To tell some pleasant tale.

When she heard me say so,  
The tears fell from her eye; 130  
O George, quoth she, if thou dost fail,  
Thy Sarah sure will dye.

Though long, yet loe! at last,  
The appointed day was come,  
That I must with my Sarah meet; 135  
Having a mighty sum

Of money in my hand\*,  
Unto her house went I,  
Whereas my love upon her bed  
In saddest sort did lye. 140

What ails my heart's delight,  
My Sarah dear? quoth I;  
Let not my love lament and grieve,  
Nor sighing pine, and die.

But tell me, dearest friend, 145  
What may thy woes amend,  
And thou shalt lack no means of help,  
Though forty pound I spend.

With that she turn'd her head,  
And sickly thus did say, 150  
Oh me, sweet George, my grief is great,  
Ten pound I have to pay

Unto a cruel wretch;  
And God he knows, quoth she,  
I have it not. Tush, rise I said, 155  
And take it here of me.

Ten pounds, nor ten times ten,  
Shall make my love decay,  
Then from my bag into her lap,  
I cast ten pound straightway. 160

All blithe and pleasant then,  
To banqueting we go;  
She proffered me to lye with her,  
And said it should be so

And after that same time, 165  
I gave her store of coyn,  
Yea, sometimes fifty pound at once;  
All which I did purloyn.

And thus I did pass on;  
Until my master then 170  
Did call to have his reckoning in  
Cast up among his men.

The which when as I heard,  
I knew not what to say:  
For well I knew that I was out 175  
Two hundred pound that day.

Then from my master straight  
I ran in secret sort;  
And unto Sarah Millwood there  
My case I did report. 180

"But how she us'd this youth,  
In this his care and woe,  
And all a strumpet's wiley ways,  
The SECOND PART may shewe."

## THE SECOND PART.

YOUNG Barnwell comes to thee  
Sweet Sarah, my delight;  
I am undone unless thou stand  
My faithful friend this night.

Our master to accompts 3  
Hath just occasion found;  
And I am caught behind the hand  
Above two hundred pound:

And now his wrath to 'scape,  
My love, I fly to thee, 10  
Hoping some time I may remaine  
In safety here with thee.

With that she knit her brows,  
And looking all awoy,  
Quoth she, What should I have to do 15  
With any prentice boy?

And seeing you have purloyn'd  
Your master's goods away,  
The case is bad, and therefore here 20  
You shall no longer stay.

Why, dear, thou know'st, I said,  
How all which I could get,  
I gave it, and did spend it all  
Upon thee every whit.

Quoth she, Thou art a knave, 25  
To charge me in this sort,  
Being a woman of credit fair,  
And known of good report

Therefore I tell thee flat,  
Be packing with good speed, 30  
I do defie thee from my heart,  
And scorn thy filthy deed.

Is this the friendship, that  
You did to me protest? 35  
Is this the great affection, which  
You so to me exprest?

Now fie on subtle shrews!  
The best is, I may speed  
To get a lodging any where  
For money in my need. 40

\* The having a sum of money with him on Sunday, &c. shews this narrative to have been penned before the civil wars: the strict observance of the Sabbath was owing to change of manners at that period.

False woman, now farewell,  
Whilst twenty pound doth last,  
My anchor in some other haven  
With freedom I will cast.

When she perceiv'd by this, 45  
I had store of money there  
Stay, George, quoth she, thou art too quick:  
Why, man, I did but jeer:

Dost think for all my speech,  
That I would let thee go? 50  
Faith no, said she, my love to thee  
I wiss is more than so.

You scorn a prentice boy,  
I heard you just now swear,  
Wherefore I will not trouble you.— 55  
— Nay, George, hark in thine ear;

Thou shalt not go to-night,  
What chance see'st thee befall:  
But man we'll have a bed for thee,  
O else the devil take all. 60

So I by wiles bewitcht  
And snar'd with fancy still,  
Had then no power to 'get' away,  
Or to withstand her will. 65

For wine on wine I call'd,  
And cheer upon good cheer;  
And nothing in the world I thought  
For Sarah's love too dear. 70

Whilst in her company,  
I had such merriment;  
All, all too little I did think,  
That I upon her spent. 75

A fig for care and thought!  
When all my gold is gone,  
In faith, my girl, we will have more,  
Whoever I light upon. 80

My father's rich, why then  
Should I want store of gold?  
Nay with a father sure, quoth she,  
A son may well make bold. 85

I've a sister richly wed,  
I'll rob her ere I'll want.  
Nay then, quoth Sarah, they may well  
Consider of you scant. 90

Nay, I an uncle have:  
At Ludlow he doth dwell:  
He is a grazier, which in wealth  
Doth all the rest excell. 95

Ere I will live in lack,  
And have no coyn for thee;  
I'll rob his house, and murder him.  
Why should you not? quoth she:

Was I a man, ere I  
Would live in poor estate:  
On father, friends, and all my kin,  
I would my talons grate. 100

For without money, George,  
A man is but a beast:  
But bringing money, thou shalt be  
Always my welcome guest. 105

For shouldst thou be pursued  
With twenty hues and cries,  
And with a warrant searched for  
With Argus' hundred eyes. 110

Yet here thou shalt be safe;  
Such privy wayes there be,  
That if they sought an hundred years,  
They could not find out thee. 115

And so carousing both  
Their pleasures to content:  
George Barnwell had in little space  
His money wholly spent. 120

Which done, to Ludlow straight  
He did provide to go,  
To rob his wealthy uncle there;  
His minion would it so. 125

And once he thought to take  
His father by the way,  
But that he fear'd his master had  
Took order for his stay\*. 130

Unto his uncle then  
He rode with might and main,  
Who with a welcome and good cheer  
Did Barnwell entertain. 135

One fortnight's space he stayed  
Until it chanced so,  
His uncle with his cattle did  
Unto a market go. 140

His kinsman rode with him,  
Where he did see right plain,  
Great store of money he had took:  
When coming home again. 145

Sudden within a wood,  
He struck his uncle down,  
And beat his brains out of his head;  
So sore he crackt his crown. 150

Then seizing fourscore pound,  
To London straight he hyed,  
And unto Sarah Millwood all  
The cruell fact descryed. 155

Tush, 'tis no matter, George,  
So we the money have  
To have good cheer in jolly sort,  
And deck us fine and brave. 160

Thus lived in filthy sort,  
Until their store was gone:  
When means to get them any more,  
I wis, poor George had none. 165

Therefore in railing sort,  
She thrust him out of door:  
Which is the just reward of those,  
Who spend upon a whore. 170

\* i. e. for stopping and apprehending him at his father's.

O! do me not disgrace  
 In this my need, quoth he  
 She call'd him thief and murderer, 155  
 With all the spight might be :

To the constable she sent,  
 To have him apprehended ;  
 And shewed how far, in each degree,  
 He had the laws offended. 160

When Barnwell saw her drift,  
 To see he got straightway ;  
 Where fear and sting of conscience  
 Continually on him lay.

Unto the lord mayor then, 165  
 He did a letter write ;

In which his own and Sarah's fault  
 He did at large recite.

Whereby she seized was  
 And then to Ludlow sent : 170  
 Where she was judg'd, condemn'd, and hang'd,  
 For murder incontinent.

There dyed this gallant quean,  
 Such was her greatest gains : 175  
 For murder in Polonia,  
 Was Barnwell hang'd in chains.

Lo! here's the end of youth,  
 That after harlots haunt ;  
 Who in the spoil of other men,  
 About the streets do flaunt. 180

## VII.

## THE STEDFAST SHEPHERD.

These beautiful stanzas were written by George Wither, of whom some account was given in the former part of this Volume : see the Song intitled " The Shepherd's Resolution," Book II. Song XXI. In the first Edition of this work only a small fragment of this Sonnet was inserted. It was afterwards rendered more complete and entire by the addition of five Stanzas more, extracted from Wither's pastoral poem, intitled, " The Mistress of Philarete," of which this Song makes a part. It is now given still more correct and perfect by comparing it with another copy, printed by the author in his improved edition of " The Shepherd's Hunting," 1620, 8vo.

HENCE away, thou Syren, leave me,  
 Pish ! unclaspe these wanton armes ;  
 Sugred words can ne'er deceive me,  
 (Though thou prove a thousand charmes). 5  
 Fie, fie, forbear ;  
 No common snare  
 Can ever my affection chaine :  
 Thy painted baits,  
 And poore deceipts,  
 Are all bestowed on me in vaine. 10  
 I'me no slave to such, as you be ;  
 Neither shall that snowy breast,  
 Rowling eye, and lip of ruby  
 Ever robb me of my rest :  
 Goe, goe, display 15  
 Thy beautie's ray  
 To some more-soone enamour'd swaine :  
 Those common wiles  
 Of sighs and smiles  
 Are all bestowed on me in vaine. 20  
 I have elsewhere vowed a dutie ;  
 Turne away thy tempting eye :  
 Shew not me a painted beautie ;  
 These impostures I defie :  
 My spirit lothes 25  
 Where gawdy clothes

And fained othes may love obtaine :  
 I love her so,  
 Whose looks swears No ;  
 That all your labours will be vaine. 30

Can he prize the tainted posies,  
 Which on every breast are worne ;  
 That may plucke the virgin roses  
 From their never-touched thorne ?  
 I can goe rest 35  
 On her sweet breast,  
 That is the pride of Cynthia's traine :  
 Then stay thy tongue ;  
 Thy mermaid song  
 Is all bestowed on me in vaine. 40

Hee's a foole, that basely dallies,  
 Where each peasant mates with him :  
 Shall I haunt the thronged vallies,  
 Whilst ther's noble hills to climbe ?  
 No, no, though clownes 45  
 Are scar'd with frownes,  
 I know the best can but disdain :  
 And those Ile prove :  
 So will thy love  
 Be all bestowed on me in vaine. 50

I doe scorn to vow a dutie,  
 Where each lustfull lad may wooe :  
 Give me her, whose sun-like beautie  
 Buzzards dare not scare unto :  
 Shee, shee it is 55  
 Affords that bliase  
 For which I would refuse no paine :  
 But such as you,  
 Fond fooles, adieu ;  
 You seeke to captive me in vaine. 60

Leave me then, you Syrens, leave me ;  
 Seeke no more to worke my harmes :  
 Craftie wiles cannot deceive me,  
 Who am prooffe against your charmes :  
 You labour may  
 To lead astray

65

The heart, that constant shall remaine :  
 And I the while  
 Will sit and smile  
 To see you spend your time in vaine.

70

## VIII.

## THE SPANISH VIRGIN, OR EFFECTS OF JEALOUSY.

The subject of this ballad is taken from a folio collection of tragical stories, entitled, "The thestre of God's judgments, by Dr. Beard and Dr. Taylor, 1642." Pt. 2, p. 89.—The text is given (with corrections) from two copies; one of them in black-letter in the Pepys collection. In this every stanza is accompanied with the following distich by way of burden :

"Oh jealousy ! thou art nurst in hell :  
 Depart from hence, and therein dwell."

ALL tender hearts, that ake to hear  
 Of those that suffer wrong ;  
 All you, that never shed a tear,  
 Give heed unto my song.

Fair Isabella's tragedy 5  
 My tale doth far exceed :  
 Alas, that so much cruelty  
 In female hearts should breed !

In Spain a lady liv'd of late, 10  
 Who was of high degree ;  
 Whose wayward temper did create  
 Much woe and misery.

Strange jealousies so fill'd her head 15  
 With many a vain surmize,  
 She thought her lord had wrong'd her bed,  
 And did her love despise.

A gentlewoman passing fair 20  
 Did on this lady wait ;  
 With bravest dames she might compare ;  
 Her beauty was compleat.

Her lady cast a jealous eye 25  
 Upon this gentle maid ;  
 And taxt her with disloyaltye ;  
 And did her oft upbraid.

In silence still this maiden meek 30  
 Her bitter taunts would bear,  
 While oft adown her lovely cheek  
 Would steal the falling tear.

In vain in humble sort she strove 35  
 Her fury to disarm ;  
 As well the meekness of the dove  
 The bloody hawke might charm.

Her lord, of humour light and gay, 40  
 And innocent the while,  
 As oft as she came in his way,  
 Would on the damsell smile

And oft before his lady's face,  
 As thinking her her friend,  
 He would the maiden's modest grace  
 And comeliness commend.

40

All which incens'd his lady so,  
 She burnt with wrath extreame ;  
 At length the fire that long did glow,  
 Burst forth into a flame.

For on a day it so befell, 45  
 When he was gone from home,  
 The lady all with rage did swell,  
 And to the damsell come.

And charging her with great offence, 50  
 And many a grievous fault ;  
 She bade her servants drag her thence,  
 Into a dismal vault,

That lay beneath the common-shore : 55  
 A dungeon dark and deep :  
 Where they were wont, in days of yore,  
 Offenders great to keep.

There never light of cheerful day 60  
 Dispers'd the hideous gloom ;  
 But dank and noisome vapours play  
 Around the wretched room :

And adders, snakes, and toads therein ' 65  
 As afterwards was known,  
 Long in this loathsome vault had bin,  
 And were to monsters grown.

Into this foul and fearful place, 70  
 The fair one innocent  
 Was cast, before her lady's face ;  
 Her malice to content.

This maid no sooner enter'd is, 75  
 But strait, alas ! she hears  
 The toads to croak, and snakes to hiss :  
 Then grievously she fears.

Soon from their holes the vipers creep, 80  
 And fiercely her assail :  
 Which makes the damsell sorely weep,  
 And her sad fate bewail.

With her fair hands she strives in vain 85  
 Her body to defend :  
 With shrieks and cries she doth complain,  
 But all is to no end.



A servant listning near the door,  
Struck with her doleful noise,  
Strait ran his lady to implore ;  
But she'll not hear his voice.

With bleeding heart he goes agen 85  
To mark the maiden's groans ;  
And plainly hears, within the den,  
How she herself bemoans.

Again he to his lady hies 90  
With all the haste he may :  
She into furious passion flies,  
And orders him away.

Still back again does he return  
To hear her tender cries ; 95  
The virgin now had ceas'd to mourn ;  
Which fill'd him with surprize.

In grief, and horror, and affright,  
He listens at the walls ;  
But finding all was silent quite,  
He to his lady calls. 100

Too sure, O lady, now quoth he,  
Your cruelty hath sped ;  
Make hast, for shame, and come and see ;  
I fear the virgin's dead.

She starts to hear her sudden fate, 105  
And does with torches run :  
But all her haste was now too late,  
For death his worst had done.

The door being open'd, strait they found 110  
The virgin stretch'd along :  
Two dreadful snakes had wrapt her round,  
Which her to death had stung.

One round her legs, her thighs, her wast,  
Had twin'd his fatal wreath : 115  
The other close her neck embrac'd,  
And stopt her gentle breath.

The snakes, being from her body thrust,  
Their bellies were so fill'd,  
That with excess of blood they burst,  
Thus with their prey were kill'd. 120

The wicked lady, at this sight,  
With horror strait ran mad ;  
So raving dy'd, as was most right,  
'Cause she no pity had.

Let me advise you, ladies all, 125  
Of jealousy beware :  
It causeth many a one to fall,  
And is the devil's snare.

## IX.

## JEALOUSY, TYRANT OF THE MIND.

This song is by Dryden, being inserted in his  
Tragi-Comedy of "Love Triumphant," &c.—On  
account of the subject, it is inserted here.

WHAT state of life can be so blest,  
As love that warms the gentle breast ;  
Two souls in one ; the same desire  
To grant the bliss, and to require ? 5  
If in this heaven a hell we find,  
Tis all from thee,  
O Jealousie !  
Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind.

All other ills, though sharp they prove, 10  
Serve to refine and perfect love :

In absence, or unkind disdain,  
Sweet hope relieves the lovers paine :  
But, oh, no cure but death we find  
To sett us free 15  
From jealousy,  
Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind

False in thy glass all objects are,  
Some sett too near, and some too far :  
Thou art the fire of endless night,  
The fire that burns, and gives no light. 20  
All torments of the damn'd we find  
In only thee,  
O Jealousie !  
Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind.

X.

CONSTANT PENELOPE.

The ladies are indebted for the following notable documents to the Pepys Collection, where the original is preserved in black-letter, and is intitled, "A Looking-glass for Ladies, or a Mirrour for Married Women. Tune, Queen Dido, or Troy town."

When Greeks and Trojans fell at strife,  
And lords in armour bright were seen ;  
When many a gallant lost his life  
About fair Hellen, beauty's queen ;  
Ulysses, general so free, 5  
Did leave his dear Penelope.

When she this wofull news did hear,  
That he would to the wars of Troy ;  
For grief she shed full many a tear,  
At parting from her only joy : 10  
Her ladies all about her came,  
To comfort up this Grecian dame.

Ulysses, with a heavy heart,  
Unto her then did mildly say,  
The time is come that we must part ; 15  
My honour calls me hence away ;  
Yet in my absence, dearest, be  
My constant wife, Penelope.

Let me no longer live, she said,  
Then to my lord I true remain ;  
My honour shall not be betray'd  
Until I see my love again ; 20  
For I will ever constant prove,  
As is the loyal turtle-dove.

Thus did they part with heavy cheer,  
And to the ships his way he took ;  
Her tender eyes dropt many a tear ;  
Still casting many a longing look :  
She saw him on the surges glide, 25  
And unto Neptune thus she cry'd :

Thou god, whose power is in the deep,  
And rulest in the ocean main,  
My loving lord in safety keep  
Till he return to me again : 35  
That I his person may behold,  
To me more precious far than gold.

Then straight the ships with nimble sails  
Were all convey'd out of her sight :  
Her cruel fate she then bewails,  
Since she had lost her hearts delight. 40  
Now shall my practice be, quoth she,  
True vertue and humility.

My patience I will put in ure,  
My charity I will extend ;  
Since for my woe there is no cure,  
The helpless now I will befriend : 45  
The widow and the fatherless  
I will relieve, when in distress.

Thus she continued year by year  
In doing good to every one ; 50  
Her fame was noised every where,  
To young and old the same was known.  
That she no company would mind,  
Who were to vanity inclin'd.

Mean while Ulysses fought for fame, 55  
Mongst Trojans hazarding his life :  
Young gallants, hearing of her name,  
Came flocking for to tempt his wife :  
For she was lovely, young, and fair,  
No lady might with her compare. 60

With costly gifts and jewels fine,  
They did endeavour her to win ;  
With banquets and the choicest wine,  
For to allure her unto sin : 65  
Most persons were of high degree,  
Who courted fair Penelope.

With modesty and comely grace  
Their wanton suits she did denye :  
No tempting charms could e'er deface  
Her dearest husband's memorye ; 70  
But constant she would still remain,  
Hoping to see him once again.

Her book her dayly comfort was,  
And that she often did peruse ;  
She seldom looked in her glass ; 75  
Powder and paint she ne'er would use.  
I wish all ladies were as free  
From pride, as was Penelope.

She in her needle took delight,  
And likewise in her spinning-wheel ; 80  
Her maids about her every night  
Did use the distaff, and the reel :  
The spiders, that on rafters twine,  
Scarce spin a thread more soft and fine.

Sometimes she would bewail the loss 85  
And absence of her dearest love :  
Sometimes she thought the seas to cross,  
Her fortune on the waves to prove.  
I fear my lord is slain, quoth she,  
He stays so from Penelope. 90

At length the ten years siege of Troy  
Did end ; in flames the city burn'd ;  
And to the Grecians was great joy,  
To see the towers to ashes turn'd : 95  
Then came Ulysses home to see  
His constant, dear, Penelope.

O blame her not if she was glad,  
When she her lord again had seen.  
Thrice-welcome home, my dear, she said,  
A long time absent thou hast been : 100  
The wars shall never more deprive  
Me of my lord whilst I'm alive.

Fair ladies all, example take ;  
And hence a worthy lesson learn,  
All youthful follies to forsake,

105

And vice from virtue to discern :  
And let all women strive to be  
As constant as Penelope.

## XI.

## TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS.

By Col. Richard Lovelace: from the volume of his poems, intitled "Lucasta, Lond. 1649," 12mo. The elegance of this writer's manner would be more admired if it had somewhat more of simplicity.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkinde,  
That from the nunnerie  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde  
To warre and armes I die.

True, a new mistresse now I chase,  
The first foe in the field ;  
And with a stronger faith imbrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

5

Yet this inconstancy is such,  
As you too shall adore ;  
I could not love thee, deare, so much,  
Lov'd I not honour more.

10

## XII.

## VALENTINE AND URSINE.

The old story-book of Valentine and Orson (which suggested the plan of this tale, but it is not strictly followed in it) was originally a translation from the French, being one of their earliest attempts at romance. See "Le Bibliotheque de Romans, &c."

The circumstance of the bridge of bells is taken from the old metrical legend of Sir Bevis, and has also been copied in the Seven Champions. The original are,

"Over the dyke a bridge there lay,  
That man and beast might passe away:  
Under the bridge where sixty belles;  
Right as the Romans telles;  
That there might no man passe in,  
But all they rang with a gyn."

Sign. E. iv.

In the Editor's folio MS. was an old poem on this subject, in a wretched corrupt state, unworthy the press: from which were taken such particulars as could be adopted.

## PART THE FIRST.

WHEN Flora 'gins to decke the fields  
With colours fresh and fine,  
Then holy clerkes their mattins sing  
To good Saint Valentine !

The King of France that morning fair  
He would a hunting ride :  
To Artois forest prancing forth  
In all his princely pride.

5

To grace his sports a courtly train  
Of gallant peers attend ;  
And with their loud and cheerful cries  
The hills and valleys rend.

10

Through the deep forest swift they pass,  
Through woods and thickets wild ;  
When down within a lonely dell  
They found a new-born child ;

15

All in a scarlet kercher lay'd  
Of silk so fine and thin :  
A golden mantle wrapt him round,  
Pinn'd with a silver pin.

20

The sudden sight surpriz'd them all ;  
The courtiers gather'd round ;  
They look, they call, the mother seek ;  
No mother could be found.

At length the king himself drew near,  
And as he gazing stands,  
The pretty babe look'd up and smil'd,  
And stretch'd his little hands.

25

Now, by the rood, King Pepin says,  
This child is passing fair :  
I wot he is of gentle blood ;  
Perhaps some prince's heir.

30

Goe bear him home unto my court  
With all the care ye may :  
Let him be christen'd Valentine,  
In honour of this day :

35

And look me out some cunning nurse ;  
Well nurtur'd let him bee ;  
Nor ought be wanting that becomes  
A bairn of high degree.

40

They look'd him out a cunning nurse ; And nurtur'd well was hee ; Nor ought was wanting that became A bairn of high degree.		Like eagles' talons grew his nails : His limbe were thick and strong ; And dreadful was the knotted oak He bare with him along.	100
Thus grewe the little Valentine, Belov'd of king and peers ; And shew'd in all he spake or did A wit beyond his years.	45	Soon as Sir Valentine approach'd, He starts with sudden spring ; And yelling forth a hideous howl, He made the forests ring.	
But chief in gallant feates of arms He did himself advance, That ere he grewe to man's estate He had no peere in France.	50	As when a tyger fierce and fell Hath spied a passing roe, And leaps at once upon his throat ; So sprung the savage foe ;	105
And now the early downe began To shade his youthful chin ; When Valentine was dubb'd a knight, That he might glory win.	55	So lightly leap'd with furious force The gentle knight to seize : But met his tall uplifted spear, Which sunk him on his knees.	110
A boon, a boon, my gracious liege, I beg a boon of thee ! The first adventure that befalls, May be reserv'd for mee.	60	A second stroke so stiff and stern Had laid the savage low ; But springing up, he rais'd his club, And aim'd a dreadful blow.	115
The first adventure shall be thine ; The king did smiling say. Nor many days, when lo ! there came Three palmers clad in graye.		The watchful warrior bent his head, And shun'd the coming stroke ; Upon his taper spear it fell, And all to shivers broke.	120
Help, gracious lord, they weeping say'd ; And knelt, as it was meet : From Artoys forest we be come, With weak and weary feet.	65	Then lighting nimbly from his steed, He drew his burnisht brand : The savage quick as lightning flew To wrest it from his hand.	
Within those deep and dreary woods There wends a savage boy ; Whose fierce and mortal rage doth yield Thy subjects dire annoy.	70	Three times he grasp'd the silver hilt ; Three times he felt the blade ; Three times it fell with furious force ; Three ghastly wounds it made.	125
'Mong ruthless beares he sure was bred ; He lurks within their den : With beares he lives ; with beares he feeds, And drinks the blood of men.	75	Now with redoubled rage he roard ; His eye-ball flash'd with fire ; Each hairy limb with fury shook ; And all his heart was ire,	130
To more than savage strength he joins A more than human skill : For arms, no cunning may suffice His cruel rage to still :	80	Then closing fast with furious gripe He clasp'd the champion round, And with a strong and sudden twist He laid him on the ground,	135
Up then rose Sir Valentine, And claim'd that arduous deed, Go forth and conquer, say'd the king, And great shall be thy meed.		But soon the knight with active spring, O'erturn'd his hairy foe : And now between their sturdy fists Past many a bruising blow.	140
Well mounted on a milk-white steed, His armour white as snow ; As well be seem'd a virgin knight, Who ne'er had fought a foe :	85	They roll'd and grappled on the ground, And there they struggled long : Skilful and active was the knight ; The savage he was strong.	
To Artoys forest he repairs With all the haste he may ; And soon he spies the savage youth A rending of his prey.	90	But brutal force and savage strength To art and skill must yield : Sir Valentine at length prevail'd And won the well-fought field.	115
His unkempt hair all matted hung His shaggy shoulders round : His eager eye all fiery glow'd : His face with fury frown'd.	95	Then binding strait his conquer'd foe Fast with an iron chain, He tyes him to his horse's tail, And leads him o'er the plain.	150

To court his hairy captive soon  
Sir Valentine doth bring ;  
And kneeling down upon his knee, 155  
Presents him to the king.

With loss of blood and loss of strength  
The savage tamer grew ;  
And to Sir Valentine became 160  
A servant try'd and true.

And 'cause with beares he erst was bred,  
Ursine they call his name ;  
A name which unto future times  
The Muses shall proclame.

## PART THE SECOND.

In high renown with prince and peere  
Now liv'd Sir Valentine :  
His high renown with prince and peere  
Made envious hearts repine.

It chanc'd the king upon a day 5  
Prepar'd a sumptuous feast :  
And there came lords, and dainty dames,  
And many a noble guest.

Amid their cups, that freely flow'd,  
Their revelry and mirth, 10  
A youthful knight tax'd Valentine  
Of base and doubtful birth.

The foul reproach, so grossly urg'd,  
His generous heart did wound :  
And strait he vow'd he ne'er would rest 15  
Till he his parents found.

Then bidding king and peers adieu,  
Early one summer's day,  
With faithful Ursine by his side, 20  
From court he took his way.

O'er hill and valley, moss and moor,  
For many a day they pass ;  
At length, upon a moated lake,  
They found a bridge of brass.

Beyond it rose a castle fair, 25  
Y-built of marble stone :  
The battlements were gilt with gold,  
And glittred in the sun.

Beneath the bridge, with strange device,  
A hundred bells were hung ;  
That man, nor beast, might pass thereon, 30  
But strait their larum rung.

This quickly found the youthful pair,  
Who boldly crossing o'er,  
The jangling sound bedeaft their ears, 35  
And rung from shore to shore.

Quick at the sound the castle gates  
Unlock'd and opened wide,  
And strait a gyant huge and grim 40  
Stalk'd forth with stately pride

Now yield you, caytiffs, to my will ;  
He cried with ludeous roar ;  
Or else the wolves shall eat your flesh,  
And ravens drink your gore.

Ver. 23. i. e. a lake that served for a moat to a castle.

Vain boaster, said the youthful knight, 41  
I scorn thy threats and thee :  
I trust to force thy brazen gates,  
And set thy captives free.

Then putting spurs unto his steed,  
He aim'd a dreadful thrust : 50  
The spear against the gyant glanc'd,  
And caus'd the blood to burst.

Mad and outrageous with the pain,  
He whirl'd his mace of steel :  
The very wind of such a blow 55  
Had made the champion reel.

It haply mist ; and now the knight  
His glittering sword display'd,  
And riding round with whirlwind speed 60  
Oft made him feel the blade.

As when a large and monstrous oak  
Unceasing axes hew :  
So fast around the gyant's limbs  
The blows quick-darting flew.

As when the boughs with hideous fall 65  
Some hapless woodman crush :  
With such a force the enormous foe  
Did on the champion rush.

A fearful blow, alas ! there came,  
Both horse and knight it took,  
And laid them senseless in the dust ; 70  
So fatal was the stroke.

Then smiling forth a hideous grin,  
The gyant strides in haste,  
And, stooping, aims a second stroke : 75  
" Now caytiff breathe thy last ! "

But ere it fell, two thundering blows  
Upon his scull descend :  
From Ursine's knotty club they came, 80  
Who ran to save his friend.

Down sunk the gyant gaping wide,  
And rolling his grim eyes :  
The hairy youth repeats his blows : 85  
He gasps, he groans, he dies.

Quickly Sir Valentine reviv'd 85  
With Ursine's timely care :  
And now to search the castle walls  
The venturous youths repair.

The blood and bones of murder'd knights  
They found where'er they came : 90  
At length within a lonely cell  
They saw a mournful dame.

Her gentle eyes were dim'd with tears ;  
Her cheeks were pale with woe :  
And long Sir Valentine besought 95  
Her doleful tale to know.

" Alas ! young knight," she weeping said,  
Condole my wretched fate ;  
A childless mother here you see ; 100  
A wife without a mate.

" These twenty winters here forlorn  
I've drawn my hated breath ;  
Sole witness of a monster's crimes,  
And wishing aye for death.

" Know, I am sister of a king, 105  
And in my early years  
Was married to a mighty prince,  
The fairest of his peers.

" With him I sweetly liv'd in love 110  
A twelvemonth and a day :  
When, lo ! a foul and treacherous priest  
Y-wrought our loves' decay.

" His seeming goodness wan him pow'r ;  
He had his master's ear :  
And long to me and all the world 115  
He did a saint appear.

" One day, when we were all alone,  
He proffer'd odious love :  
The wretch with horror I repuls'd,  
And from my presence drove. 120

" He feign'd remorse, and piteous beg'd  
His crime I'd not reveal :  
Which, for his seeming penitence,  
I promis'd to conceal.

" With treason, villainy, and wrong, 125  
My goodness he repay'd :  
With jealous doubts he fill'd my lord,  
And me to woe betray'd.

" He hid a slave within my bed,  
Then rais'd a bitter cry. 130  
My lord, possess with rage, condemn'd  
Me, all unheard, to dye.

" But, 'cause I then was great with child,  
At length my life he spar'd :  
But bade me instant quit the realme, 135  
One trusty knight my guard.

" Forth on my journey I depart,  
Opprest with grief and woe ;  
And tow'rd's my brother's distant court,  
With breaking heart, I goe. 140

" Long time thro' sundry foreign lands  
We slowly pace along :  
At length, within a forest wild,  
I fell in labour strong :

" And while the knight for succour sought, 145  
And left me there forlorn,  
My childbed pains so fast increast  
Two lovely boys were born.

" The eldest fair, and smooth, as snow. 150  
That tips the mountain boar :  
The younger's little body rough  
With hairs was cover'd o'er.

" But here afresh begin my woes :  
While tender care I took 155  
To shield my eldest from the cold  
And wrap him in my cloak ;

" A prowling bear burst from the wood,  
And seis'd my younger son :  
Affection lent my weakness wings,  
And after them I run. 160

" But all forewearied, weak and spent,  
I quickly swoon'd away ;  
And there beneath the greenwood shade  
Long time I lifeless lay.

" At length the knight brought me relief, 165  
And rais'd me from the ground :  
But neither of my pretty babes  
Could ever more be found.

" And, while in search we wander'd far,  
We met that gyant grim ; 170  
Who ruthless slew my trusty knight,  
And bare me off with him.

" But charm'd by heav'n, or else my griefs,  
He offer'd me no wrong ;  
Save that within these lonely walls 175  
I've been immur'd so long."

Now, surely, said the youthful knight,  
You are Lady Belliance,  
Wife to the Grecian emperor :  
Your brother's King of France. 180

For in your royal brother's court  
Myself my breeding had ;  
Where oft the story of your woes  
Hath made my bosom sad.

If so, know your accuser's dead, 185  
And dying own'd his crime ;  
And long your lord hath sought you out  
Thro' every foreign clime.

And when no tidings he could learn  
Of his much-wronged wife, 190  
He vow'd thenceforth within his court  
To lead a hermit's life.

Now heaven is kind ! the lady said ;  
And dropt a joyful tear :  
Shall I once more behold my lord ? 195  
That lord I love so dear ?

But, madam, said Sir Valentine,  
And knelt upon his knee ;  
Know you the cloak that wrapt your bade,  
If you the same should see. 200

And pulling forth the cloth of gold,  
In which himself was found ;  
The lady gave a sudden shriek  
And fainted on the ground.

But by his pious care reviv'd, 205  
His tale she heard anon ;  
And soon by other tokens found,  
He was indeed her son.

But who's this hairy youth ? she said ;  
He much resembles thee : 210  
The bear devour'd my younger son,  
Or sure that son were he.

Madam, this youth with bears was bred,  
And rear'd within their den.  
But recollect ye any mark  
To know your son agen?

215

Upon his little side, quoth she,  
Was stamp'd a bloody rose.  
Here, lady, see the crimson mark  
Upon his body grows!

220

Then clasping both her new-found sons  
She bath'd their cheeks with tears;  
And soon towards her brothers court  
Her joyful course she steers.

What pen can paint King Pepin's joy, 225  
His sister thus restor'd!  
And soon a messenger was sent  
To cheer her dropping lord:

Who came in haste with all his peers,  
To fetch her home to Greece; 230  
Where many happy years they reign'd  
In perfect love and peace.

To them Sir Ursine did succeed,  
And long the scepter bare.  
Sir Valentine he stay'd in France, 235  
And was his uncle's heir.

•••

## XIII.

## THE DRAGON OF WANTLEY.

This humorous song (as a former Editor\* has well observed) is to old metrical romances and ballads of chivalry, what Don Quixote is to prose narratives of that kind:—a lively satire on their extravagant fictions. But although the satire is thus general, the subject of this ballad is local and peculiar; so that many of the finest strokes of humour are lost for want of our knowing the minute circumstances to which they allude. Many of them can hardly now be recovered, although we have been fortunate enough to learn the general subject to which the satire referred, and shall detail the information with which we have been favoured, in a separate memoir at the end of the poem.

In handling his subject, the Author has brought in most of the common incidents which occur in Romance. The description of the dragon†—his outrages—the people flying to the knight for succour—his care in choosing his armour—his being drest for fight by a young damsel—and most of the circumstances of the battle and victory (allowing for the burlesque turn given to them) are what occur in every book of chivalry, whether in prose or verse.

If any one piece, more than other, is more particularly levelled at, it seems to be the old rhyming legend of Sir Bevis. There a Dragon is attacked from a well in a manner not very remote from this of the ballad:

There was a well, so have I wyne,  
And Bevis stumbl'd ryght therein.

Than was he glad without fayle,  
And rested a whyle for his avayle;  
And dranke of that water his fyll;  
And than he lepte out, with good wyll,  
And with Morglay his brande  
He assayed the dragon, I understande:  
On the dragon he smote so faste,  
Where that he hit the scales braste:  
The dragon then faynted sore,  
And cast a galon and more

Out of his mouthe of venim strong,  
And on Syr Bevis he it flog:  
It was venymous y-wis.

This seems to be meant by the Dragon of Wantley's stink, ver. 110. As the politic knight's creeping out, and attacking the dragon, &c. seems evidently to allude to the following:

Bevis blessed himselfe, and forth yode,  
And lepte out with haste full good;  
And Bevis unto the dragon gone is;  
And the dragon also to Bevis.  
Longe and harde was that fyght  
Betwene the dragon and that knyght:  
But ever when Syr Bevis was hurt sore,  
He went to the well, and washed him thore;  
He was as hole as any man,  
Ever freshe as when he began.  
The dragon sawe it might not avayle  
Besyde the well to hold batayle;  
He thought he would, wyth some wyle,  
Out of that place Bevis begyle;  
He woulde have flowen then awaye,  
But Bevis lepte after with good Morglaye,  
And hyt him under the wynges,  
As he was in his flyenge, &c.

Sign. M. jv. L. j. &amp;c.

After all, perhaps the writer of this ballad was acquainted with the above incidents only through the medium of Spenser, who has assumed most of them in his "Faery Queen." At least some particulars in the description of the Dragon, &c. seem evidently borrowed from the latter. See Book I. Canto 11, where the Dragon's "two wynges like sayls—huge long tayl—with sunge—his cruel rending claws—and yron teeth—his breath of smothering smoke and sulphur"—and the duration of the fight for upwards of two days, bear a great resemblance to passages in the following ballad; though it must be confessed that these particulars are common to all old writers of romance.

Although this ballad must have been written early in the last century, we have met with none but such as were comparatively modern copies. It is

\* Collection of Historical Ballads in 3 vol. 1727.  
† See above, p. 231, and p. 249.

here printed from one in Roman letter, in the Pepys Collection, collated with such others as could be procured.

Old stories tell, how Hercules  
A dragon slew at Lerna,  
With seven heads, and fourteen eyes,  
To see and well discern-a :  
But he had a club, this dragon to drub, 5  
Or he had ne'er done it, I warrant ye :  
But More of More-Hall, with nothing at all,  
He slew the dragon of Wantley.

This dragon had two furious wings,  
Each one upon each shoulder ; 10  
With a sting in his tayl, as long as a flayl,  
Which made him bolder and bolder.  
He had long claws, and in his jaws  
Four and forty teeth of iron ;  
With a hide as tough as any buff, 15  
Which did him round environ.

Have you not heard how the Trojan horse  
Held seventy men in his belly ?  
This dragon was not quite so big,  
But very near, I'll tell ye. 20  
Devoured he poor children three,  
That could not with him grapple ;  
And at one sup he eat them up,  
As one would eat an apple.

All sorts of cattle this dragon did eat. 25  
Some say he ate up trees,  
And that the forests sure he would  
Devour up by degrees : [turkies ;  
For houses and churches were to him geese and  
He ate all, and left none behind, 30  
But some stones, dear Jack, that he could not crack,  
Which on the hills you will find.

In Yorkshire, near fair Rotherham,  
The place I know it well ;  
Some two or three miles, or thereabouts, 35  
I vow I cannot tell ;  
But there is a hedge, just on the hill edge,  
And Matthew's house hard by it ;  
O there and then was this dragon's den,  
You could not chuse but spy it. 40

Some say, this dragon was a witch ;  
Some say, he was a devil,  
For from his nose a smoke arose,  
And with it burning snivel ;  
Which he cast off, when he did cough, 45  
In a well that he did stand by ;  
Which made it look just like a brook  
Running with burning brandy.

Hard by a furious knight there dwelt,  
Of whom all towns did ring, 50  
For he could wrestle, play at quarter-staff, kick,  
cuff and huff,  
Call son of a whore, do any kind of thing :  
By the tail and the main, with his hands twain  
He swung a horse till he was dead ;  
And that which is stranger, he for very anger 55  
Eat him all up but his head.

These children, as I told, being eat ;  
Men, women, girls, and boys,  
Sighing and sobbing, came to his lodging,  
And made a hideous noise : 30  
O save us all, More of More-hall,  
Thou peerless knight of these woods ; [on,  
Do but slay this dragon, who won't leave us a rag  
We'll give thee all our goods.

Tut, tut, quoth he, no goods I want ; 65  
But I want, I want, in sooth,  
A fair maid of sixteen, that's brisk and keen,  
With smiles about the mouth ;  
Hair black as sloe, skin white as snow, 70  
With blushes her cheeks adorning ;  
To anoynt me o'er night, ere I go to fight,  
And to dress me in the morning.

This being done, he did engage  
To hew the dragon down ;  
But first he went, new armour to 75  
Bespeak at Sheffield town ;  
With spikes all about, not within but without,  
Of steel so sharp and strong ;  
Both behind and before, arms, legs, and all o'er, 80  
Some five or six inches long

Had you but seen him in this dress,  
How fierce he look'd and how big,  
You would have thought him for to be  
Some Egyptian porcupig :  
He frighted all, cats, dogs, and all, 85  
Each cow, each horse, and each hog :  
For fear they did flee, for they took him to be  
Some strange outlandish hedge-hog.

To see this fight, all people then  
Got up on trees and houses, 90  
On churches some, and chimneys too ;  
But these put on their trowees,  
Not to spoil their hose. As soon as he rose,  
To make him strong and mighty,  
He drank by the tale, six pots of ale, 95  
And a quart of aqua-vitæ.

It is not strength that always wins,  
For wit doth strength excell ;  
Which made our cunning champion  
Creep down into a well ; 100  
Where he did think, this dragon would drink,  
And so he did in truth ;  
And as he stoop'd low, he rose up and cry'd, boh !  
And hit him in the mouth.

Oh, quoth the dragon, pox take thee, come out,  
Thou disturb'st me in my drink : 106  
And then he turn'd, and a . . . at him ;  
Good lack how he did stink -  
Besbrow thy soul, thy body's foul,  
Thy dung smells not like balsam ; 110  
Thou son of a whore, thou stink'st so sore,  
Sure thy diet is unwholesome.

Our politick knight, on the other side,  
Crept out upon the brink,  
And gave the dragon such a douse, 115  
He knew not what to think :



By cock, quoth he, say you so, do you see?  
 And then at him he let fly  
 With hand and with foot, and so they went to't;  
 And the word it was. Hey boys, hey! 120

Your words, quoth the dragon, I don't understand;  
 Then to it they fell at all,  
 Like two wild boars so fierce, if I may  
 Compare great things with small.  
 Two days and a night, with this dragon did fight 125  
 Our champion on the ground; [neat,  
 Tho' their strength it was great, their skill it was  
 They never had one wound.

At length the hard earth began to quake,  
 The dragon gave him a knock, 130  
 Which made him to reel, and straitway he thought,  
 To lift him as high as a rock,  
 And thence let him fall. But More of More-hall,  
 Like a valiant son of Mars,  
 As he came like a lout, so he turn'd him about, 135  
 And hit him a kick on the a . . .

Oh, quoth the dragon, with a deep sigh,  
 And turn'd six times together,  
 Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swearing  
 Out of his throat of leather;  
 More of More-hall! O thou rascal! 140  
 Would I had seen thee never; [gut,  
 With the thing at thy foot, thou hast prick'd my a . . .  
 And I'm quite undone for ever.

Murder, murder, the dragon cry'd, 145  
 Alack, alack, for grief;  
 Had you but mist that place, you could  
 Have done me no mischief.  
 Then his head he shook, trembled and quaked,  
 And down he laid and cry'd; 150  
 First on one knee, then on back tumbled he,  
 So groan'd, kickt, s . . . , and dy'd.

\* \* A description of the supposed scene of the foregoing Ballad, which was communicated to the Editor in 1767, is here given in the words of the relater:

"In Yorkshire, 6 miles from Rotherham, is a village, called Wortley, the seat of the late Wortley Montague, Esq. About a mile from this village is a Lodge, named Warncliff Lodge, but vulgarly called Wantley: here lies the scene of the Song. I was there above forty years ago: and it being a woody rocky place, my friend made me clamber over rocks and stones, not telling me to what end, till I came to a sort of a cave; then asked my opinion of the place and pointing to one end, says, Here lay the Dragon killed by Moor of Moor-hall: here lay his head; here lay his tail; and the stones we came over on the hill, are those he could not crack; and yon white house you see half a mile off, is Moor-hall. I had dined at the lodge, and knew the man's name was Matthew, who was a keeper to Mr. Wortley, and, as he endeavoured to persuade me, was the same Matthew mentioned in the Song: in the house is the picture of the Dragon and Moor of Moor-hall, and near it a well, which, says he, is the described in the ball

†† Since the former editions of this humorous old song were printed, the following "Key to the

Satire" hath been communicated by Godfrey Bosville, Esq. of Thorp, near Malton, in Yorkshire; who, in the most obliging manner, gave full permission to subjoin it to the poem.

Warncliffe Lodge, and Warncliffe Wood (vulgarly pronounced Wantley), are in the parish of Penniston, in Yorkshire. The rectory of Penniston was part of the dissolved monastery of St. Stephen's, Westminster; and was granted to the Duke of Norfolk's family: who therewith endowed an hospital, which he built at Sheffield, for women. The trustees let the impropriation of the great tithes of Penniston to the Wortley family, who got a great deal by it, and wanted to get still more: for Mr. Nicholas Wortley attempted to take the tithes in kind, but Mr. Francis Bosville opposed him, and there was a decree in favour of the modus in 37th Eliz. The vicarage of Penniston did not go along with the rectory, but with the copyhold rents, and was part of a large purchase made by Ralph Bosville, Esq. from Queen Elizabeth, in the 2d year of her reign: and that part he sold in 12th Eliz. to his elder brother Godfrey, the father of Francis; who left it, with the rest of his estate, to his wife, for her life it, and then to Ralph, 3d son of his uncle Ralph. The widow married Lyonel Rowlestone, lived eighteen years, and survived Ralph.

This premised, the ballad apparently relates to the lawsuit carried on concerning this claim of tithes made by the Wortley family. "Houses and churches were to him geese and turkeys:" which are titheable things, the Dragon chose to live on. Sir Francis Wortley, the son of Nicholas, attempted again to take the tithes in kind: but the parishioners subscribed an agreement to defend their modus. And at the head of the agreement was Lyonel Rowlestone, who is supposed to be one of "the Stones, dear Jack, which the Dragon could not crack. The agreement is still preserved in a large sheet of parchment, dated 1st of James I. and is full of names and seals, which might be meant by the coat of armour, "with spikes all about, both within and without." More of More-hall was either the attorney, or counsellor, who conducted the suit. He is not distinctly remembered, but More-hall is still extant at the very bottom of Wantley [Warncliff] Wood, and lies so low, that it might be said to be in a well: as the Dragon's den [Warncliff Lodge] was at the top of the wood, "with Matthew's house hard by it." The keepers belonging to the Wortley family were named, for many generations, Matthew Northall: the last of them left this lodge, within memory, to be keeper to the Duke of Norfolk. The present owner of More-hall still attends Mr. Bosville's Manor Court at Ox-spring, and pays a rose a year. "More of More-hall, with nothing at all, slew the Dragon of Wantley." He gave him, instead of tithes, so small a modus, that it was in effect nothing at all, and was slaying him with a vengeance. "The poor children three," &c. cannot surely mean the three sisters of Francis Bosville, who would have been coheiresses, had he made no will? The late Mr. Bosville had a contest with the descendants of two of them, the late Sir Geo. Saville's father, and Mr. Copley, about the presentation to Penniston, they supposing Francis had not the power to give this part of the estate from the heirs at law; but it was decided against them. The Dragon (Sir Francis Wortley) succeeded better with his cousin Wordesworth, the freehold lord of the manor (for it is the

copyhold manor that belongs to Mr. Bosville) having persuaded him not to join the refractory parishioners, under a promise that he would let him his tithes cheap: and now the estates of Wortley and

Wordsworth are the only lands that pay tithes in the parish.

N.B. The "two days and a night," mentioned in ver. 125, as the duration of the combat, was probably that of the trial at law.

## XIV.

## ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND,

## THE FIRST PART.

As the former song is in ridicule of the extravagant incidents in old ballads and metrical romances; so this is a burlesque of their style; particularly of the rambling transitions and wild accumulation of unconnected parts, so frequent in many of them.

This ballad is given from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, "imprinted at London, 1612." It is more ancient than many of the preceding; but we place it here for the sake of connecting it with the Second Part.

Why do you boast of Arthur and his knightes,  
Knowing 'well' how many men have endured  
fightes?

For besides King Arthur, and Lancelot du lake,  
Or Sir Tristram de Lionel, that fought for ladies  
sake;

Read in old histories, and there you shall see [see.  
How St. George, St. George the dragon made to  
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for  
France; *Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense.* [France;

Mark our father Abraham, when first he rescued  
Lot [got:

Onely with his household, what conquest there he  
David was elected a prophet and a king, [sling:  
He slew the great Goliath, with a stone within a  
Yet these were not knightes of the table round;  
Nor St. George, St. George, who the dragon did  
confound.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for  
France;  
France; *Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Jephthah and Gideon did lead their men to fight,  
They conquered the Amorites, and put them all  
to flight;

Hercules his labours 'were' on the plaines of Basse;  
And Sampson slew a thousand with the jawbone  
of an asse, [mighty spoyle:  
And eke he threw a temple downe, and did a  
But St. George, St. George he did the dragon  
foyle. [France;

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for  
France; *Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The warres of ancient monarchs it were too long  
to tell, [excell;

And likewise of the Romans, how farre they did  
Hanniball and Scipio in many a felde did fighte:  
Orlando Furioso he was a worthy knighte:

Remus and Romulus, were they that Rome did  
builde: [yielde.

But St. George, St. George the dragon made to  
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for  
France;

*Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The noble Alphonso, that was the Spanish king,  
The order of the red scarffes and bandrolles in  
did bring\* [he did begin,

He had a troope of mighty knightes, when first  
Which sought adventures farre and neare, that  
conquest they might win;

The ranks of the Pagans he often put to fight:  
But St. George, St. George did with the dragon  
fight. [France;

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for  
France; *Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Many 'knightes' have fought with proud Tamber-  
laine:

Cutlax the Dane, great warres he did maintaine:  
Rowland of Beame, and good 'Sir' Olivere  
In the forest of Acon slew both wolfe and beare:  
Besides that noble Hollander, 'Sir' Gward with  
the bill: [spill.

But St. George, St. George the dragon's blood did  
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for  
France;

*Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Valentine and Orson were of King Pepin's blood:  
Alfride and Henry they were brave knightes and  
good: [maine:

The four sons of Aymon, that follow'd Charle-  
Sir Hughon of Burdeaux, and Godfrey of Bullaine:  
These were all French knightes that lived in that  
age:

But St. George, St. George the dragon did assuage.  
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for  
France;

*Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense,*

Bevis conquered Ascapart, and after slew the  
boare, [the moore:

And then he crost beyond the seas to combat with  
Sir Isenbras and Eglamore, they were knightes  
most bold; [hath told:

And good Sir John Mandeville of travel much

\* This probably alludes to "An Ancient Order of Knight hood, called the Order of the Band, instituted by Don Alphonso, King of Spain,....to wear a red riband of three fingers breadth," &c. See Ames, Typog. p. 227

There were many English knights that Pagans did  
convert : [heart]  
But St. George, St. George plucked out the dragon's  
St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for  
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* [France ;

The noble Earl of Warwick, that was call'd Sir  
The infidels and pagans stoutlie did defie ; [Guy,  
He slew the giant Brandimore, and after was the  
death [more heath ;  
Of that most ghastly dun cove, the divell of Duns-  
Besides his noble deeds all done beyond the seas :  
But St. George, St. George the dragon did appease.  
St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for  
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* [France ;

Richard Cœur-de-lion, erst king of this land,  
He the lion gored with his naked hand\* :  
The false Duke of Austria nothing did he feare ;  
But his son he killed with a boxe on the eare ;  
Besides his famous actes done in the holy lande :  
But St. George, St. George the dragon did with-  
stande. [France ;  
St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for  
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Henry the fifth he conquered all France,  
And quartered their arms, his honour to advance  
He their cities razed, and threw their castles  
downe,  
And his head he honoured with a double crowne :  
He thumped the French-men, and after home he  
came,  
But St. George, St. George he did the dragon tame.  
St. George he was for England : St. Dennis was for  
France ;  
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

St. David of Wales the Welsh-men much advance .  
St. Jaques of Spaine, that never yet broke lance :  
St. Patrick of Ireland, which was St. Georges boy,  
Seven yeares he kept his horse, and then stole him  
away :  
For which knavish act, as slaves they doe remaine :  
But St. George, St. George the dragon he hath  
slaine.  
St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for  
France ;  
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

## XV.

## ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND,

## THE SECOND PART,

— was written by John Grubb, M. A. of Christ Church, Oxford. The occasion of its being composed is said to have been as follows. A set of gentlemen of the university had formed themselves into a Club, all the members of which were to be of the name of George ; their anniversary feast was to be held on St. George's day. Our Author solicited strongly to be admitted ; but his name being unfortunately John, this disqualification was dispensed with only upon this condition, that he would compose a song in honour of their Patron Saint, and would every year produce one or more new stanzas, to be sung on their annual festival. This gave birth to the following humorous performance, the several stanzas of which were the produce of many successive anniversaries†.

This diverting poem was long handed about in manuscript ; at length a friend of Grubb's undertook to get it printed, who, not keeping pace with the impatience of his friends, was addressed in the following whimsical macaronic lines, which, in such a collection as this, may not improperly accompany the poem itself.

EXPOSTULATUNCULA, sive QUERIMONIUNCULA ad

\* Alluding to the fabulous exploits attributed to this king in the old romances. See the Dissertation prefixed to the Third Series.

† To this circumstance it is owing that the Editor has never met with two copies in which the stanzas are arranged alike : he has therefore thrown them into what appeared the most natural order. The verses are properly long Alexandrines, but the narrowness of the page made it necessary to subdivide them : they are here printed with many improvements.

ANTONIUM [ATHERTON] ob. Poema JOHANNIS GRUBB  
Viri *rov wavy* ingeniosissimi in lucem nondum edit  
TONI ! Tune sines divina poemata Grubbi  
Intomb'd in secret thus still to remain any longer,  
*Touyova cov* shall last, *Ω Γρυββε διαμπερες asi*,  
Grubbe tuum nomen vivet dum nobilis ale-a  
Efficit heroas, dignamque heroas puellam.  
Est genus heroarum ; quos nobilis efficit ale-a  
Qui pro niperkin clamant, quaternque liquoris  
Quem vocitant Homines, Brandy, Superi Cherry-  
brandy,

Sæpe illi long-cut, vel small-cut flare Tobacco  
Sunt soliti pipos. Ast si generosior herba  
(Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum)  
Mundungus desit, tum non funcare recusant  
Brown-paper tostâ, vel quod fit arundine bed-mat.  
Hic labor, hoc opus est heroarum ascedere sedes !  
Ast ego quo rapiar ? quo me feret entheus ardor,  
Grubbe tui memorem ? Divinum expande poema.  
Quæ mora ? quæ ratio est, quin Grubbi protinus  
anser

Virgilii, Flaccique simul canat inter olores ?

At length the importunity of his friends prevailed and Mr. Grubb's song was published at Oxford under the following title :

THE BRITISH HEROES.

A New Poem in honour of St. George

By Mr. JOHN GRUBB

School-master of Christ-Church

Oxon. 1688.

*Favete linguis : carmina non prius*

*Audita, musarum sacerdos*

Canto.—

HOR.

Sold by Henry Clements. Oxon.

THE story of King Arthur old Is very memorable, The number of his valiant knights, And roundness of his table : The knights around his table in A circle sate, d'ye see : And altogether made up one Large hoop of chivalry. He had a sword, both broad and sharp, Y-cleped Caliburn, Would cut a flint more easily Than pen-knife cuts a corn ; As case-knife does a capon carve, So would it carve a rock, And split a man at single slash, From noddle down to neck. As Roman Angur's steel of yore Dissected Tarquin's riddle, So this would cut both conjurer And whetstone thro' the middle. He was the cream of Brecknock, And flower of all the Welsh : But George he did the dragon fell, And gave him a plaguy squelah. [France ; St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for Sing, <i>Honi soit qui mal y pense.</i>	5   
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\* Men of bulk answerable to their places, as is well known at Oxford.

\* A butcher that then served the college.  
† A cook, who on fast nights was famous for selling cow-beel and tripe.

# ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND.

<p> She sear'd her breasts with iron hot,  And bang'd her foes with cold,  Her hand was like the tool, wherewith  Jove keeps proud mortals under :  It shone just like his lightning,  And batter'd like his thunder.  Her eye darts lightning, that would blast  The proudest he that swagger'd  And melt the rapier of his soul,  In its corporeal scabbard.  Her beauty, and her drum to foes  Did cause amazement double ;  As timorous larks amazed are  With light, and with a low-bell :  With beauty, and that lapland-charm*,  Poor men she did bewitch all ;  Still a blind whining lover had,  As Pallas had her scrich-owl.  She kept the chastness of a nun  In armour, as in cloyster :  But George undid the dragon just  As you'd undo an oyster. </p>	130  
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\* The drum.

† Who kept Paradise gardens at Oxford.

‡ A noted drawer at the Mermaid tavern in Oxford.

\* Lord Lovelace brook down the bridges about Oxford, at the beginning of the Revolution. See on this subject a ballad in Smith's Poems, p. 102. Lond. 1713.

† It has been suggested by an ingenious correspondent that this was a popular subject at that time :

Not carted Bawd, or Dan de Foe,  
In wooden Ruff ere bluster'd so.

Smith's Poems, p. 117.

- Then amorous sword by magic belt  
Clung fast unto her haunches.  
This shield long village did protect, 255  
And kept the army from town,  
And chang'd the bullies into rocks,  
That came t' invade Long-Compton\*.  
She post-diluvian stores unmana,  
And Pyrrha's work unravels, 260  
And stares Deucalion's hardy boys  
Into their primitive pebbles.  
Red noses she to rubies turns,  
And noddles into bricks:  
But George made dragon laxative; 265  
And gave him a bloody fix. [France;  
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for  
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.
- By boar-spear Meleager got  
An everlasting name, 270  
And out of haunch of basted swine,  
He hew'd eternal fame.  
This beast each hero's trouzers ript,  
And rudely shew'd his bare-breech,  
Prickt but the wem, and out there came 275  
Heroic guts and garbade.  
Legs were secur'd by iron boots  
No more than peas by peascods:  
Brass helmets, with inclosed skulls,  
Wou'd crackle in's mouth like chesnuts. 280  
His tawny hairs erected were  
By rage, that was resistless;  
And wrath, instead of cobbler's wax,  
Did stiffen his rising bristles.  
His tusk lay'd dogs so dead asleep, 285  
Nor horn, nor whip cou'd wake 'um:  
It made them vent both their last blood,  
And their last album-grecum.  
But the knight gor'd him with his spear,  
To make of him a tame one, 290  
And arrows thick, instead of cloves,  
He stuck in monster's gammon.  
For monumental pillar, that  
His victory might be known,  
He rais'd up, in cylindric form, 295  
A collar of the brawn.  
He sent his shade to shades below,  
In Stygian mud to wallow;  
And eke the stout St. George aftsoon,  
He made the dragon follow. 300  
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for  
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. [France;
- Achilles of old Chiron learnt  
The great horse for to ride;  
H' was taught by th' Centaur's rational part, 305  
The hinnible to bestride.  
Bright silver feet, and shining face  
Had that stout hero's mother;  
As rapier's silver'd at one end,  
And wounds you at the other. 310  
Her feet were bright, his feet were swift,  
As hawk pursuing sparrow:  
Her's had the metal, his the speed  
Of Braburn's† silver arrow.
- Thetis to double pedagogue 315  
Commits her dearest boy;  
Who bred him from a slender twig  
To be the scourge of Troy;  
But ere he lasht the Trojans, h' was 320  
In Stygian waters steep;  
As birch is soaked first in piss,  
When boys are to be whipt.  
With skin exceeding hard, he rose  
From lake, so black and muddy,  
As lobsters from the ocean rise, 325  
With shell about their body:  
And, as from lobster's broken claw,  
Pick out the fish you might;  
So might you from one unshell'd heel  
Dig pieces of the knight. 330  
His myrmidons robb'd Priam's barns  
And hen-roosts, says the song;  
Carried away both corn and eggs,  
Like ants from whence they sprung.  
Himself tore Hector's pantaloons, 335  
And sent him down bare-breech'd  
To pedant Radamanthus, in  
A posture to be switch'd.  
But George he made the dragon look,  
As if he had been bewitch'd. 340  
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for  
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. [France;
- Full fatal to the Romans was  
The Carthaginian Hanni-  
bal; him† mean, who gave them such 345  
A devilish thump at Cannæ:  
Moors thick, as goats on Penmenmure,  
Stood on the Alpes's front:  
Their one-eyed guide\*, like blinking mole,  
Bor'd thro' the hind'ring mount: 350  
Who, baffled by the massy rock,  
Took vinegar for relief;  
Like plowmen, when they hew their way  
Thro' stubborn rump of beef.  
As dancing louts from humid toes 355  
Cast atoms of ill savour  
To blinking Hyatt†, when on vile crowd  
He merriment does endeavour,  
And saws from suffering timber out  
Some wretched tune to quiver: 360  
So Romans stunk and squeak'd at sight  
Of Affrican carnivor.  
The tawny surface of his phiz  
Did serve instead of vizzard:  
But George he made the dragon have 365  
A grumbling in his gizzard. [France;  
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for  
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.
- The valour of Domitian,  
It must not be forgotten; 370  
Who from the jaws of worm-blowing flies,  
Protected veal and mutton.  
A squadron of flies errant,  
Against the foe appears;  
With regiments of bussing knights, 375  
And swarms of volunteers:

\* See the account of Rohricht Stones, in Dr. Plott's Hist of Oxfordshire.

† Bradburn, a gentleman commoner of Lincoln college, gave a silver arrow to be shot for by the archers of the university of Oxford.

\* Hannibal had but one eye.

† A one-eyed fellow, who pretended to make fiddles, as well as play on them; well known at that time in Oxford.

The warlike wasp encourag'd 'em  
With animating hum ;  
And the loud brazen hornet next,  
He was their kettle-drum : 380

The Spanish Don Cantharido  
Did him most sorely pester,  
And rais'd on skin of vent'rous knight  
Full many a plaguy blister,  
A bee whipt thro' his button-hole, 385

As thro' key-hole a witch,  
And stabb'd him with her little tuck  
Drawn out of scabbard breech :  
But the undaunted knight lifts up  
An arm both big and brawny, 390

And slasht her so, that here lay head,  
And there lay bag and honey :  
Then 'mongst the rout he flew as swift,  
As weapon made by Cyclops,  
And bravely quell'd seditious buz, 395

By dint of massy fly-flopes.  
Surviving flies do curses breathe,  
And maggots too at Cæsar :  
But George he shav'd the dragon's beard,  
And Askelon \* was his razor. 400

St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for  
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* [France ;

John Grubb, the facetious writer of the foregoing  
song, makes a distinguished figure among the Ox-  
ford wits so humorously enumerated in the follow-  
ing distich :

Alma novem genuit célebres Rhedycina poetas  
Bub, Stubb, Grubb, Crabb, Trap, Young,  
Carey, Tickel, Evans.

These were Bub Dodington (the late Lord Mel-  
combe,) Dr. Stubbes, our poet Grubb, Mr. Crabb,  
Dr. Trapp, the poetry-professor, Dr. Edw. Young,  
the author of *Night-Thoughts*, Walter Carey,

Thomas Tickel, Esq. and Dr. Evans the epigram-  
matist.

As for our poet Grubb, all that we can learn fur-  
ther of him, is contained in a few extracts from the  
University Register, and from his epitaph. It ap-  
pears from the former that he was matriculated in  
1667, being the son of John Grubb, "de Acton  
Burnel in comitatu Salop. pauperis." He took his  
degree of Bachelor of Arts, June 28, 1671 : and  
became Master of Arts, June 28, 1675. He was  
appointed Head Master of the Grammar School at  
Christ Church ; and afterwards chosen into the  
same employment at Gloucester, where he died in  
1697, as appears from his monument in the church  
of St. Mary de Crypt in Gloucester, which is in-  
scribed with the following epitaph :

H. S. E.

JOHANNES GRUBB, A. M.

Natus apud Acton Burnel in agro Salopiensi  
Anno Dom. 1645.

Cujus variam in linguis notitiam,  
et felicem erudiendis pueris industriam,  
gratâ adhuc memoriâ testatur Oxonium.

Ibi enim Ædi Christi initiatus,  
artes excoluit :

Pueros ad eandem mox excolendas  
accuratè formavit :

Huc demum

unanimi omnium consensu accitus,  
eandem suscepit provinciam,

quam feliciter adeo absolvit,  
ut nihil optandum sit

nisi ut diutius nobis interfuisset ?

Fuit enim

propter festivam ingenii suavitatem,  
simplicem morum candorem, et

præcipuam erga cognatos benevolentiam  
omnibus desideratissimus,

Obiit 2do die Aprilis, Anno D'ni, 1697,  
Ætatis suæ 51.

## XVI.

### MARGARET'S GHOST.

This ballad, which appeared in some of the public  
newspapers in or before the year 1724, came from  
the pen of David Mallet, Esq. who in the edition of  
his poems, 3 vols. 1759, informs us that the plan was  
suggested by the four verses quoted above in page  
225, which he supposed to be the beginning of some  
ballad now lost.

"These lines, says he, naked of ornament and  
simple as they are, struck my fancy ; and bringing  
fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure much  
talked of formerly, gave birth to the following  
poem, which was written many years ago."

The two introductory lines (and one or two  
others elsewhere) had originally more of the ballad  
simplicity, viz.

"When all was wrapt in dark midnight,  
And all were fast asleep," &c.

\* The name of St. George's sword.

' was at the silent solemn hour,  
When night and morning meet ;  
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,  
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn, 5  
Clad in a wintry cloud :  
And clay-cold was her lily hand,  
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear, 10  
When youth and years are flown :  
Such is the robe that kings must wear,  
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,  
That sips the silver dew ;  
The rose was budded in her cheek, 15  
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm, Consum'd her early prime : The rose grew pale, and left her cheek ; She dy'd before her time.	20	" The hungry worm my sister is ; This winding-sheet I wear : And cold and weary lasts our night, Till that last morn appear.	50
" Awake ! " she cry'd, " thy true love calls, Come from her midnight grave ; Now let thy pity hear the maid Thy love refus'd to save.		" But hark ! the cock has warn'd me hence ! A long and last adieu ! Come see, false man, how low she lies, Who died for love of you."	55
" This is the dark and dreary hour When injur'd ghosts complain ; Now yawning graves give up their dead, To haunt the faithless swain.	25	The lark sung loud ; the morning smil'd With beams of rosy red : Pale William shook in ev'ry limb, And raving left his bed.	60
" Bethink thee, William, of thy fault, Thy pledge and broken oath : And give me back my maiden vow, And give me back my troth.	30	He hyed him to the fatal place Where Margaret's body lay : And stretch'd him on the grass-green turf, That wrapt her breathless clay :	
" Why did you promise love to me, And not that promise keep ? Why did you swear mine eyes were bright, Yet leave those eyes to weep ?	35	And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name, And thrice he wept full sore : Then laid his cheek to her cold grave, And word spake never more.	65
" How could you say my face was fair, And yet that face forsake ? How could you win my virgin heart, Yet leave that heart to break ?	40	* * * In a late publication, intitled "The Friends, &c." Lond. 1773, 2 vols. 12mo, (in the first volume) is inserted a copy of the foregoing ballad, with very great variations, which the Editor of that work con- tends was the original ; and that Mallet adopted it for his own, and altered it, as here given.—But the superior beauty and simplicity of the present copy gives it so much more the air of an original, that it will rather be believed that some transcriber altered it from Mallet's, and adapted the lines to his own taste ; than which nothing is more common in popu- lar songs and ballads.	
" Why did you say my lip was sweet, And made the scarlet pale ? And why did I, young witless maid Believe the flattering tale ?			
" That face, alas ! no more is fair ; These lips no longer red : Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death, And every charm is fled.	45		

## XVII.

## LUCY AND COLIN.

—was written by Thomas Tickell, Esq. the celebrated friend of Mr. Addison, and Editor of his works. He was the son of a Clergyman in the North of England ; had his education at Queen's College, Oxon ; was under-secretary to Mr. Addison and Mr. Craggs, when successively secretaries of state ; and was lastly (in June 1724) appointed secretary to the Lords Justices in Ireland, which place he held till his death in 1740. He acquired Mr. Addison's patronage by a poem in praise of the opera of Rosamond, written while he was at the University.

It is a tradition in Ireland, that this song was written at Castletown, in the county of Kildare, at the request of the then Mrs. Conolly—probably on some event recent in that neighbourhood.

Or Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,  
Bright Lucy was the grace ;  
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream  
Reflect so fair a face.

Till luckless love and pining care  
Impair'd her rosy hue,  
Her coral lip, and damask cheek,  
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh ! have you seen a lily pale,  
When beating rains descend ?  
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid ;  
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains  
Take heed, ye easy fair :  
Of vengeance due to broken vows,  
Ye perjured swains beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,  
A bell was heard to ring ;  
And at her window, shrieking thrice,  
The raven flap'd his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew  
That solemn boding sound ;  
And thus in dying words, bespoke  
The virgins weeping round.

" I hear a voice you cannot hear,  
Which says, I must not stay :  
I see a hand you cannot see,  
Which beckons me away.



<p>"By a false heart, and broken vows, In early youth 'I die. Am I to blame, because his bride Is thrice as rich as I?"</p> <p>"Ah Colin! give not her thy vows; Vows due to me alone: Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss, Nor think him all thy own."</p> <p>"To-morrow in the church to wed, Impatient, both prepare; But know, fond maid, and know, false That Lucy will be there."</p> <p>"Then, bear my corse, ye comrades, bear, The bridegroom blithe to meet; He in his wedding-trim so gay, I in my winding sheet."</p> <p>She spoke, she died:—her corse was borne, The bridegroom blithe to meet; He in his wedding-trim so gay, She in her winding-sheet.</p> <p>Then what were perjured Colin's thoughts? How were those nuptials kept?</p>	<p>30</p> <p>35</p> <p>40</p> <p>45</p> <p>50</p>	<p>The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead, And all the village wept.</p> <p>Confusion, shame, remorse, despair, At once his bosom swell: The damps of death bedew'd his brow, He shook, he groan'd, he fell.</p> <p>From the vain bride (ah, bride no more!) The varying crimson fled, When, stretch'd before her rival's corse, She saw her husband dead.</p> <p>Then to his Lucy's new-made grave, Convey'd by trembling swains, One mould with her beneath one sod, For ever now remains.</p> <p>Of at their grave the constant hind And plighted maid are seen; With garlands gay, and true-love knots, They deck the sacred green.</p> <p>But, swain forsworn, whose'er thou art, This hallow'd spot forbear; Remember Colin's dreadful fate, And fear to meet him there.</p>	<p>55</p> <p>60</p> <p>65</p> <p>70</p>
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## XVIII.

## THE BOY AND THE MANTLE.

AS REVISED AND ALTERED BY A MODERN HAND.

Mr. Warton, in his ingenious *Observations on Spenser*, has given his opinion, that the fiction of the "Boy and the Mantle" is taken from an old French piece entitled "*Le Court Mantel*," quoted by M. de St. Palaye, in his curious "*Memoires sur l'ancienne Chevalerie*," Paris, 1759, 2 tom. 12mo; who tells us the story resembles that of Ariosto's enchanted cup. 'Tis possible our English poet may have taken the hint of this subject from that old French romance; but he does not appear to have copied it in the manner of execution: to which (if one may judge from the specimen given in the *Memoires*) that of the Ballad does not bear the least resemblance. After all, 'tis most likely that all the old stories concerning King Arthur are originally of British growth, and that what the French and other Southern nations have of this kind were at first exported from this island. See *Memoires de l'Acad. des. Insc. tom. xx. p. 352*.

In the "*Fabliaux ou Contes*," 1781, 5 tom. 12mo, of M. Le Grand (tom. I. p. 54), is printed a modern Version of the Old Tale *Le Court Mantel*, under a new title, *Le Manteau mailleé*, which contains the story of this Ballad much enlarged, so far as regards the Mantle, but without any mention of the Knife or the Horn.

In Carlelle dwelt King Arthur,  
A prince of passing might;  
And there maintain'd his table round,  
Beset with many a knight.

<p>And there he kept his Christmas With mirth and princely cheare, When, lo! a strange and cunning boy Before him did appear.</p> <p>A kirtle and a mantle This boy had him upon, With brooches, rings, and owches, Full daintily bedone.</p> <p>He had a sarke of silk About his middle meet; And thus, with seemely curtesy, He did King Arthur greet.</p> <p>"God speed thee, brave King Arthur, Thus feasting in thy bowre; And Guenever thy goodly queen, That fair and peerlesse flowre.</p> <p>"Ye gallant lords, and lordings, I wish you all take heed, Lest, what you deem a blooming rose Should prove a cankered weed."</p> <p>Then straitway from his bosome A little wand he drew; And with it eke a mantle Of wondrous shape and hew.</p>	<p>5</p> <p>10</p> <p>15</p> <p>20</p> <p>25</p>
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"Now have thou here, King Arthur, Have this here of mee, And give unto thy comely queen, All-shapen as you see.	30	Then forth came an old knight, A pattering o'er his creed; And proffered to the little boy Five nobles to his meed;	85
"No wife it shall become, That once hath been to blame." Then every knight in Arthur's court Slye glanced at his dame.	35	"And all the time of Christmass Plumb-porridge shall be thine, If thou wilt let my lady fair Within the mantle shine."	90
And first came Lady Guenever, The mantle she must trye, This dame, she was new-fangled, And of a roving eye.	40	A saint his lady seemed, With step demure and slow, And gravely to the mantle With mincing pace doth goe.	95
When she had tane the mantle, And all was with it cladde, From top to toe it abiver'd down, As tho' with sheers besbradde.		When she the same had taken, That was so fine and thin It shrivell'd all about her, And show'd her dainty skin	100
One while it was too long, Another while too short, And wrinkled on her shoulders In most unseemly sort,	45	Ah! little did her mincing, Or his long prayers bestead; She had no more hung on her, Than a tassel and a thread.	
Now green, now red it seemed, Then all of sable hue. "Besbrehw me quoth King Arthur, I think thou beest not true."	50	Down she threwe the mantle, With terror and dismay, And, with a face of scarlet, To her chamber hyed away.	105
Down she threw the mantle, Ne longer would not stay; But storming like a fury, To her chamber flung away.	55	Sir Cradock call'd his lady, And bade her to come neare, "Come win this mantle, lady, And do me credit here.	110
She curst the whoreson weaver, That had the mantle wrought: And doubly curst the froward impe, Who thither had it brought.	60	"Come win this mantle, lady, For now it shall be thine, If thou hast never done amiss, Sith first I made thee mine."	115
"I had rather live in desarts Beneath the green-wood tree: Than here, base king, among thy groomes, The sport of them and thee."		The lady gently blushing, With modest grace came on, And now to trye the wondrous charm Courageously is gone.	120
Sir Kay call'd forth his lady, And bade her to come near: "Yet dame if thou be guilty, I pray thee now forbear."	65	When she had tane the mantle, And put it on her backe, About the hem it seemed To wrinkle and to cracke.	
This lady, pertly gigling, With forward step came on, And boldly to the little boy With fearless face is gone.	70	"Lye still," shee cried, "O mantle! And shame me not for nought, I'll freely own whate'er amiss, Or blameful I have wrought.	125
When she had tane the mantle, With purpose for to wear: It shrunk up to her shoulder, And left her b**side bare.	75	"Once I kist Sir Cradocke Beneathe the green wood tree: Once I kist Sir Cradocke's mouth Before he married mee."	130
Then every merry knight, That was in Arthur's court, Gib'd and laught, and flouted, To see that pleasant sport.	80	When thus she had her shriven, And her worst fault had told, The mantle soon became her Right comely as it shold.	135
Downe she threw the mantle, No longer bold or gay, But with a face all pale and wan, To her chamber slunk away.		Most rich and fair of colour, Like gold it glittering shone. And much the knights in Arthur's court Admir'd her every one.	140

Then towards King Arthur's table The boy he turn'd his eye : Where stood a boar's head garnished With bayes and rosemarye.		" See yonder shameless woman, That makes herselfe so clean : Yet from her pillow taken Thrice five gallants have been.	185
When thrice he o'er the boar's head His little wand had drawne, Quoth he, " There's never a cuckold's knife Can carve this head of brawne."	145	" Priests, clarkes, and wedded men, Have her lewd pillow prest : Yet she the wonderous prize forsooth Must beare from all the rest."	190
Then some their whittles rubbed On whetstone, and on hone : Some threwe them under the table, And swore that they had none.	150	Then bespake the little boy, Who had the same in hold : " Chastize thy wife, King Arthur, Of speech she is too bold :	195
Sir Cradock had a little knife, Of steel and iron made ; And in an instant thro' the skull He thrust the shining blade	155	" Of speech she is too bold, Of carriage all too free ; Sir king, she hath within thy hall A cuckold made of thee.	200
He thrust the shining blade Full easily and fast ; And every knight in Arthurs court A morsel had to taste,	160	" All frolick light and wanton She hath her carriage borne : And given thee for a kingly crown To wear a cuckold's horne."	
The boy brought forth a horne, All golden was the rim : Said he, " No cuckolde ever can Set mouth unto the brim.		•••	
" No cuckold can this little horne Lift fairly to his head ; But of on this, or that side, He shall the liquor shed."	165	••• The Rev. Evan Evans, editor of the <i>Specimens of Welsh Poetry</i> , 4to, affirmed that the story of the " Boy and the Mantle," is taken from what is related in some of the old Welsh MSS, of Tegan Earfron, one of King Arthur's mistresses. She is said to have possessed a mantle that would not fit any immodest or incontinent woman ; this (which the old writers say, was reckoned among the curiosities of Britain) is frequently alluded to by the old Welsh Bards.	
Some shed it on their shoulder, Some shed it on their thigh ; And hee that could not hit his mouth, Was sure to hit his eye.	170	CARLEILE, so often mentioned in the <i>Ballads of King Arthur</i> , the editor once thought might probably be a corruption of CAER-LEON, an ancient British city on the river Uske, in Monmouthshire, which was one of the places of King Arthurs chief residence; but he is now convinced that it is no other than Carlisle, in Cumberland ; the old English Minstrels, being most of them Northern men, naturally represented the Hero of Romance as residing in the North : and many of the places mentioned in the Old Ballads are still to be found there ; as <i>Tearne-Wadling</i> , &c.	
Thus he, that was a cuckold, Was known of every man : But Cradock lifted easily, And wan the golden can.	175	Near Penrith is still seen a large circle, surrounded by a mound of earth, which retains the name of Arthur's Round Table.	
Thus boar's head, horn and mantle, Were this fair couple's meed : And all such constant lovers, God send them well to speed.	180		
Then down in rage came Guenever, And thus could spiteful say, " Sir Cradock's wife most wrongfully Hath borne the prize away.			

## XIX.

## THE ANCIENT FRAGMENT OF THE MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAINE.

The Second Poem in the third Series, intitled " The Marriage of Sir Gawaine, having been offered to the Reader with large conjectural Supplements and Corrections, the old Fragment itself is here literally, and exactly printed from the Editor's folio MS.

with all its defects, inaccuracies, and errata ; that such austere Antiquaries as complain that the ancient copies have not been always rigidly adhered to may see how unfit for publication many of the pieces would have been if all the blunders, corruptions, and

nonsense of illiterate Reciters and Transcribers had been superstitiously retained, without some attempt to correct and amend them.

This Ballad had most unfortunately suffered by having half of every leaf in this part of the MS. torn away; and, as about nine stanzas generally occur in the half-page now remaining, it is concluded that the other half contained nearly the same number of stanzas.

Knows Arthur lues in merry Carleile  
and seemely is to see  
and there he hath wth him Queene Genev<sup>r</sup>  
yt bride so bright of blea

And there he bath wth him Queene Genever  
yt bride soe bright in bower  
& all his barons about him stoode  
yt were both stiffe and stowre

The K. kept a royall Christmasee  
of mirth & great honor  
...when...

[About Nine Stanzas wanting.]

And bring me word what thing it is  
ye a woman most desire  
this shalbe thy ransome Arthur he sayes  
for lle haue noe other hier

K. Arthur then held vp his hand  
according theue as was the law  
he tooke his leaue of the baron there  
and homword can he draw

And when he came to Merry Carlile  
to his chamber he is gone  
And ther came to him his Cozen Sr Gawaine  
as he did make his mone

And there came to him his Cozen Sr Gawaine\*  
yt was a courteous knight  
why sigh you soe sore vnckle Arthur he said  
or who hath done the vnright

O peace o peace thou gentle Gawaine  
yt faire may thee be ffall  
for if thou knew my sighing soe deepe  
thou wold not meruaile att all

Ffor when I came to tearne wadling  
a bold barron there I fand  
wth a great club vpon his backe  
standing stiffe & strong

And he asked me wether I wold fight  
or from him I shold be gone  
o † else I must him a ransome pay  
& soe dep't him from

To fight wth him I saw noe cause  
me thought it was not meet  
for he was stiffe & strong wth all  
his strokes were nothing sweete

Therfor this is my ransome Gawaine  
I ought to him to pay  
I must come againe as I am sworne  
vpon the Newyeers day

\* Sic.

† Sic.

And I must bring him word what thing it is  
[About Nine Stanzas wanting.]

Then King Arthur drest him for to ryde  
in one soe rich array  
towards the foressaid Tearne wadling  
yt he might keepe his day

And as he rode over a more  
hee see a lady where shee sate  
betwixt an oke and a greene hollen  
she was cladd in red scarlett

Then there as shold have stood her mouth  
then there was sett her eye  
the other was in her forehead fast  
the way that she might see

Her nose was crooked & turnd outward  
her mouth stood foule a wry  
a worse formed lady thee shee was  
neuerman saw wth his eye

To halch vpon him k. Arthur  
this lady was full faine  
but k. Arthur had forgott his lesson  
what he should say againe

What knight art thou the lady sayd  
that wilt not speake tome  
of me thou nothing dismayd  
tho I be vgly to see

for I haue halched you courtesouslye  
& you will not me againe  
yett I may happen Sr knight shee said  
to ease thee of thy paine

Giue thou ease me lady he said  
or helpe me any thing  
thou shalt haue gentle Gawaine my cozen  
& marry him wth a ring

Why if I helpe thee not thou noble k. Arthur  
of thy owne hearts desiringe  
of gentle Gawaine . . . . .

[About Nine Stanzas wanting.]

And when he came to the tearne wadling  
the baron there cold he srinde\*  
wth a great weapon on his backe  
standing stiffe & stronge

And then he tooke k. Arthurs letters in his hands  
& away he cold them fling  
& then he puld out a good browne sword  
& cryd himselfe a k.

And he sayd I haue thee & and thy land Arthur  
to doe as it pleaseth me  
for this is not thy ransome sure  
therfore yeeld thee to me

And then bespoke him noble Arthur  
& bede him hold his hands  
& give me leave to speake my mind  
in defence of all my land

\* Sic MS.

the \* said as I came over a More  
I see a lady where shee sate  
betweene an oke & a green hollen  
shee was clad in red scarlette

And shee says a woman will haue her will  
& this is all her cheef desire  
doe me right as thou art a baron of skill  
this is thy ransome & all thy byer

He sayes an early vengeance light on her  
shee walkes on yonder more  
it was my sister that told thee this  
shee is a misshappen hore

But heer Ile make mine avow to god  
to do her an euill turne  
for an euer I may thate fowle theefe get  
in a fyer I will her burne

[About Nine Stanzas wanting.]

THE SECOND PART.

Sir Lancelott & sr Steven bold  
they rode with them that day  
and the foremost of the company  
there rode the steward Kay

Soe did Sr Banier & Sr Bore  
Sr Garrett with them so gay  
soe did Sr Tristeram yt gentle kt  
to the forrest freshe & gay

And when he came to the greene forrest  
vnderneath a greene holly tree  
their sate that lady in red scarlet  
yt vnseemly was to see

Sr Kay beheld this Ladys face  
& looked vpon her suire  
whosoever kisses this lady he sayes  
of his kisse he stands in feare

Sr Kay beheld the lady againe  
& looked vpon her snout  
whosoever kisses this lady he saies  
of his kiase he stands in doubt

Peace coz. Kay then said Sr Gawaine  
amend thee of thy life  
for there is a knight amongst us all  
yt must marry her to his wife

What wedd her to wiffe then said Sr Kay  
in the diuells name anon  
gett me a wiffe where ere I may  
for I had rather be alaine

Then soome tooke vp their hawkes in haat  
& some tooke vp their bounds  
& some sware they wold not marry her  
for City nor for towne

And then be spake him noble k. Arthur  
& sware there by this day  
for a litle foule sight & misliking

[About Nine Stanzas wanting.]

Then shee said choose thee gentle Gawaine  
truth as I doe say  
wether thou wilt haue me in this liknesse  
in the night or else in the day

And then bespake him Gentle Gawaine  
with one soe mild of moode  
sayes well I know what I wold say  
god grant it may be good

To haue thee fowle in the night  
when I with thee shold play  
yet I had rather if I might  
haue thee fowle in the day

What when Lords goe with ther seires \* shee said  
both to the Ale and wine  
alas then I must hyde my selfe  
I must not goe withinne

And then bespake him gentle gawaine.  
said Lady thats but a skill  
And because thou art my owne lady  
thou shalt haue all thy will

Then shee said blessed be thou gentle Gawaine  
this day yt I thee see  
for as thou see me att this time  
from henceforth I wilbe

My father was an old knight  
& yett it chanced soe  
that he married a younge lady  
yt brought me to this woe

Shee witched me being a faire young Lady  
to the greene forrest to dwell  
& there I must walke in womans liknesse  
most like a feind of hell

Shee witched my brother to a Carlist B . . . .

[About Nine Stanzas wanting.]

that looked soe foule & that was wont  
on the wild more to goe

Come kisse he Brother Kay then said Sr Gawaine  
& amend the of thy life  
I sweare this is the same lady  
yt I married to my wiffe.

Sr Kay kissed that lady bright  
standing vpon his ffeete  
he swore as he was trew knight  
the spice was neuer so sweete

Well Coz. Gawaine says Sr Kay  
thy chance is fallen aright  
for thou hast gotten one of the fairest maids  
I euer saw with my sight

It is my fortune said Sr Gawaine  
for my Vnckle Arthurs sake  
I am glad as grasse wold be of raine  
great Joy that I may take

\* Sic MS.

\* Sic in MS. pro seires, i. e. Matres.

Sr Gawaine took the lady by the one arme  
 Sr Kay took her by the tother  
 they led her straight to k. Arthur  
 as they were brother & brother

K. Arthur welcomed them there all  
 & soe did lady Geneuer his queene  
 wih all the knights of the round table  
 most seemly to be seene

K. Arthur beheld that lady faire  
 that was so faire & bright

he thanked christ in trinity  
 for Sr Gawaine that gentle knight

Soe did the knights both more and lease  
 reioyced all that day  
 for the good chance yt hapened was  
 to Sr Gawaine & his lady gay. Finis

In the Fac Simile Copies, after all the care which  
 has been taken, it is very possible that a redundant  
 e, &c. may have been added or omitted.

## THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

This Ballad, together with that already printed,  
 intitled "The Friar of Orders Gray," forming what  
 may be considered the whole of Bishop Percy's origi-  
 nal compositions, is here appended as a necessary ad-  
 dition to the foregoing collection.

## FIT 1.

DARK was the night, and wild the storm,  
 And loud the torrent's roar;  
 And loud the sea was heard to dash  
 Against the distant shore.

Musing on man's weak hapless state,  
 The lonely Hermit lay;  
 When, lo! he heard a female voice  
 Lament in sore dismay.

With hospitable haste he rose,  
 And wak'd his sleeping fire;  
 And snatching up a lighted brard,  
 Forth hied the rev'rend sire.

All sad beneath a neighbouring tree  
 A beauteous maid he found,  
 Who beat her breast, and with her tears  
 Bedew'd the mossy ground.

"O weep not, lady, weep not so;  
 Nor let vain fears alarm;  
 My little cell shall shelter thee,  
 And keep thee safe from harm."

"It is not for myself I weep,  
 Nor for myself I fear;  
 But for my dear and only friend,  
 Who lately left me here:

"And while some sheltering bower he sought  
 Within this lonely wood,  
 Ah! sore I fear his wandering feet  
 Have slipt in yonder flood."

"O! trust in Heaven," the Hermit said,  
 "And to my cell repair!  
 Doubt not but I shall find thy friend,  
 And ease thee of thy care."

Then climbing up his rocky stairs,  
 He scales the cliff so high;  
 And calls aloud, and waves his light  
 To guide the stranger's eye.

Among the thickets long he winds,  
 With careful steps and slow:  
 At length a voice return'd his call,  
 Quick answering from below:

"O tell me, father, tell me true,  
 If you have chanc'd to see  
 A gentle maid, I lately left  
 Beneath some neighbouring tree:

"But either I have lost the place,  
 Or she hath gone astray:  
 And much I fear this fatal stream  
 Hath snatch'd her hence away."

"Praise Heaven, my son," the Hermit said;  
 The lady's safe and well:  
 And soon he join'd the wandering youth,  
 And brought him to his cell.

Then well was seen, these gentle friends,  
 They lov'd each other dear:  
 The youth he press'd her to his heart;  
 The maid let fall a tear.

Ah! seldom had their host, I ween,  
 Beheld so sweet a pair:  
 The youth was tall, with manly bloom;  
 She, slender, soft, and fair.

The youth was clad in forest green,  
 With bugle-born so bright:  
 She in a silken robe and scarf,  
 Snatch'd up in hasty flight.

"Sit down, my children," says the sage;  
 "Sweet rest your limbs require:"  
 Then heaps fresh fuel on the hearth,  
 And mends his little fire.

"Partake," he said, "my simple store.  
Dried fruits, and milk, and curds ;"  
And spreading all upon the board,  
Invites with kindly words.

"Thanks, father, for thy bounteous fare ;"  
The youthful couple say :  
Then freely ate, and made good cheer,  
And talk'd their cares away.

"Now say, my children, (for perchance  
My counsel may avail),  
What strange adventure brought you here  
Within this lonely dale !"

"First tell me, father," said the youth,  
" (Nor blame mine eager tongue),  
What town is near ? What lands are these ?  
And to what lord belong ?"

"Alas ! my son," the Hermit said,  
"Why do I live to say,  
The rightful lord of these domains  
Is banish'd far away ?"

"Ten winters now have shed their snows  
On this my lowly hall,  
Since valiant Hotspur (so the North  
Our youthful lord did call)

"Against Fourth Henry Bolingbroke  
Led up his northern powers,  
And, stoutly fighting, lost his life  
Near proud Salopia's towers.

"One son he left, a lovely boy,  
His country's hope and heir ;  
And, oh ! to save him from his foes  
It was his grandsire's care.

"In Scotland safe he plac'd the child  
Beyond the reach of strife,  
Nor long before the brave old Earl  
At Braham lost his life.

"And now the Percy name, so long  
Our northern pride and boast,  
Lies hid, alas ! beneath a cloud ;  
Their honours reft and lost.

"No chieftain of that noble house  
Now leads our youth to arms ;  
The bordering Scots despoil our fields,  
And ravage all our farms.

"Their halls and castles, once so fair,  
Now moulder in decay ;  
Proud strangers now usurp their lands,  
And bear their wealth away.

"Nor far from hence, where yon full stream  
Runs winding down the lea,  
Fair Warkworth lifts her lofty towers,  
And overlooks the sea.

"Those towers, alas ! now lie forlorn,  
With noisome weeds o'erspread,  
Where feasted lords and courtly dames,  
And where the poor were fed.

"Meantime far off, 'mid Scottish hills,  
The Percy lives unknown :  
On strangers' bounty he depends,  
And may not claim his own.

"O might I with these aged eyes  
But live to see him here,  
Then should my soul depart in bliss !"—  
He said, and dropt a tear.

"And is the Percy still so lov'd  
Of all his friends and thee ?  
Then, bless me, father," said the youth,  
"For I, thy guest, am he."

Silent he gaz'd, then turn'd aside .  
To wipe the tears he shed ;  
And lifting up his hands and eyes,  
Pour'd blessings on his head :

"Welcome, our dear and much-lov'd lord,  
Thy country's hope and care :  
But who may this young lady be,  
That is so wondrous fair ?"

"Now, father ! listen to my tale,  
And thou shalt know the truth :  
And let thy sage advice direct  
My inexperienced youth.

"In Scotland I've been nobly bred  
Beneath the Regent's\* hand,  
In feats of arms, and every lore  
To fit me for command.

"With fond impatience long I burn'd  
My native land to see :  
At length I won my guardian friend  
To yield that boon to me.

"Then up and down in hunter's garb  
I wander'd as in chase,  
Till in the noble Neville's† house  
I gain'd a hunter's place.

"Some time with him I liv'd unknown,  
Till I'd the hap so rare  
To please this young and gentle dame,  
That Baron's daughter fair."

"Now, Percy," said the blushing maid,  
"The truth I must reveal ;  
Souls great and generous, like to thine,  
Their noble deeds conceal.

"It happen'd on a summer's day,  
Led by the fragrant breeze,  
I wander'd forth to take the air  
Among the green-wood trees.

"Sudden a band of rugged Scots,  
That near in ambush lay,  
Moss-troopers from the border-side,  
There seiz'd me for their prey.

\* Robert Stuart, Duke of Albany. See the continuation of Fordun's *Scotti-Chronicon*, cap. 16, cap. 23, &c.

† Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmoreland, who chiefly resided at his two castles of Brancepeth, and Raby, both in the Bishoprick of Durham.

" My shrieks had all been spent in vain ;  
But Heaven, that saw my grief,  
Brought this brave youth within my call,  
Who flew to my relief.

" With nothing but his hunting spear,  
And dagger in his hand,  
He sprung like lightning on my foes,  
And caus'd them soon to stand.

" He fought till more assistance came :  
The Scots were overthrown ;  
Thus freed me, captive, from their hands,  
To make me more his own."

" O happy day !" the youth replied :  
" Blest were the wounds I bear !  
From that fond hour she deign'd to smile,  
And listen to my prayer.

" And when she knew my name and birth,  
She vow'd to be my bride ;  
But oh ! we fear'd ( alas, the while ! )  
Her princely mother's pride :

" Sister of haughty Bolingbroke\*,  
Our house's ancient foe,  
To me, I thought, a banish'd wight,  
Could ne'er such favour shew.

" Despairing then to gain consent,  
At length to fly with me  
I won this lovely timorous maid ;  
To Scotland bound are we.

" This evening, as the night drew on,  
Fearing we were pursued,  
We turn'd adown the right-hand path,  
And gain'd this lonely wood :

" Then lighting from our weary steeds  
To shun the pelting shower,  
We met thy kind conducting hand,  
And reach'd this friendly bower."

" Now rest ye both," the Hermit said ;  
" Awhile your cares forego :  
Nor, Lady, scorn my humble bed :  
—We'll pass the night below†."

## FIT II.

LOVELY smil'd the blushing morn,  
And every storm was fled :  
But lovelier far, with sweeter smile,  
Fair Eleanor left her bed.

She found her Henry all alone,  
And cheer'd him with her sight ;  
The youth consulting with his friend  
Had watch'd the livelong night.

\* Joan, Countess of Westmoreland, mother of the young lady, was daughter of John of Gaunt, and half sister of King Henry IV.

† Adjoining to the cliff which contains the Chapel of the Hermitage, are the remains of a small building, in which the Hermit dwelt. This consisted of one lower apartment, with a little bedchamber over it, and is now in ruins ; whereas the Chapel, cut in the solid rock, is still very entire and perfect.

What sweet surprise o'erpower'd her breast !  
Her cheek what blushes dyed,  
When fondly he besought her there  
To yield to be his bride !—

" Within this lonely hermitage  
There is a chapel meet :  
Then grant, dear maid, my fond request,  
And make my bliss complete."

" O Henry, when thou deign'st to sue,  
Can I thy suit withstand ?  
When thou, lov'd youth, hast won my heart,  
Can I refuse my hand ?

" For thee I left a father's smiles,  
And mother's tender care ;  
And whether weal or woe betide,  
Thy lot I mean to share."

" And wilt thou then, O generous maid !  
Such matchless favour shew,  
To share with me, a banish'd wight,  
My peril, pain, or woe ?

" Now Heaven, I trust, hath joys in store  
To crown thy constant breast :  
For know, fond hope assures my heart  
That we shall soon be blest.

" Not far from hence stands Coquet Isle\*  
Surrounded by the sea ;  
There dwells a holy friar, well known  
To all thy friends and thee ;

" 'Tis Father Bernard, so rever'd  
For every worthy deed ;  
To Raby Castle he shall go,  
And for us kindly plead.

" To fetch this good and holy man  
Our reverend host is gone ;  
And soon, I trust, his pious hands  
Will join us both in one."

Thus they in sweet and tender talk  
The lingering hours beguile :  
At length they see the hoary sage  
Come from the neighbouring isle.

With pious joy and wonder mix'd  
He greets the noble pair,  
And glad consents to join their hands  
With many a fervent prayer.

Then strait to Raby's distant walls  
He kindly wends his way :  
Meantime in love and dalliance sweet  
They spend the livelong day.

And now, attended by their host,  
The Hermitage they view'd,  
Deep-hewn within a craggy cliff,  
And overhung with wood.

\* In the little island of Coquet, near Warkworth, are still seen the ruins of a cell, which belonged to the Benedictine monks of Tynemouth-Abbey.



And near a flight of shapely steps,  
All cut with nicest skill,  
And piercing through a stony arch,  
Ran winding up the hill:

There deck'd with many a flower and herb  
His little garden stands;  
With fruitful trees in shady rows,  
All planted by his hands.

Then, scoop'd within the solid rock,  
Three sacred vaults he shows:  
The chief, a chapel, neatly arch'd,  
On branching columns rose.

Each proper ornament was there,  
That should a chapel grace;  
The lattice for confession fram'd,  
And holy-water vase.

O'er either door a sacred text  
Invites to godly fear;  
And in a little scutcheon hung  
The cross, and crown, and spear.

Up to the altar's ample breadth  
Two easy steps ascend;  
And near, a glimmering solemn light  
Two well-wrought windows lend.

Beside the altar rose a tomb  
All in the living stone;  
On which a young and beauteous maid  
In goodly sculpture shone.

A kneeling angel, fairly carry'd,  
Lean'd hovering o'er her breast;  
A weeping warrior at her feet;  
And near to these her crest\*.

The clift, the vault, but chief the tomb,  
Attract the wondering pair:  
Eager they ask, "What hapless dame  
Lies sculptur'd here so fair?"

The Hermit sigh'd, the Hermit wept,  
For sorrow scarce could speak:  
At length he wip'd the trickling tears  
That all bedew'd his cheek.

"Alas! my children, human life  
Is but a vale of woe;  
And very mournful is the tale  
Which ye so fain would know!"

#### THE HERMIT'S TALE.

Young lord, thy grandsire had a friend  
In days of youthful fame;  
Yon distant hills were his domains,  
Sir Bertram was his name.

Where'er the noble Percy fought,  
His friend was at his side;  
And many a skirmish with the Scots  
Their early valour tried.

\* This is a Bull's Head, the crest of the Widdrington family. All the figures, &c. here described are still visible, only somewhat effaced with length of time.

Young Bertram lov'd a beauteous maid,  
As fair as fair might be;  
The dew-drop on the lily's cheek  
Was not so fair as she.

Fair Widdrington the maiden's name,  
Yon towers her dwelling-place\*;  
Her sire an old Northumbrian chief,  
Devoted to thy race.

Many a lord, and many a knight,  
To this fair damsel came;  
But Bertram was her only choice;  
For him she felt a flame.

Lord Percy pleaded for his friend,  
Her father soon consents;  
None but the beauteous maid herself  
His wishes now prevents.

But she, with studied fond delays,  
Defers the blissful hour;  
And loves to try his constancy,  
And prove her maiden power.

"That heart," she said, "is lightly priz'd,  
Which is too lightly won;  
And long shall rue that easy maid  
Who yields her love too soon."

Lord Percy made a solemn feast  
In Alnwick's princely hall;  
And there came lords, and there came knights,  
His chiefs and barons all.

With wassail, mirth, and revelry,  
The castle rang around:  
Lord Percy call'd for song and harp,  
And pipes of martial sound.

The minstrels of thy noble house,  
All clad in robes of blue,  
With silver crescents on their arms,  
Attend in order due.

The great achievements of thy race  
They sung: their high command:  
How valiant Mainfred o'er the seas  
First led his northern band †.

Brave Galfred next to Normandy  
With venturous Rollo came;  
And, from his Norman castles won,  
Assum'd the Percy name ‡.

They sung how in the Conqueror's fleet  
Lord William shipp'd his powers,  
And gain'd a fair young Saxon bride  
With all her lands and towers §.

\* Widdrington Castle is about five miles south of Warkworth.

† See Dugdale's Baronetage, p. 266, &c.

‡ In Lower Normandy are three places of the name of Percy: whence the family took the surname of De Percy.

§ William de Percy (5th in descent from Galfred or Geffery de Percy, son of Mainfred) assisted in the conquest of England, and had given him the large possessions, in Yorkshire, of Emma de Forts (so the Norman writers name her), whose father, a great Saxon lord, had been slain fighting along with Harold. This young lady, William

Then journeying to the Holy Land,  
There bravely fought and died ;  
But first the silver crescent won,  
Some paynim Soldan's pride.

They sung how Agnes, beauteous heir,  
The Queen's own brother wed,  
Lord Josceline, sprung from Charlemagne,  
In princely Brabant bred \* ;

How he the Percy name reviv'd,  
And how his noble line,  
Still foremost in their country's cause,  
With godlike ardour shine.

With loud acclaims the list'ning crowd  
Applaud the master's song,  
And deeds of arms and war became  
The theme of every tongue.

Now high heroic acts they tell,  
Their perils past recall :  
When, lo ! a damsel young and fair  
Stepp'd forward through the hall.

She Bertram courteously address'd ;  
And, kneeling on her knee,—  
" Sir knight, the lady of thy love  
Hath sent this gift to thee."

Then forth she drew a glittering helm,  
Well plaited many a fold ;  
The casque was wrought of temper'd steel,  
The crest of burnish'd gold.

" Sir knight, thy lady sends thee this,  
And yields to be thy bride,  
When thou hast prov'd this maiden gift  
Where sharpest blows are tried."

Young Bertram took the shining helm,  
And thrice he kiss'd the same :  
" Trust me, I'll prove this precious casque  
With deeds of noblest fame."

Lord Percy, and his Barons bold,  
Then fix upon a day  
To scour the marches, late oppress'd,  
And Scottish wrongs repay.

The knights assembled on the hills  
A thousand horse or more :  
Brave Widdrington, though sunk in years,  
The Percy standard bore.

Tweed's limpid current soon they pass,  
And range the borders round :  
Down the green slopes of Tiviotdale  
Their bugle-horns resound.

from a principle of honour and generosity, married: for having had all her lands bestowed upon him by the Conqueror," he (to use the words of the old *Whitby Chronicle*) wedded hyr that was very beire to them, in discharging of his conscience." See *Hart. MSS.* 602 (26). He died at Mountjoy, near Jerusalem, in the first crusade.  
\* Agnes de Percy, sole heiress of her house, married Josceline de Louvaine, youngest son of Godfrey Barbatas, Duke of Brabant, and brother of Queen Adalisa, second wife of King Henry I. He took the name of Percy, and was ancestor of the earls of Northumberland. His son, lord Richard de Percy, was one of the twenty-six barons chosen to see the *Magna Charta* duly observed.

As when a lion in his den  
Hath heard the hunters' cries,  
And rushes forth to meet his foes ;  
So did the Douglas rise.

Attendant on their chief's command  
A thousand warriors wait :  
And now the fatal hour drew on  
Of cruel keen debate.

A chosen troop of Sottish youths  
Advance before the rest ;  
Lord Percy mark'd their gallant mien,  
And thus his friend address'd :

" Now, Bertram, prove thy lady's helm,  
Attack yon forward band ;  
Dead or alive I'll rescue thee,  
Or perish by their hand."

Young Bertram bow'd, with glad assent  
And spurr'd his eager steed ;  
And calling on his lady's name,  
Rush'd forth with whirlwind speed.

As when a grove of sapling oaks  
The livid lightning rends ;  
So fiercely 'mid the opposing ranks  
Sir Bertram's sword descends.

This way and that he drives the steel,  
And keenly pierces through ;  
And many a tall and comely knight  
With furious force he slew.

Now closing fast on every side,  
They hem Sir Bertram round :  
But dauntless he repels their rage,  
And deals forth many a wound.

The vigour of his single arm  
Had well nigh won the field ;  
When ponderous fell a Scottish axe,  
And clave his lifted shield.

Another blow his temples took,  
And reft his helm in twain ;  
That beauteous helm, his lady's gift !  
—His blood bedew'd the plain.

Lord Percy saw his champion fall  
Amid th' unequal fight ;  
" And now, my noble friends," he said,  
" Let's save this gallant knight."

Then rushing in, with stretch'd-out shield,  
He o'er the warrior hung,  
As some fierce eagle spreads her wing  
To guard her callow young.

Three times they strove to seize their prey,  
Three times they quick retire :  
What force could stand his furious strokes,  
Or meet his martial fire !

Now gathering round on every part  
The battle rag'd amain ;  
And many a lady wept her lord,  
That hour untimely slain.

Percy and Douglas, great in arms,  
There all their courage show'd;  
And all the field was strew'd with dead,  
And all with crimson flow'd.

At length the glory of the day  
The Scots reluctant yield,  
And, after wondrous valour shown,  
They slowly quit the field.

All pale, extended on their shields,  
And weltering in his gore,  
Lord Percy's knights their bleeding friend  
To Wark's fair castle bore\*.

"Well hast thou earn'd my daughter's love,"  
Her father kindly said;  
"And she herself shall dress thy wounds,  
And tend thee in thy bed."

A message went; no daughter came,  
Fair Isabel ne'er appears;  
"Beahrew me," said the aged chief,  
"Young maidens have their fears."

"Cheer up, my son, thou shalt her see,  
So soon as thou canst ride;  
And she shall nurse thee in her bower,  
And she shall be thy bride."

Sir Bertram at her name reviv'd,  
He bless'd the soothing sound;  
Fond hope supplied the nurse's care,  
And heal'd his ghastly wound.

#### FTT III.

ONE early morn, while dewy drops  
Hung trembling on the tree,  
Sir Bertram from his sick-bed rose;  
His bride he would go see.

A brother he had in prime of youth,  
Of courage firm and keen;  
And he would 'tend him on the way,  
Because his wounds were green.

All day o'er moss and moor they rode,  
By many a lonely tower;  
And 'twas the dew-fall of the night  
Ere they drew near her bower.

Most drear and dark the castle seem'd,  
That wont to shine so bright;  
And long and loud Sir Bertram call'd  
Ere he beheld a light.

At length her aged nurse arose,  
With voice so shrill and clear,—  
"What wight is this, that calls so loud,  
And knocks so boldly here?"

"'Tis Bertram calls, thy lady's love,  
Come from his bed of care:  
All day I've ridden o'er moor and moss  
To see thy lady fair."

"Now out, alas!" she loudly shriek'd;  
"Alas! how may this be?  
For six long days are gone and past  
Since she set out to thee."

Sad terror seiz'd Sir Bertram's heart,  
And ready was he to fall;  
When now the drawbridge was let down,  
And gates were opened all.

"Six days, young knight, are past and gone,  
Since she set out to thee;  
And sure, if no sad harm had happ'd,  
Long since thou wouldst her see."

"For when she heard thy grievous chance,  
She tore her hair, and cried,  
'Alas! I've slain the comeliest knight,  
All through my folly and pride!'"

"And now to atone for my sad fault  
And his dear health regain,  
I'll go myself, and nurse my love,  
And soothe his bed of pain."

"Then mounted she her milk-white steed  
One morn at break of day;  
And two tall yeomen went with her,  
To guard her on the way."

Sad terror smote Sir Bertram's heart,  
And grief o'erwhelm'd his mind:  
"Trust me" said he, "I ne'er will rest  
Till I thy lady find."

That night he spent in sorrow and care;  
And with sad-boding heart  
Or ever the dawning of the day  
His brother and he depart.

"Now, brother, we'll our ways divide,  
O'er Scottish hills to range;  
Do thou go north, and I'll go west;  
And all our dress we'll change."

"Some Scottish carle hath seiz'd my love,  
And borne her to his den;  
And ne'er will I tread English ground  
Till she's restor'd again."

The brothers straight their paths divide,  
O'er Scottish hills to range;  
And hide themselves in quaint disguise,  
And oft their dress they change.

Sir Bertram, clad in gown of grey,  
Most like a palmer poor,  
To halls and castles wanders round,  
And begs from door to door.

Sometimes a minstrel's garb he wears,  
With pipe so sweet and shrill;  
And wends to every tower and town,  
O'er every dale and hill.

One day as he sat under a thorn,  
All sunk in deep despair,  
An aged pilgrim pass'd him by,  
Who mark'd his face of care.

\* Wark Castle, a fortress belonging to the English, and of great note in ancient times, stood on the southern banks of the River Tweed, a little to the east of Tiviotdale, and not far from Kelso. It is now entirely destroyed.

"All minstrels yet that e'er I saw  
Are full of game and glee ;  
But thou art sad and woe-begone !  
I marvel whence it be !"

"Father, I serve an aged lord,  
Whose grief afflicts my mind ;  
His only child is stolen away,  
And fain I would her find."

"Cheer up, my son ; perchance," he said,  
"Some tidings I may bear :  
For oft when human hopes have fail'd,  
Then heavenly comfort's near."

"Behind yon hills so steep and high,  
Down in a lowly glen,  
There stands a castle fair and strong,  
Far from the abode of men."

"As late I chanc'd to crave an alms,  
About this evening hour,  
Methought I heard a lady's voice  
Lamenting in the tower."

"And when I ask'd what harm had happ'd,  
What lady sick there lay ?  
They rudely drove me from the gate,  
And bade me wend away."

These tidings caught Sir Bertram's ear,  
He thank'd him for his tale ;  
And soon he hasted o'er the hills,  
And soon he reach'd the vale."

Then drawing near those lonely towers,  
Which stood in dale so low,  
And sitting down beside the gate,  
His pipes he 'gan to blow."

"Sir Porter, is thy lord at home,  
To hear a minstrel's song ;  
Or may I crave a lodging here,  
Without offence or wrong ?"

"My lord," he said, "is not at home,  
To hear a minstrel's song ;  
And, should I lend thee lodging here,  
My life would not be long."

He play'd again so soft a strain,  
Such power sweet sounds impart,  
He won the churlish porter's ear,  
And mov'd his stubborn heart."

"Minstrel," he said, "thou play'st so sweet,  
Fair entrance thou should'st win ;  
But, alas ! I'm sworn upon the rood  
To let no stranger in."

Yet, minstrel, in won rising cliff  
Thou'lt find a sheltering cave ;  
And here thou shalt my supper share,  
And there thy lodging have."

All day he sits beside the gate,  
And pipes both loud and clear :  
All night he watches round the walls,  
In hopes his love to hear."

The first night, as he silent watch'd  
All at the midnight hour,  
He plainly heard his lady's voice  
Lamenting in the tower."

The second night, the moon shone clear,  
And gilt the spangled dew ;  
He saw his lady through the grate,  
But 'twas a transient view."

The third night, wearied out, he slept  
'Till near the morning tide ;  
When, starting up, he seiz'd his sword,  
And to the castle hied."

When, lo ! he saw a ladder of ropes  
Depending from the wall :  
And o'er the moat was newly laid  
A poplar strong and tall."

And soon he saw his love descend  
Wrapt in a tartan plaid,  
Assisted by a sturdy youth  
In Highland garb y-clad."

Amaz'd, confounded at the sight,  
He lay unseen and still ;  
And soon he saw them cross the stream,  
And mount the neighbouring hill."

Unheard, unknown of all within,  
The youthful couple fly ;  
But what can 'escape the lover's ken,  
Or shun his piercing eye ?"

With silent step he follows close  
Behind the flying pair,  
And saw her hang upon his arm  
With fond familiar air."

"Thanks, gentle youth," she often said ;  
"My thanks thou well hast won :  
For me what wiles hast thou contriv'd ?  
For me what dangers run !"

"And ever shall my grateful heart  
Thy services repay :"—  
Sir Bertram would no further hear,  
But cried, "Vile traitor, stay !"

"Vile traitor ! yield that lady up !"  
And quick his sword he drew ;  
The stranger turn'd in sudden rage,  
And at Sir Bertram flew."

With mortal hate their vigorous arms  
Gave many a vengeful blow ;  
But Bertram's stronger hand prevail'd,  
And laid the stranger low."

"Die, traitor, die !"—A deadly thrust  
Attends each furious word.  
Ah ! then fair Isabel knew his voice,  
And rush'd beneath his sword."

"O stop," she cried, "O stop thy arm !  
Thou dost thy brother slay !"—  
And here the Hermit paus'd, and wept :  
His tongue no more could say."

At length he cried, "Ye lovely pair,  
How shall I tell the rest?  
Ere I could stop my piercing sword,  
It fell, and stabb'd her breast."

"Wert thou thyself that hapless youth?  
Ah! cruel fate!" they said.  
The Hermit wept, and so did they:  
They sigh'd; he hung his head.

"O blind and jealous rage," he cried,  
"What evils from thee flow?"  
The Hermit paus'd; they silent mourn'd:  
He wept, and they were woe.

Ah! when I heard my brother's name,  
And saw my lady bleed,  
I rav'd, I wept, I curst my arm  
That wrought the fatal deed.

In vain I clasp'd her to my breast,  
And clos'd the ghastly wound;  
In vain I press'd his bleeding corpse,  
And rais'd it from the ground.

My brother, alas! spake never more,  
His precious life was flown:  
She kindly strove to soothe my pain,  
Regardless of her own.

"Bertram," she said, "be comforted,  
And live to think on me:  
May we in heaven that union prove,  
Which here was not to be!

"Bertram," she said, "I still was true;  
Thou only hadst my heart:  
May we hereafter meet in bliss!  
We now, alas! must part.

"For thee I left my father's hall,  
And flew to thy relief,  
When, lo! near Cheviot's fatal hills  
I met a Scottish chief,

"Lord Malcolm's son, whose proffer'd love  
I had refus'd with scorn;  
He slew my guards, and seiz'd on me  
Upon that fatal morn;

"And in these dreary hated walls  
He kept me close confin'd;  
And fondly sued, and warmly press'd,  
To win me to his mind.

"Each rising morn increas'd my pain,  
Each night increas'd my fear!  
When, wandering in this northern garb,  
Thy brother found me here.

"He quickly form'd the brave design  
To set me, captive, free;  
And on the moor his horses wait,  
Tied to a neighbouring tree.

"Then haste, my love, escape away,  
And for thyself provide;  
And sometimes fondly think on her  
Who should have been thy bride."

Thus, pouring comfort on my soul,  
Even with her latest breath,  
She gave one parting, fond embrace,  
And clos'd her eyes in death.

In wild amaze, in speechless woe,  
Devoid of sense, I lay:  
Then sudden, all in frantic mood,  
I meant myself to slay.

And, rising up in furious haste,  
I seiz'd the bloody brand\*:  
A sturdy arm here interpos'd,  
And wrench'd it from my hand.

A crowd, that from the castle came,  
Had miss'd their lovely ward;  
And seizing me, to prison bore,  
And deep in dungeon barr'd.

It chanc'd that on that very morn  
Their chief was prisoner ta'en;  
Lord Percy had us soon exchang'd,  
And strove to soothe my pain.

And soon those honour'd dear remains  
To England were convey'd;  
And there within their silent tombs,  
With holy rites, were laid.

For me, I loath'd my wretched life,  
And long to end it thought;  
Till time, and books, and holy men,  
Had better counsels taught.

They rais'd my heart to that pure source  
Whence heavenly comfort flows:  
They taught me to despise the world,  
And calmly bear its woes.

No more the slave of human pride,  
Vain hope, and sordid care,  
I meekly vow'd to spend my life  
In penitence and prayer.

The bold Sir Bertram, now no more  
Impetuous, haughty, wild;  
But poor and humble Benedict,  
Now lowly, patient, mild.

My lands I gave to feed the poor,  
And sacred altars raise;  
And here, a lonely anchorite,  
I came to end my days.

This sweet sequester'd vale I chose,  
These rocks, and hanging grove;  
For oft beside that murmuring stream  
My love was wont to rove.

My noble friend approv'd my choice;  
This blest retreat he gave:  
And here I carv'd her beauteous form,  
And scoop'd this holy cave.

Full fifty winters, all forlorn,  
My life I've linger'd here;  
And daily o'er this sculptur'd saint  
I drop the pensive tear.

\* I. e. sword.

And thou, dear brother of my heart !  
 So faithful and so true,  
 The sad remembrance of thy fate  
 Still makes my bosom rue !

Yet not unpitied pass'd my life,  
 Forsaken or forgot,  
 The Percy and his noble sons  
 Would grace my lowly cot ;

Oft the great Earl, from toils of state  
 And cumbrous pomp of power,  
 Would gladly seek my little cell,  
 To spend the tranquil hour.

But length of life is length of woe !  
 I liv'd to mourn his fall :  
 I liv'd to mourn his godlike sons  
 And friends and followers all.

But thou the honours of thy race,  
 Lov'd youth, shalt now restore ;  
 And raise again the Percy name  
 More glorious than before.

He ceas'd ; and on the lovely pair  
 His choicest blessings laid :  
 While they, with thanks and pitying tears,  
 His mournful tale repaid.

And now what present course to take  
 They ask the good old sire ;  
 And, guided by his sage advice,  
 To Scotland they retire.

Meantime their suit such favour found  
 At Raby's stately hall,  
 Earl Neville and his princely spouse  
 Now gladly pardon all.

She, suppliant, at her nephew's \* throne  
 The royal grace implor'd :  
 To all the honours of his race  
 The Percy was restor'd.

The youthful Earl still more and more  
 Admir'd his beauteous dame :  
 Nine noble sons to him she bore,  
 All worthy of their name.

\* King Henry V. Anno 1414.

THE END.



# GLOSSARY.

The Scottish words are denoted by s., French by f., Latin by l., Anglo-Saxon by a.s., Icelandic by isl., &c.  
For the etymology of the words in this volume, the reader is referred to *Janli Etymologicum Anglicanum*, Edidit Ed. Lye.  
Oxon, 1743, folio.

## A.

*A' Au*, s. all  
*Abacka*, hack  
*Aboon*, *aboon*, s. above  
*Abovenous*, above us  
*Abowght*, about  
*Abraide*, p. 44, col. 1, abroad  
*Abye*, suffer, to pay for  
*Acton*, a kind of armour made of taffeta, or leather quilted, &c., worn under the habergeon, to save the body from bruises, f.  
*Hocqueton*  
*A deid of nicht*, s. in dead of night  
*Advoutry*, *Advouterous*, adultery, adulterous  
*Aff*, s. off  
*Afore*, before  
*Aft*, s. oft  
*Agayne*, against  
*Agos*, gone  
*Ahte*, ought  
*Aik*, s. oak  
*Ain*, *Awin*, s. own  
*Aiik*, s. oath  
*Alate*, p. 27, col. 2, of late  
*Al*, albeit, although  
*Almaigne*, f. Germany  
*Al gife*, although  
*Alyes*, probably corrupted for *algates*, always  
*Ann*, if  
*An*, p. 21, col. 1, and  
*Ancient*, a flag, banner  
*Ancyent*, standard  
*Ane*, s. one, an, a  
*Angel*, a gold coin worth 10s.  
*Ant*, and  
*Aplyht*, *Al aplyht*, quite complete  
*Aquoy*, coy, shy  
*Aras*, p. 2, col. 2, *Arros*, p. 3, col. 1, arrows  
*Arcir*, p. 21, col. 1, archer  
*Argabushe*, harquebusse, an old fashioned kind of musket  
*As*, as  
*Assinde*, assigned  
*Assoyl'd*, *Assoyled*, absolved  
*Astais*, estate, also a great person  
*Astonied*, astonished, stunned  
*Astound*, *Astonved*, stunned, astonished, confounded

*Ath*, p. 2, col. 2, *Athe*, p. 3, col. 1, o'th', of the  
*Attowre*, s. out over, over and above  
*A Twyde*, p. 2, col. 2, of Tweed  
*Auld*, s. old  
*Aurent*, golden  
*Austerne*, p. 75, col. 1, stern, austere  
*Avowe*, p. 8, col. 1, vow  
*Avowe*, vow  
*Avoyd*, p. 54, col. 2, void, vacate  
*Awai*, s. away  
*Axed*, asked  
*Ayance*, p. 73, col. 1, against  
*Aye*, ever, also, ah, alas  
*Azein*, *Agein*, against  
*Azont*, s. beyond  
*Azont the ingle*, s. beyond the fire. The fire was in the middle of the room.

In the west of Scotland, at this present time, in many cottages they pile their peats and turfs upon stones in the middle of the room. There is a hole above the fire in the ridge of the house to let the smoke out at. In some places are cottage-houses, from the front of which a very wide chimney projects like a bow window: the fire is in a grate like a malt-kiln grate, round which the people sit: sometimes they draw this grate into the middle of the room.—*Mr. Lamb.*

## B.

*Be'*, s. ball  
*Bacheleere*, p. 12, col. 1, &c. knight  
*Baile*, *bale*, p. 12, col. 1, p. 22, col. 2, evil, hurt, mischief, misery  
*Bairne*, s. child  
*Bairn*, s. child  
*Bairded*, s. bearded  
*Baith*, s. *Bathe*, both  
*Bale*, evil, mischief, misery  
*Balow*, s. a nursery term, hush, lullaby, &c.  
*Balybete*, p. 5, col. 2, *Better* our *bales*, i. e. remedy our evils  
*Bane*, bone  
*Ban*, curse, *Banning*, cursing  
*Banderolles*, streamers, little flags  
*Band*, p. 13, col. 2, bond, covenant  
*Bar*, bare  
*Bar-hed*, bare-head, or perhaps bared

*Barne*, p. 2, col. 2, *Berne*, p. 6, col. 2, man, person  
*Base court*, the lower court of a castle  
*Basnete*, *Basnite*, *Basnyte*, *Basonet*, *Bassonet*, helmet  
*Buttes*, heavy sticks, clubs  
*Baud*, s. bold  
*Bauzen*, s. *Skinns*, p. 30, col. 1, perhaps sheep's leather dressed and coloured red, f. *Barane*, sheep's leather. In Scotland, sheepskin mittens, with the wool on the inside, are called *bauson* mittens. *Bauson* also signifies a badger, in old English, it may therefore signify perhaps badger's skin  
*Bayard*, a noted blind horse in the old romances. The horse on which the four sons of Aymon rode is called *Bayard Montalbon*, by Skelton, in his "Phillip Sparrow."  
*Bearing arrow*, an arrow that carries well. Or perhaps bearing or birring, i. e. whirling or whirling arrow, from isl. *Bir*, ventus, or a.s.  
*Bene*, fremitus  
*Bearn*, *Bairn*, s. child, also human creature  
*Be*, s. by, *Be that*, by that time  
*Red*, bade  
*Bede*, offer, engage  
*Bedeene*, immediately  
*Bedight*, bedecked  
*Pedone*, wrought, made up  
*Bedyle*, beadles  
*Befall*, befallen  
*Befoir*, s. before  
*Beforn*, before  
*Begyld*, p. 25, col. 1, beguiled, deceived  
*Beheard*, heard  
*Behests*, commands, injunctions  
*Behove*, p. 47, col. 1, behoof  
*Belive*, immediately, presently  
*Belyfe*, p. *Betive*, immediately, by and by, shortly  
*Bende-bow*, a bent bow, qu.  
*Bene*, *Bean*, an expression of contempt



*Ben*, be, are

*Ben*, *Bene*, been

*Ben*, s. within the inner-room

"But o' house," means the outer part of the house, outer room, viz. that part of the house into which you first enter, suppose from the street. "Ben o' house," is the inner room, or more retired part of the house. The daughter did not lie out of doors. The cottagers often desire their landlords to build them a But and a Ben. (Vid. Gloss.)—*Mr. Lambe*.

*Ben*, s. within doors

Of the Scottish words *BEN* and *BUT*, *BEN* is from the Dutch *BINNEN*, Lat. *infra, intra*, which is compounded of the preposition *BY* or *BE* (the same as *BY* in English), and of *IN*.

*Benison*, blessing

*Bent*, s. long grass, also wild fields, where bents, &c. grow

*Bent*, p. 2, col. 2, bents, p. 12 col. 1, (where bents, long coarse grass, &c. grow) the field, fields

*Benyngne*, p. 26, col. 1, *Benigne*, benign, kind

*Beeth*, be, are

*Bernes*, barns

*Beere*, s. bier

*Bereth*, (Introd.) beareth

*Be the prys*, bare the prize

*Berys*, beareth

*Beseeme*, become

*Beshreame*, a lesser form of imprecation

*Beshradde*, cut into shreds

*Besmiche*, to soil, discolour

*Besprent*, besprinkled

*Beste*, beest, art

*Bested*, abode

*Bestis*, beasts

*Bestraughted*, p. 49, col. 2, distracted

*Beth*, be, are

*Be that*, p. 2, col. 2, by that time

*Beete*, did beat

*Beet*, better, bett, did beat

*Beuraies*, discovers, betrays

*Bickarte*, p. 2, col. 2, bicker'd, skirmished

(It is also used sometimes in the sense of, "swiftly coursed," which seems to be the sense, p. 2, col. 2.—*Mr. Lambe*)

*Mr. Lambe* also interprets "*BICKARTING*," by rattling, e. g.

And on that slie Ulysses head,

Sad curses down does mouen.

*Translat. of Ovid.*

*Bill*, &c., p. 74, col. 2, I have delivered a promise in writing, confirmed by an oath.

*Bi mi leauté*, by my loyalty, honesty

*Birk*, s. birch-tree

*Blan*, *Blanne*, *did blin*, i. e. linger, stop

*Blane*, p. 4, col. 1, *Blanne*, *did blin*, i. e. linger, stop

*Blare*, to emblazon, display

*Blaw*, s. blow

*Blaw*, complexion

*Blee*, colour, complexion

*Blaid*, s. *Blede*, bleed

*Blent*, blended

*Blent*, ceased

*Blinne*, cease, give over

*Blinkan*, *Blinkand*, s. twinkling

*Blinking*, squinting

*Blink*, s. a glimpse of light, the sudden light of a candle seen in the night at a distance

*Blinks*, s. twinkles, sparkles

*Blist*, blessed

*Blive*, *Belive*, s. immediately

*Bloomed*, p. 80, col. 1, beset with bloom

*Blude*, *Bluid red*, blood, s. blood red

*Bluid*, *Bluidy*, s. blood, bloody

*Blyth*, *Blithe*, s. sprightly, joyous

*Blyth*, s. joy, sprightliness

*Blyve*, *Belive*, s. instantly

*Boare*, bare

*Bode*, p. 25, col. 1, abode, stayed

*Boist*, *Boistris*, s. boast, boasters

*Bookesman*, clerk, secretary

*Bollys*, bowls

*Bolies*, shafts, arrows

*Bomen*, p. 2, col. 2, bowman

*Boon*, favour, request, petition

*Boone*, a favour, request, petition

*Bonny*, *Bonnie*, s. comely

*Bore*, born

*Borrowed*, p. 9, col. 1, warranted, pledged, was exchanged for

*Borrowe*, *Borowe*, pledge, surety

*Borowe*, p. 42, col. 2, to redeem by a pledge

*Bote*, boot, advantage

*Boot*, *Boote*, advantage, help, assistance

*Boote*, gain, advantage

*Bot*, s. but, sometimes it seems used for both, or, besides, more over

*Bot and*, s. p. 13, col. 1, (it should probably be *both and*), and also

*Bot*, s. without, *Bot droid*, without dread, certainly

*Bougill*, s. bugle-horn, hunting horn

*Bougills*, s. bugle horns

*Bownde*, *Bowynd*, *Bownd*, prepared, got ready, the word is also used in the north in the sense of went or was going

*Bowne*, to dine p. 11, col. 2, going to dine

*Bowne*, is a common word in the North for going, e. g. Where are you bowne to, where are you going

*Bower*, *Bowre*, any bowed or arched room, a parlour, chamber, also a dwelling in general

*Bowre*, bower, habitation, chamber, parlour, perhaps from *ial*

*Bowan*, to dwell

*Bowre-woman*, s. chamber-maid

*Bowre-window*, chamber-window

*Bowendes*, bounds

*Bowne*, ready

*Bowne*, ready, *Bownd*, prepared

*Bowne ye*, prepare ye, got ready

*Bowys*, bows

*Brade*, *Braid*, s. broad

*Brac*, s. the brow or side of a hill, a declivity

*Braes of Yarrow*, s. the hilly banks of the river Yarrow

*Braid*, s. broad, large

*Brakes*, tufts of fern

*Brand*, sword

*Brandes*, swords

*Brast*, burst

*Braw*, s. brave

*Braifly*, s. bravely

*Brayd*, s. arose, hastened

*Brayd attoure the bent*, s. hasted over the field

*Brayde*, drew out, unsheathed

*Breech*, p. 80, col. 1, breeches

*Breeden bale*, breed mischief

*Brede*, breadth. So Chaucer

*Bred banner*, p. 7, col. 1, broad banner

*Brenand-drake*, p. may perhaps be the same as a fire-drake, or fiery serpent, a meteor or fire-work so called. Here it seems to signify burning embers, or fire brands

*Brang*, *Bryng*, bring

*Brean*, s. burn

*Breere*, *Brere*, briar

*Brether*, brethren

*Bridal* (properly bride-all), the nuptial feast

*Brigue*, *Brigg*, bridge

*Brimme*, public, universally known s. *Bryme*, idem

*Britled*, carved, vid. *Brytlynge*. Gloss, vol. 1.

*Broad-arrow*, s. a broad forked headed arrow

*Broche*, *Brouche*, 1st, a spit. 2dly, a bodkin. 3dly, any ornamental trinket. Stone buckles of silver or gold, with which gentlemen and ladies clasp their shirt-bosoms and handkerchiefs, are called in the north, brooches, from the f. *broche*, a spit

*Brouch*, an ornamental trinket, a stone buckle for a woman's breast, &c. vid. *Brooch*. Gloss, vol. 3.

*Brocht*, s. brought

*Brodinge*, pricking

*Brooks*, p. 72, col. 2, bear, endure

*Brooks*, p. 4, col. 2, enjoy

*Brouk her with winne*, enjoy her with pleasure, s. *brok*

*Broud*, broed

*Broust*, brought

*Brytlynge*, p. 2, col. 2, *Brytlyng*, p. 2, col. 2, cutting up, quartering, carving

*Buen*, *Bueh*, been, be, are

*Bugle*, bugle-horn, a hunting-horn, being the horn of a bugle, or wild bull

*Buik*, a. book  
*Burgens buds*, young shoots  
*Burn, Bourn*, brook  
*Bushment*, ambushment, ambush,  
 a snare to bring them into  
 trouble  
*Busket, Buskt*, dressed  
*Busk ye*, a. dress ye  
*Busk*, dress, deck  
*Busk and boun*, p. 31, col. 2, i. e.  
 make yourselves ready and go;  
*Boun*, to go. (north country.)  
*Buskt them*, p. 25, col. 2, prepared  
 themselves, made themselves  
 ready  
*Bute*, s. boot, advantage, good  
*But if*, unless  
*But without, But let*, without hin-  
 drance  
*But*, a. without, out of doors

*BUT*, or *BUTT*, is from the Dutch  
*BUYTEN*. Lat. *extra, praeter, praeter-*  
*quam*, which is compounded of the  
 same preposition, *BY* or *BE*, and of  
*UT*, the same as *OUT* in English.

*Butt*, a. out, the outer room,  
*Buttes*, butts to shoot at  
*Bydys, Bides*, abides  
*Byears, Beeres*, biers  
*Bye*, buy, pay for, also *A-hye*,  
 suffer for  
*Byll, Bill*, an ancient kind of hal-  
 bert, or battle-axe, p. 2, col. 2.  
*Byn, Bine, Bin*, been, be, are  
*Byrche*, birch-trees, birch-wood  
*Byre*, a. cow-house  
*Byste*, beast, art  
*By thre*, p. 40, col. 2, of three

## C

*Cadgily*, a. merrily, cheerfully  
*Caitiff*, a. slave  
*Calde, callyd*, p. 3, col. 1, called  
*Calver*, a kind of musket  
*Camscho*, a. stern, grim  
*Canna*, a. cannot  
*Can cane*, p. 7, col. 2, p. 8; *Gan*,  
 began to cry  
*Can curtesye*, know, understand  
 good manners  
*Can, Gan*, began  
*Cannes*, wooden-cups, bowls  
*Cantabanqui*, ital. ballad-singers,  
 singers on benches  
*Cantles*, pieces, corners  
*Conty*, a. cheerful, chatty  
*Capul*, a poor horse  
*Capull hyde*, p. 23, col. 2, horse-  
 hide  
*Care-bed*, bed of care  
*Carle*, churl, clown. It is also  
 used in the north for a strong  
 hale old man  
*Carlina*, s. the feminine of carle  
*Carpe*, to speak, recite, also to  
 censure  
*Carping*, reciting  
*Cripe of care*, p. 4, col. 2, com-  
 plain through care  
*Carlish*, churlish, discourteous

*Cast*, p. 3, col. 1, mean, intend  
*Cau*, a. call  
*Cauld*, a. cold  
*Cawte*, vid. *Kawte*  
*Caytiffe, caitiff*, slave, despicable  
 wretch  
*Certes*, certainly  
*Cetywall*, p. 79, col. 2, *Setiwall*,  
 the herb Valerian: also, moun-  
 tain spikenard. See Gerard's  
*Herbal*

*Chanticleer*, the cock  
*Chap*, knock  
*Chayne*, chain  
*Chays*, chase  
*Check*, to stop  
*Check*, to rate at  
*Che*, (Somerset dialect), I  
*Cheefe*, the upper part of the  
 scutcheon in heraldry  
*Chais*, a. choose  
*Chevaliers*, f. knights  
*Chill*, (Som. dial.) I will  
*Child*, p. 28, knight, children, p.  
 12, col. 2, knights.

*Chield*, s. is a slight or familiar  
 way of speaking of a person,  
 like our English word fellow.  
*The Chield*, i. e. the fellow

*Chould*, (ditto) I would  
*Christentie*, Christendom  
*Christentye, Chrystiante*, Christen-  
 dom

*Church-ale*, a wake, a feast in com-  
 memoration of the dedication of  
 a church

*Churl*, clown, a person of low  
 birth, a villain

*Churf, Chyfe*, chief  
*Chylder*, children, children's  
*Chylded*, brought forth, was deli-  
 vered

*Claiths*, s. clothes  
*Clattered*, beat so as to rattle  
*Claude*, clawed, tore, scratched;  
 p. 47, col. 1, figuratively beat

*Clead*, s. clothed  
*Cleading*, s. clothing  
*Cled*, s. clad, clothed  
*Clenking*, clinking, jingling

*Clepe*, call  
*Cleaped, Cleped*, called, named

*Clerke*, scholar  
*Clerks*, clergymen, literati, scholars

*Cliding*, s. clothing

*Clim*, the contraction of Clement

*Clough*, a north-country word for  
 a broken cliff

*Clouch*, clutch, grasp

*Coats*, cot, cottage

*Cockers*, p. 80, col. 1, a sort of  
 buskins or short boots fastened  
 with laces or buttons, and often  
 worn by farmers or shepherds.  
 In Scotland they are called *Cu-*  
*tikins*, from *Cute*, the ankle.  
 "Cokers, fishermen's boots."—  
 (Littleton's Diction.)

*Cohtored*, incited, exhorted

*Cokeney*, seems to be a dimi-

nutive for cook, from the Latin  
*coquinator*, or *coquinarius*. The  
 meaning seems to be that  
 "every five and five had a cook  
 or scullion to attend them."—  
*Chaucer's Cant. Tales*, 8vo. vol.  
 iv. p. 253.

*Collayne*, p. 8, col. 1, Cologne  
 steel

*Cold rost*, (a phrase), nothing to  
 the purpose

*Cold*, could, knew

*Coleyne*, Cologne steel

*Com*, came

*Comen, Commyn*, come

*Confetered*, confederated, entered  
 into a confederacy

*Con*, can, gan, began. Item. *Con-*  
*springs*, (a phrase), sprung,

*Con fare*, went, passed

*Con thanks*, give thanks

*Cop head*, the top of anything, sax.

*Cordwin*, p. 80, col. 1, cordwayne,  
 properly Spanish or Cordovan  
 leather; here it signifies a more  
 vulgar sort

*Corsiare*, p. 4, col. 1, courser steed

*Cost*, coast side

*Coote*, coat

*Cote*, cot, cottage. Item, coat

*Cordyalys*, daily, every day

*Coulde*, cold. Item, could

*Could be*, p. 75, col. 2, was. *Coul-*

*dye*, p. 8, col. 2, died (a phrase)

*Could bear*, a phrase for bare

*Could creip*, a. crept. *Could say*,  
 said

*Could weip*, a. wept

*Could his good*, knew what was good  
 for him. Or perhaps could live  
 upon his own

*Countie*, p. 78, col. 2, count, earl

*Coupe*, a pen for poultry

*Couthen*, knew

*Couth*, could

*Covetise*, covetousness

*Coyntrie*, p. 80, col. 1, Coventry

*Cramasie*, s. crimson

*Crancky*, merry, sprightly, ex-  
 ulting

*Cranion*, skull

*Credence*, belief

*Crevie*, crevice, chink

*Cricke*, s. properly an ant, but  
 means probably any small insect

*Crinkle*, run in and out, run into

flexures, wrinkle

*Cristes cors*, p. 3, col. 1, Christ's

curse

*Cryft*, an inclosure near a house

*Crois*, cross

*Crook my knee*, make lame my  
 knee. They say in the north,  
 "the horse is crookit," i. e.  
 lame. "The horse crooks," i. e.  
 goes lame

*Crook*, twist, wrinkle, distort

*Crouch*, crutch

*Crowneth*, crown ye

*Crowt*, to pucker up

*Crumpling*, crooked; or perhaps with crooked knotty horns  
*Cryance*, belief, *f. Creance* [whence recreant]. But in p. 12, col. 1, &c., it seems to signify fear, *f. Crainte*  
*Cule*, *a. cool*  
*Cum*, *s. come*, p. 3, col. 2, *came*  
*Cummer*, *a. gossip*, friend, *f. Commire*, *Compere*  
*Cure*, care, heed, regard

## D.

*Dale*, *s. deal*, *Bot give I dale*, unless I deal  
*Dampned*, damned  
*Dampned*, p. 42, col. 1, condemned  
*Dan*, an ancient title of respect, from Lat. Dominus  
*Dank*, moist, damp  
*Danske*, Denmark, query  
*Darr'd*, *a. hit*  
*Dark*, perhaps for *Thar*, there  
*Dart the trie*, *s. hit the tree*  
*Daukin*, diminutive of David  
*Daunger hault*, coyness holdeth  
*Dawes* (introd.), days  
*Dealan*, *deland*, *a. dealing*  
*Deare day*, charming pleasant day  
*Deas*, *Deis*, the high table in a hall, from *f. Dais*, a canopy  
*Dee*, *s. die*  
*De*, *dey*, *dy*, p. 3, col. 1, 3, col. 2, 4, col. 2, *die*  
*Dede* is *do*, deed is done  
*Deed* (introd.) dead  
*Deid*, *s. Dede*, deed. Item, dead  
*Deid-bell*, *s. passing-bell*  
*Dell*, deal, part, p. 27, col. 2, Every dell, every part  
*Dell*, narrow valley  
*Dele*, deal  
*Delt*, dealt  
*Deelye dight*, richly fitted out  
*Demains*, demesnes, estate in lands  
*Deme*, deemed, judge, doomed  
*Deemed*, doomed, judged, &c.; thus, in the Isle of Man, judges are called deemsters  
*Denay*, deny (rhythmi gratia)  
*Dent*, a dint, blow  
*Deimt*, *s. deem'd*, esteem'd  
*Deip*, *s. Depe*, deep  
*Deir*, *s. Deere*, *Dere*, dear  
*Deir*, *s. dear*. Item, hurt, trouble, disturb  
*Deol*, dole, grief  
*Deepe-fette*, deep-fetched  
*Depured*, purified, run clear  
*Deere*, hurt, mischief  
*Deerly*, precious, richly  
*Dere*, *Deye*, die  
*Dere*, *Deere*, dear, also hurt  
*Derked*, darkened  
*Dern*, *s. secret*, I dern in secret  
*Descreve*, describe  
*Descrye*, *Describe*, describe

*Devys*, devise, the act of bequeathing by will  
*Dight*, decked, put on  
*Dight-dicht*, *s. decked*, dressed, prepared, fitted out, done  
*Dill*, p. 11, col. 2, dole, grief, pain.  
*Dill I drye*, p. 12, col. 1, pain I suffer. *Dill was dight*, p. 11, col. 2, grief was upon him.  
*Dill*, still, calm, mitigate  
*Din*, Dinne, noise, bustle  
*Ding*, knock, beat  
*Dint*, stroke, blow  
*Discust*, discussed  
*Disma*, *s. does not*  
*Dis*, p. 21, col. 1, this  
*Distre*, the horse rode by a knight in the tournament  
*Dites*, ditties  
*Dochter*, *s. daughter*  
*Dois*, *s. "Doys"*, does  
*Dole*, grief  
*Dol*. See *Deol*, *Dule*  
*Dolours*, dolorous, mournful  
*Dolefuldumps*, pp. 49, col. 2, 69, col. 2, sorrowful gloom, or heaviness of heart  
*Don*, p down  
*Dosend*, *s. dosing*, drowsy, torpid, benumbed, &c.  
*Doth*, *Dothe*, doeth, do  
*Doubt*, fear  
*Doublet*, a man's inner garment, waistcoat  
*Doubteous*, doubtful  
*Doughetie*, i. e. doughty man  
*Doughte*, *Doughete*, *Doughtie*, *Doughtye*, doughty, formidable  
*Doughtiness of dent*, sturdiness of blows  
*Dounae*, *s. p. 11*, col. 2, am not able; properly, cannot take the trouble  
*Doute*, doubt. Item, fear  
*Doutied*, doubted, feared  
*Dousty*, doughty  
*Doxter*, daughter  
*Dox-trogh*, a dough-trough, a kneading trough  
*Drake*. See *Brenand Drake*  
*Drap*, *s. drop*  
*Dropping*, *s. dropping*  
*Dre*, p. 4, col. 1, *Drie*, p. 31, col. 1, suffer  
*Dreid*, *s. Dreed*, *Drede*, dread  
*Dreips*, *s. drips*, drops  
*Dreiry*, *s. dreary*  
*Drie*, *s. suffer*  
*Drouyers*, drovers, p. 67, col. 2, such as drive herds of cattle, deer, &c.  
*Droue*, drew  
*Drye*, p. 8, col. 2, suffer  
*Dryghnes*, dryness  
*Dryng*, drink  
*Dryvars*, p. 2, col. 2, drovers  
*Duble dyse*, double (false) dice  
*Dude*, did. *Dudest*, didst  
*Dughtie*, doughty  
*Dule*, *s. Duel*, *Dol*, *Dole*, grief

*Dwellan*, *Dwelland*, *s. dwelling*  
*Dyan*, *Dyand*, *s. dying*  
*Dyce*, *a. dice*, chequer-work  
*Dyd*, *Dyde*, did  
*Dyght*, p. 4, col. 1, *dight*, p. 14, col. 2, dressed, put on, put  
*Dyht*, to dispose, order  
*Dyne*, *s. dianer*  
*Dynte*, dint, blow, stroke  
*Dysgysynge*, disguising, masking  
*Dyrt*, vid. *Dight*

## E.

*Fame*, *Eme*, p. 7, col. 2, uncle  
*Eard*, *s. earth*  
*Earn*, *s. to curdle*, make cheese  
*Eathe*, easy  
*Eather*, *s. either*  
*Ech*, *Eche*, *Eiche*, *Elke*, each  
*Ee*, *s. Eis*, eye, *Een*, *Eyne*, eyes  
*Ee*, even, evening  
*Effund*, pour forth  
*Ejtsoon*, in a short time  
*Eiked*, *s. added*, enlarged  
*Ein*, *s. even*  
*Eir*, *Evir*, *s. e'er*, ever  
*Eke*, also; *Eike*, each  
*Eldern*, *s. elder*  
*Eldridge*, *Scotice*, *Elriche*, *Elritch*, *Elriche*; wild, hideous, ghostly. Item, lonesome, uninhabited, except by spectres, &c. Gloss. to A. Ramsay, *Elricht*, laugh. Gen. Shep. a. 5.

In the ballad of Sir Cawline, we have "Eldridge Hill," p. 12, col. 1: Eldridge Knight, p. 12, col. 1, p. 14, col. 1. Eldridge Sword, p. 13, col. 1: So Gawin Douglas calls the Cyclops the "Elriche Brethir," i. e. brethren; and in his Prologue, he thus describes the night-owl,  
 "Laitheily of forme, with crukit cam-  
 scho beik,  
 Ugroome to here was his wyld Elriche  
 skrick."

In Bannatyne's MS. Poems (fol. 135, in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh) is a whimsical rhapsody of a deceased old woman, travelling in the other world, in which,  
 "Scho wanderit, and zeld, by to an  
 Elrich well."

In the Glossary to G. Douglas, *Elriche*, &c., is explained by "wild, hideous, Lat. Trux. immanis;" but it seems to imply somewhat more, as in Allan Ramsay's Glossary.

*Elke*, each  
*Ellumynge*, p. 26, col. 1, embellishing. To illumine a book was to ornament it with paintings in miniature  
*Ellyconys*, *s. Helicons*  
*Elvish*, peevish, fantastical  
*Eme*, kinsman, uncle  
*Endyed*, dyed  
*Ene*, *s. Eyn*, eyes, *Ene*, *s. even*  
*Enharpid*, &c. p. 26, col. 1, booked, or edged with mortal dread  
*Enkankerad*, cankered  
*Enouch*, *s. enough*  
*Ensue*, follow  
*Entendement*, *f. understanding*

*Ententify*, to the intent, purposely  
*Envie*, *Envys*, malice, ill-will, injury

*Er*, *Ere*, before, are, *Ere*, ear  
*Erat*, s. heretofore

*Etermynable*, p. 26, col. 2, interminable, unlimited

*Ettled*, aimed

*Evanished*, s. vanished

*Everiche*, every, each

*Everychime*, every one

*Everych*, one, every one

*Ewboughts*, or *Ewe-boughts*, s. are small inclosures, or pens, into which the farmers drive (Scottice, weir) their milch ewes morning and evening, in order to milk them. They are commonly made with fall-dykes, i. e. earthen dykes

*Esar*, azure

*Fach*, *Feche*, fetch

*Fader*, *Fatheris*, s. father, fathers

*Fadge*, s. a thick loaf of bread, figuratively, any coarse heap of stuff

*Fa*, ♀ fall

*Fa's* s. thou fallest

*Fain*, *Fayne*, glad, fond

*Faine*, *Fayne*, feign

*Faine of fighte*, fond of fighting

*Fair of feir*, s. of a fair and healthful look. (Ramsay) perhaps, far off (free from) fear

*Fallan*, *Falland*, s. falling

*Falds*, s. thou foldest

*Fals*, false. Item, falleth

*Falser*, a deceiver, hypocrite

*Falsing*, dealing in falsehood

*Fannes*, instruments for winnowing corn

*Fang*, seize, carry off

*Furden*, p. 14, col. 1, fared, flashed

*Fare*, go, pass, travel

*Fare*, the price of a passage, shot, reckoning

*Farley*, wonder

*Faulcone*, falcon

*Fauzt*, *faucht*, s. fought. It., fight

*Fawn*, s. fallen

*Fay*, s. faith

*Fayers*, p. 7, col. 1, fair

*Faytors*, deceivers, dissemblers, cheats

*Feare*, *Fere*, *Feire*, mate

*Feat*, nice, neat

*Featously*, neatly, dexterously

*Fe*, fee, reward; also bribe. But properly fee is applied to lands and tenements which are held by perpetual right, and by acknowledgment of superiority to a higher lord. Thus p. 26, col. 2, in *fee*, i. e. in feudal service, 1. feudum, &c.—*Blount*.

*Feil*, s. *Fels*, many. So Harding has Lords *fels*, i. e. many Lords

*Fer*, s. *Fere*, fear

*Felay*, *Feloy*, fellow

*Fele*, *Fell*, furious, skin

*Fend*, defend

*Fendys pray*, &c. p. 26, col. 2, from being the prey of the fiends

*Fee*, reward, recompense; it also signifies land when it is connected with the tenure by which it is held, as knight's fee, &c.

*Fere*, fear. Item, companion, wife

*Ferliet*, s. wondered

*Ferly*, wonder, also wonderful

*Fersly*, fiercely

*Festyng*, fighting

*Fesante*, pheasant

*Fette*, fetched

*Fetteled*, prepared, addressed, made ready

*Fet*, fetched

*Feys*, s. predestinated to death, or some misfortune; under a fatality

*Fie*, s. beasts, cattle

*Fillan*, *Filland*, s. filling

*Filde*, field

*Finauce*, p. 26, col. 2, fine, forfeiture

*Find frost*, find mischance or disaster. A phrase still in use

*Firth*, *Frith*, s. a wood. It., an arm of the sea, l. fretum

*Fitt*, division, part.

*Fitts*, i. e. "divisions or parts in music," are alluded to in *Trollus* and *Cressida*, A. iii, sc. 1. See Mr Steevens's note. So in Shakspeare's *King Henry V.* (A. 3, sc. 3,) the king says "My army's but a weak and sickly guard,"

Yet God before, tell him we will come on."

*Fit*, p. 3, col. 1, *Fyt*, p. 42, col. 2, *Fytte*, p. 21, col. 2, part or division of a song. Hence in p. 18, col. 2, *fytt*, is a strain of music

*Fit*, s. foot

*Fit*, s. feet

*Fveteen*, fifteen

*Flayne*, flayed

*Firs*, p. fleece

*Fleyke*, 134, a large kind of hurdle. Cows are frequently milked in hovels made of fleykes

*Flindars*, s. pieces, splinters

*Flowan*, s. flowing

*Flyte*, to contend with words, scold

*Foo*, p. 9, col. 1, foes

*Fond*, contrive, also endeavour, fly

*Fonde*, found

*Forbode*, commandment, p. 46, col. 2, 6 ver. *God forbode*, [Præter Dei preceptum ait.] q. d. God forbid

*Force*, no force, no matter

*Forced*, regarded, heeded

*Foregoe*, quit, give up, resign

*Forewariet*, much wearied

*Forfend*, prevent, defend

*Forfend*, avert, hinder

*Forfought*, overfought

*Formare*, former

*For*, on account of

*Forsede*, p. 25, col. 2, regarded heeded

*Fors*, *I do no fors*, I don't care

*Forst*, heeded, regarded

*Forst*, forced, compelled

*Forsters of the fe*, p. 45, col. 2, foresters of the king's demesnes

*Fort*, drunk

*Forthy*, therefore

*Forthynketh*, p. 45, col. 2, repenteth, vexeth, troubleth

*Fou*, *Fow*, s. full, also fuddled

*Fou*, *Fow*, s. full. Item, drunk

*Fowarde*, *Vawarde*, the van

*Forwatcht*, overwatched, kept awake

*Frae*, s. fro, from

*Frae they begin*, from their beginning, from the time they begin

*Freake*, *Freke*, *Freyke*, man, person, human creature, also a whim or maggot

*Ereake*, *Freke*, *Freyke*, man, human creature

*Fre-bore*, p. 21, col. 2, free-born

*Freekys*, p. 3, col. 2, persons

*Freis*, s. ill omens, ill luck, any old superstitious saw, or impression, p. 31, col. 2

An ingenious correspondent in the North thinks *Freit* is not an unlucky omen, but, "that thing which terrifies," viz. Terrors will pursue them that look after frightful things. Fright is pronounced by the common people in the North *Freet*, p. 31, col. 2.

*Freere*, *Fere*, mate, companion

*Frees* s. *Fryars*, friars, monks

*Freyke*, humour, indulge, freakishly, capriciously

*Freynded*, asked

*Frie* s. *Fre*, free

*Fruward*, forward

*Furth*, forth

*Fuyson foyson*, plenty, also substance

*Fowkin*, a cant word for a fart

*Fyers*, (intro.) fierce

*Fykkill*, fickle

*Fyllt*, p. 25, col. 1, fell

*Fyled*, *fytyng*, defiled, defiling

*Fyr*, fire

G

*Gaberlunzie*, *Gaberlunye*, s. a wallet

*Gaberlunzie-man*, s. a wallet-man, i. e. tinker, beggar

*Gadlings*, gadders, idle fellows

*Gadryng*, gathering

*Gae*, s. gave

*Gae*, *Gaes*, s. go, goes

*Gaed*, *Gada*, s. went

*Ga*, *Gais*, s. go, goes

*Gair*, s. geer, dress

*Galliard*, a sprightly kind of dance

*Gamon*, p. 12, col. 2, to make game, to sport, s. s. Lamenian, jocular. Hence backgammon

*Gane*, *Gan*, began

*Gane*, s. gone

*Gang*, s. go

# GLOSSARY.

*Ganyde*, p. 3, col. 2, gained  
*Garde*, *Garred*, made  
*Gare*, *Gar*, s. make, cause, force, compel  
*Gargeyld*, p. 27, col. 1, from *Gargouille*, f. the spout of a gutter. The tower was adorned with spouts cut in the figures of greyhounds, lions, &c.  
*Gar*, s. to make, cause, &c.  
*Garland*, p. 23, col. 1, the ring within which the prick or mark was set to be shot at  
*Gart*, *Garred*, s. made  
*Gayed*, made gay (their clothes)  
*Gear*, *Geire*, *Geir*, *Gair*, s. goods, effects, stuff  
*Gederede ys host*, gathered his host  
*Gef*, *Geve*, give  
*Geid*, s. gave  
*Geere will sway*, this matter will turn out, affair terminate.  
*Gerte*, (intro.) pierced  
*Gest*, act, feat, story, history, (it is jest in MS.)  
*Getinge*, what he had got, his plunder, booty  
*Geve*, *Gevend*, give, given  
*Gibed*, jeered  
*Gie*, *Gien*, s. give, given  
*Giff*, if  
*Giffe*, *Giff*, if  
*Gi*, *Gie*, s. give  
*Gillore*, (Irish) plenty  
*Gimp*, *Jim*, s. neat, slender  
*Gin*, s. an, if  
*Gin*, *Gyn*, engine, contrivance  
*Gins*, begins  
*Gip*, an interjection of contempt  
*Girt*, s. pierced, *Thorough-girt* pierced through  
*Give oore*, s. surrender  
*Give*, *Gif*, *Giff*, if  
*Glaive*, f. sword  
*Glede*, p. 2, col. 2, a red-hot coal  
*Glee*, merriment, joy  
*Glen*, s. a narrow valley  
*Glente*, glanced, slipt  
*Glie*, s. glee, merriment, joy  
*Glist*, s. glistened  
*Glose*, p. 25, col. 1, sèt a false gloss or colour  
*Glowr*, s. stare, or frown  
*Glose*, canting dissimulation, fair outside  
*Goddes*, p. 26, col. 1, goddess  
*Gode*, (intro.) good  
*Good*, p. sc. a good deal  
*Good-e-ens*, good e'enings  
*Gode*, *Godness*, good, goodness  
*God before*, i. e. God be thy guide, a form of blessing  
*Goggling eyen*, goggle eyes  
*Gone*, (intro.) go.  
*Gorget*, the dress of the neck  
*Gowan*, s. the common yellow crow-foot, or goldcup  
*Gowd*, s. *Gould*, gold  
*Graune*, scarlet

*Graithed gowden*, s. was caparisoned with gold  
*Gramercye*, i. e. I thank you, f. Grand-mercie  
*Graunge*, p. 77, col. 1, granary, also a lone country house  
*Graythed*, s. decked, put on  
*Grea-honder*, grey-hounds  
*Greece*, p. 44, col. 2, fat, (a fat hart) from f. *graisse*  
*Grece*, a step, p. 27, col. 2, a flight of steps, *Grees*  
*Gree*, s. prize, a victory  
*Greemed*, grew green  
*Grennyng*, p. 19, col. 2, grinning  
*Greet*, s. weep  
*Gret*, great, grieved, swoln, ready to burst  
*Gret*, *Grat*, great  
*Greues*, *Groves*, bushes  
*Groomers*, attendants, servants  
*Groundwa*, groundwall  
*Growende*, *Growund*, ground  
*Grownes*, grounds, (rythmi gratia. Vid. Sowne)  
*Grouete*, in Northamptonshire is a kind of small beer extracted from the malt after the strength has been drawn off. In Devon it is a kind of sweet ale medicated with eggs, said to be a Danish liquor.  
*Growte* is a kind of fare much used by Danish sailors, being boiled groats, (i. e. hulled oats) or else shelled barley, served up very thick, and butter added to it. (Mr. Lambe).  
*Grippel*, griping, tenacious, miserly  
*Grype*, a griffin  
*Gryely groaned*, p. 8, col. 2, dreadfully groaned  
*Gude*, *Guid*, *Geud*, s. good  
*Guerdon*, reward  
*Gule*, red  
*Gybe*, jest, joke  
*Gyle*, guile  
*Gyles*, guiles  
*Gyn*, engine, contrivance  
*Gyrd*, girded, lashed  
*Gyse*, s. guise, form, fashion

## H

*Habbe ase he brew*, have as he brews  
*Habergeon*, f. a lesser coat of mail  
*Hable*, p. 25, col. 1, able  
*Haggis*, a sheep's stomach stuffed with a pudding made of mince-meat, &c.  
*Ha*, *Hae*, s. have. Item, hall  
*Ha*, s. hall  
*Ha*, have. *Ha*, s. hall  
*Hail*, *Hale*, s. whole, altogether  
*Halched*, *Halsed*, saluted, embraced, fell on his neck, from halse, the neck, throat  
*Halesome*, wholesome, healthy  
*Halt*, holdeth  
*Hame*, *Hamward*, home, homeward

*Handbow*, p. 47, col. 2, the long-bow, or common bow, as distinguished from the cross-bow  
*Han*, have, 3 pers. plur.  
*Hare swerdes*, their swords  
*Haried*, *harried*, *haryed*, *harowed*, pp. 6, col. 2, 43, col. 1, robbed, pillaged, plundered. "He haried a bird's nest."—Scot.  
*Harrowed*, harrassed, disturbed  
*Hurlocks*, p. 79, col. 2, perhaps charlocke, or wild rape, which bears a yellow flower, and grows among corn, &c.  
*Harnisine*, harness, armour  
*Hartly lust*, p. 26, col. 1. hearty deairs  
*Hurros*, harrows  
*Hastardis*, p. 25, col. 1, perhaps hasty rash fellows, or upstarts, qu.  
*Hauld*, s. to hold. Item, hold, strong, bold  
*Haus-bane*, s. the neck-bone, (halse-bone) a phrase for the neck  
*Haves*, (of) effects, substance, riches  
*Hav*, have  
*Haviour*, behaviour  
*Hawberk*, a coat of mail consisting of iron rings, &c.  
*Hawkin*, synonymous to *Halkin*, dimin. of Harry.  
*Hayll*, advantage, profit, (p. 7, col. 1, for the profit of all England,) s. a. Hæl, sales  
*Heat*, p. 3, col. 2, hail  
*Heare*, here, hair  
*Hear*, p. 3, col. 2, here  
*Heatheness*, the heathen part of the world  
*Hech*, hatch, small door  
*Hecht to lay thee law*, s. promised engaged to lay thee low  
*Hede*, *Hied*, he'd, he would, heed  
*Hed*, *Heds*, head  
*Hee's*, s. he shall, also he has  
*He*, p. 2, col. 2, *Her*, p. 7, col. 1, *Hye*, high  
*He*, *Hie*, hasten  
*He*, p. 44, col. 2, *Hye*, to his or hasten  
*Heicht*, s. height  
*Heiding-hill*, s. the 'beading (i. e. beheading) hill. The place of execution was anciently an artificial hillock  
*Heil*, s. hell, health  
*Heir*, s. here, p. 3, col. 1, hear  
*Helen*, heal  
*Helpeth*, help ye  
*Hem*, *Em*, them  
*Henne*, hence  
*Hend*, kind, gentle  
*Hentz*, (intro.) help, pulled  
*Hent*, *Hente*, held, laid hold of, also received  
*Heo*, (intro.) they

# GLOSSARY.

*Heere*, p. 24, col. 1, hear  
*Here*, their, hear, hair  
*Her*, bare, their  
*Herkaeth*, hearken ye  
*Hert*, *Hertis*, heart, hearts  
*Hes*, s. has  
*Hest*, hast  
*Hest*, p. 12, col. 2, command, in-junction  
*Hett*, *Hight*, bid, call, command  
*Het*, hot  
*Hether*, hither  
*Hether*, s. heath, a low shrub that grows upon the moors, &c. so luxuriantly as to choke the grass, to prevent which the inhabitants set whole acres of it on fire, the rapidity of which gave the poet that apt and noble simile, in p. (Mr. Hutchinson.)  
*Heuch*, s. a rock or steep hill  
*Hevede*, *Hevedest*, had, hadst  
*Heuriche*, *Hevenrich*, heavenly  
*Hewkes*, beralds' coats  
*Hewyne* in to, hewn in two  
*Hewyng*, *Hewinge*, hewing, hacking  
*Hey-day guise*, frolick, sportive frolicsome manner

This word is perhaps corruptly given, being apparently the same with *HYDEGUIS*, or *HYDEGUIS*, which occurs in Spenser, and means a "wild frolick dance."—Johnson's Dictionary.

*Heynd*, *Hend*, gentle, obliging  
*Heyre*, high, *Heyd*, s. bled  
*Hicht*, *A-nicht*, s. on height  
*His dames* to wail, s. high (or great) ladies to wail, or, hasten, ladies, to wail, &c.  
*Hie*, *Hye*, *He*, *Hee*, high  
*Hight*, p. 13, col. 1, p. 3, col. 2, engage, engaged, promised, p. 40, col. 1, named, called  
*Hi*, *Hie*, p. 21, col. 1, he  
*Hillys*, hills  
*Hilt*, taken off, flayed, Sax. bylden  
*Hinch-boys*, *Hench*, properly haunch-men, pages of honour, pages attending on persons of office  
*Hind*, s. behind  
*Hinde*, *Hend*, gentle  
*Hings*, s. hangs  
*Hianny*, s. honey  
*Hip*, *Hep*, the berry which contains the stones or seeds of the dog-rose  
*Hir*, *Hir lane*, s. her, herself alone  
*Hirsel*, s. herself  
*Hit*, p. 3, col. 2, it  
*Hit*, it, *Hit be write*, it be written  
*Hode*, hood, cap  
*Hoo*, *ho*, p. 6, col. 1, an interjection of stopping or desisting, hence stoppage  
*Hollen*, probably a corruption for holly  
*Holden*, hold

*Hole*, whole. *Holl*, idem  
*Hooly*, s. slowly  
*Holtas*, woods, groves, p. 7, col. 1, in Norfolk a plantation of cherry trees, is called a "cherry holt," also sometimes "hills."  
*Holtas* seems evidently to signify hills in the following passage from *Tuberville's "Songs and Sonnets,"* 12mo, 1567, fol. 56.  
 "Yee that frequent the hills,  
 And highest *HOLTAS* of all,  
 Assist me with your skillful quilles,  
 And listen when I call."  
 As also in this other verse of an ancient poet,  
 "Underneath the *HOLTAS* so hoar."  
*Holtis* hair, s. hoar hills  
*Holy-roode*, holy cross  
*Holy*, p. 26, col. 1, wholly, or perhaps hole, whole  
*Hom*, *Hem*, them  
*Honden wrynges*, hands wring  
*Hondridth*, *Hondred*, hundred  
*Hone*, hand  
*Honge*, hang, hung  
*Hontyng*, hunting  
*Hop-halt*, limping, hopping, and halting  
*Hoss*, stockings  
*Hount*, hunt  
*Housle*, give the sacrament  
*Hoved*, p. 27, col. 1, heaved, or perhaps hovered (p. 7, col. 1,) hung moving, (Gl. Chauc.)  
*Hoved* or *hoven* means in the North swelled. But Mr. Lambe thinks it is the same as *houd*, still used in the North, and applied to any light substance heaving to and from an undulating surface. The vowel u is often used there for the consonant v  
*Howeres*, *Howers*, hours  
*Huerie*, heart  
*Huggle*, hug, clasp  
*Hye*, *Hyeat*, high, highest  
*Hyghte*, p. 8, col. 1, on high, aloud  
*Hyp-halt*, lame in the hip  
*Hyndattours*, s. behind, over, or about  
*Hys*, his, also is  
*Hyt*, (intro.) it  
*Hysnes*, highness

## I

*Ich*, I, *Ich biqueth*, I bequeath  
*Iclipped*, called  
*Iff*, if  
*I fere*, to gather  
*I feth*, in faith  
*Ilfardy*, s. ill-favoured, uglily  
*Ild*, I'd, I would  
*Ile*, I'll, I will  
*Iika*, s. each, every one  
*Ilike*, every *Ik*, every one  
*Ik*, *This Ik*, s. this same  
*Ik one*, each one  
*I-lore*, lost, *I-strike*, stricken  
*Im*, p. 21, col. 1, him

*Impe*, a little demon  
*In fere*, I fere, to gather  
*Ingle*, s. fire  
*Inoue*, enough  
*Into*, s. in  
*Intres*, p. 27, col. 2, entrance, admittance  
*Io forth*, corruptly printed so, should probably be *loo*, i. e. halloo  
*Ireful*, angry, furious  
*Ise*, I shall  
*It*, p. 21, col. 1, is, his  
*I trowe*, (I believe) verily  
*Its neir*, s. it shall ne'er  
*I-tuned*, tuned  
*I-ween*, (I think) verily  
*I wisse*, (I know) verily  
*I wot*, (I know) verily  
*I wys*, *I wis*, (I know) verily  
*Iye*, eye  
*Junglers*, talkative persons, tall-tales, also wranglers  
*Jenkin*, diminutive of John  
*Jimp*, s. slender  
*Jogglers*, p. 35, col. 1, jugglers  
*Jo*, s. sweet-heart, friend. *Jo* is properly the contraction of joy, so rejoice is written rejoice in old Scottish MSS. particularly *Banatyne's—passim*  
*Jow*, s. joll or jowl  
*Jupe*, s. an upper garment, fr. a petticoat

## K

*Kall*, p. 26, col. 2, call  
*Kame*, s. comb  
*Kameing*, s. combing  
*Kan*, p. 25, col. 2, can  
*Kantle-piece*, corner  
*Karle*, *carls*, churls, *Karlis* of kynd, p. 25, col. 1, churls by nature  
*Kauk*, s. chalk  
*Kawled*, p. 21, col. 1, called  
*Kawle* and *keane*, p. 7, col. 2, cautious and active. I. cautus  
*Keipand*, s. keeping  
*Keel*, s. raddle  
*Kempes*, soldiers, warriors  
*Kempers-maw*, p. 18, col. 2, soldier, warrior, fighting-man  
 "Germanis camp. exercitum, aut locum ubi exercitus castrametatur, significat: inde ipsa viri Castrensis, et militaris *kemffer*, et *hempher*, et *kemper*, et *kimber*, et *kemper* pro varietate dialectorum, vocatur. Vocabulum hoc nostro sermone nondum penitus exolevit: Norfolcienses enim plebeio, et proletario sermone dicunt." *He is a kemper old man*, i. e. "Senex vegetus est."  
 "Hinc *Cimbris* suum nomen; "Kimber enim homo bellicosus pugil, robustus miles, &c., significat." *Sheringham de Anglor. gentis orig.* pag. 57. Rectius autem *Lauis* [apud eundem, p. 49]. "*Cim broe* a bello quod *kamff*, et Saxonic *kamp*, nuncupatos crediderim, unde bellatores viri *dis kemffer*, *dis kemper*."

*Kempt*, combed  
*Kems*, s. combs  
*Kend*, s. knew

*Ken, Kenst*, know, knowest

*Kene*, keen

*Keepe*, p. 80, col. 2, care, heed.  
So in the old play of Hick  
Scorner (in the last leaf but  
one), "I keepe not to clymbe  
so hye," i. e. I study not, care  
not, &c.

*Kepers*, &c., p. 47, col. 2, those  
that watch by the corpse shall  
tye up my winding-sheet

*Kever-chefes*, handkerchiefs, (vid.  
introd.)

*Kid, Kyd, Kithe*, made known,  
shown

*Kilted*, s. tucked up

*Kind, Kinde*, nature, p. to carp is  
our kind, it is natural for us to  
talk of

*Kirk*, s. church

*Kirk-wa*, s. p. church wall, or per-  
haps church-yard-wall

*Kirm*, s. churn

*Kirtle*, s. petticoat, woman's gown

*Kists*, s. chests

*Kit*, p. 26, col. 1, cut

*Kith and kin*, acquaintance and  
kindred

*Kithe or Kin*, acquaintance nor  
kindred

*Knave*, p. 23, col. 2, servant

*Knellan, Knelland*, s. knelling,  
ringing the knell

*Knicht*, s. knight

*Knights fee*, such a portion of land  
as required the possessor to  
serve with man and horse

*Knowles, Knolls*, little hills

*Knyled*, knelt

*Kowarde*, coward

*Kowe*, cow

*Kurteis*, p. 26, col. 1, courteous

*Kuntrey*, p. 26, col. 1, countrey

*Kythe*, appear, also make appear,  
shew, declare

*Kythed*, s. appeared

*Kyrtell*, vid. *Kirtle*. In the introd.  
it signifies a man's under gar-  
ment

Bale, in his Actes of English Votaries,  
(2nd part, fol. 53), uses the word KYR-  
TELL to signify a Monk's Frock. He  
says Roger Earl of Shrewsbury, when  
he was dying, sent "to Clunyake, in  
France, for the KYRTLE of Hugh the  
Abbot there," &c.

*Kye, Kine*, cows

## L.

*Lacke*, want

*Laide unto her*, imputed to her

*Laith*, s. loth

*Laithly*, s. loathsome, hideous

*Lambs-wool*, a cant phrase for ale  
and roasted apples, p.

*Lane, Lain*, s. lone. *Her lane*,  
alone by herself

*Lang*, s. long

*Langome*, s. p. 23, col. 2, long,  
tedious

*Lap*, s. leaped

*Largesse*, f. gift, liberality

*Lasse*, less

*Lauch, lauched*, s. laugh, laughed

*Launde*, p. 44, col. 2, lawn

*Layden*, laid

*Laye*, p. 12, col. 2, law

*Lay-land*, p. 12, col. 2, land that  
is not plowed, green-sward

*Lay-lands*, p. 14, col. 1, lands in  
general

*Layne*, lain. Vid. *Leane*

*Layne*, lien, also laid

*Leal, Leil*, s. loyal, honest, true,  
f. loyal

*Leane*, p. 8, col. 1, conceal, hide.

Item, lye, (query)

*Leanyde*, leaned

*Learnd*, learned, taught

*Lease*, p. 44, col. 2, lying, false-  
hood. Withouten lease, verily

*Leasunge*, lying, falshood

*Leeche*, physician

*Leeching*, doctoring, medicinal care

*Leeffe* (Introd.) *Leeffe*, dear

*Leffe*, p. 45, col. 2, *Leeve*, dear

*Leid*, s. lyed

*Leiman, Leman*, lover, mistress

*Leir*, s. *Lere*, learn

*Leive*, s. leave

*Leek*, phrase of contempt

*Lea*, lea, field, pasture

*Lee*, p. 31, col. 2, lea, the field

*Lee*, s. lie

*Lemman*, lover

*Leman, leaman, leiman*, lover,  
mistress, s. s. lemman

*Lenger*, longer

*Lengeth in*, resideth in

*Leer*, p. 85, col. 1, look

*Lere*, p. 14, col. 1, face, complex-  
ion, a. s. hleape, facies, vultus

*Lerned*, learned, taught

*Leese*, s. lose

*Lett, Latte*, hinder, slacken,  
leave off, *Late*, let

*Lettest*, hinderest, detainest

*Let*, p. 2, col. 1, hinder, p. 18, col.  
1, hindred

*Lettyng*, hindrance, i. e. without  
delay

*Leuch, Leugh*, s. laughed

*Leere London*, p. 73, col. 1, dear  
London, an old phrase

*Leeveth*, believeth

*Lever*, rather

*Leves and Bowes*, leaves and  
boughs

*Leved*, ignorant, scandalous

*Leyke, Like*, play

*Leyre, lere*, p. 79, col. 2, learning,  
lore

*Libbards-bane*, a herb so called

*Libbard*, leopard

*Lichtly*, s. lightly, easily, nimbly

*Lie*, s. *Lee*, field, plain

*Liege-men*, vassals, subjects

*Lig*, s. lie

*Lightly*, easily

*Lightwme*, cheerful, sprightly

*Liked*, p. 80, col. 1, pleased

*Limitours*, friars licensed to beg  
within certain limits

*Limiacioun*, a certain precinct  
allowed to a limitour

*Lingell*, a thread of hemp rubbed  
with rosin, &c., used by rustics  
for mending their shoes

*Lire*, flesh, complexion

*Lith, Lihe, Lythe*, p. 40, col. 2,  
attend, hearken, listen

*Lither*, p. 18, col. 2, idle, worth-  
less, naughty, froward

*Liver*, deliver

*Liverance*, p. 74, col. 2, deliver-  
ance, (money, or a pledge, for  
delivering you up)

*Lodlye*, loathsome. Vid. *Lothly*

*Lo'e, Loed*, s. love, loved

*Lought, Lowe, Lugh*, laughed

*Loo*, halloo!

*Loht*, . . . (Ballad 1, ver. 45)

*Loke*, p. 80, col. 1, lock of wool

*Longes*, belongs

*Lope*, leaped

*Lorrel, Losel*, a sorry worthless  
person

*Lore*, lesson, doctrine, learning

*Lore*, lost

*Looset*, losed, loosed

*Lothly*, (vide *Lodlye*,) loathsome

The adverbial terminations *some*  
and *ly* were applied indifferently by  
our old writers: thus as we have *Lothly*  
for loathsome, so we have *Ugsome* in  
a sense not very remote from *Ugly*, in  
LORD SURREY'S Version of *Æneid*, 11.  
viz. "In every place the *ugsome* sights  
I saw."

*Loud and still*, phrase, at all times

*Lough*, p. 44, col. 1, laugh

*Louked*, looked

*Lounge*, (Introd.) lung

*Loun*, s. p. 83, col. 2, *Lown*, p.

52, col. 2, *lown*, rascal, from  
the Irish, *Lian*, slothful, slug-  
gish

*Lourd*, *Lour*, s. *Lever*, had rather

*Louted*, *Loutede*, loved, did obei-  
sance

*Loreth*, love, plural number

*Lowe*, p. 23, col. 2, a little hill

*Lowns*, s. blazes, rather opposed  
to windy, boisterous

*Lowte*, *Lout*, bow, stoop

*Lude*, *Luid*, *Luiut*, s. loved

*Lurf*, love

*Lue*, *Luev*, s. loves, love

*Luicks*, s. looks

*Lurden*, p. 43, col. 1, *Lurdeyne*,  
sluggard, drone

*Lyaw, Lyand*, s. lying

*Lyard*, grey, a name given to a  
horse from its grey colour, as  
*Bayard*, from bay

*Lynde*, p. p. 44, col. 1, 44, col. 2,

*Lyne*, p. 23, col. 1. See *Lynde*

*Lynde*, p. 44, col. 2, the lime tree,  
or collectively lime trees, or  
trees in general

*Lys*, lies

*Lystenyth*, (Introd.) listen

*Lyth* p. 79. col. 2, *Lythe*, *Lyth-*  
*some*, pliant, flexible, easy,  
gentle  
*Lyven na More*, live no more, no  
longer  
*Lyst*, light

## M

*Maden*, made  
*Mahound*, *Mahowne*, Mahomet  
*Mair*, s. *Mare*, more  
*Mait*, s. might  
*Majeste*, *Maist*, *Mayeste*, may'st  
*Making*, sc. verses, veraifying  
*Makys*, *Makes*, mates

As the words make and mate were  
in some cases used promiscuously by  
ancient writers; so the words cake and  
cate seem to have been applied with  
the same indifferency: this will illus-  
trate that common English Proverb,  
"to turn Cat (i. e. Cate) in pan." A  
Pan-cake is in Northamptonshire still  
called a Pan-cate.

*Male*, p. 3, col. 2, coat of mail  
*Mane*, p. 3, col. 1, man. Item  
moan  
*Mane*, *Maining*, s. moan, moaning  
*Mangonel*, an engine used for dis-  
charging great stones, arrows,  
&c. before the invention of gun-  
powder  
*March perti*, p. 4, col. 2, in the  
parts lying upon the marches  
*March-pine*, p. 79, col. 2, *March-*  
*pene*, a kind of biscuit  
*Margarite*, a pearl, l.  
*Marrow*, s. equal  
*Mark*, a coin, in value 13s. 4d.  
*Mart*, s. marred, hurt, damaged  
*Mast*, *Maste*, may'st  
*Masterye*, p. 22, col. 2, *Mayestry*,  
p. 46, col. 1, a trial of skill,  
high proof of skill  
*Maugre*, spite of, ill will (I in-  
cur)  
*Maugre*, in spite of  
*Mauger*, *Maugre*, spite of  
*Maun*, s. must  
*Maun*, s. *Mun*, must  
*Matie*, s. a thrush  
*Mawt*, s. malt  
*Mayd*, *Mayde*, maid  
*Maye*, p. 8, col. 1, maid, (rhythmi-  
gratia)  
*Mayne*, p. 14, col. 2, force,  
strength, p. 22, col. 1, horse's  
mane  
*Maze*, a labyrinth, any thing en-  
tangled or intricate

On the top of Catherine-Hill, Win-  
chester, (the usual play-place of the  
school,) was a very perplexed and  
winding path running in a very small  
space over a great deal of ground,  
called a *Mix-Maze*. The senior boys  
obliged the juniors to tread it, to pre-  
vent the figure from being lost, as I  
am informed by an ingenious corre-  
spondent.

*Mean*, moderate, middle sized

*Meany*, retinue, train, company  
*Meed*, *Meede*, reward  
*Meid*, s. mood  
*Meite*, s. soften, reduce, mitigate  
*Meit*, s. *Meet*, fit, proper  
*Mell*, honey; also, meddle, min-  
gle  
*Me*, men, *Me con* (men 'gan)  
*Men of armes*, p. 8, col. 1, gens  
d' armes  
*Menivere*, a species of fur  
*Mense the faught*, s. p. measure the  
battle. To give to the mense,  
is to give above the measure.  
Twelve, and one to the mense,  
is common with children in  
their play  
*Mensie*, s. *Meaney*, retinue, com-  
pany  
*Merches*, marches  
*Messenger*, f. messenger  
*Me-thunketh*, methinks  
*Met*, *Meit*, s. *Meite*, meet, fit, proper  
*Meunt*. See *Meany*  
*Mickle*, much, great  
*Micht*, might  
*Midge*, a small insect, a kind of  
gnat  
*Mightie*, mighty  
*Minged*, p. 12, col. 2, mentioned  
*Minny*, s. mother  
*Minstral*, s. minstrel, musician, &c.  
*Minstrelsie*, music  
*Mirke*, s. dark, black  
*Mirkie*, dark, black  
*Mirry*, s. *Meri*, merry  
*Misdoubt*, p. 78, col. 1, suspect,  
doubt  
*Miscreants*, unbelievers  
*Mishap*, misfortune  
*Miskaryed*, miscarried  
*Misken*, mistake, also, in the Scot-  
tish idiom, "let a thing alone."  
(Mr. Lambe)  
*Mister*, s. to need  
*Mither*, s. mother  
*Mode*, p. 44, col. 1, mood  
*Moening*, by means of, f.  
*Mold*, mould, ground  
*Mo*, *Moe*, more  
*Mome*, a dull stupid person  
*Monand*, moaning, bemoaning  
*Mone*, moon  
*Mon*, s. month  
*Monynday*, Monday  
*More*, originally and properly sig-  
nified a hill, (from a. s. *moſn*,  
*mons*;) but the hills of the  
North being generally full of  
bogs, a *Moor* came to signify  
boggy marshy ground, in ge-  
neral  
*Mores*, p. 12, col. 1, hills, wild  
downs  
*Morrowinges*, mornings  
*Morne*, *To morn*, to-morrow in the  
morning  
*Morne*, s. p. 20, col. 2, on the  
morrow  
*Mornyng*, mourning

*Mort*, death of the deer  
*Moses*, swampy grounds, covered  
with peat moss  
*Most*, must  
*Mote I thee*, might I thrive  
*Mought*, *mot*, *mote*, might  
*Mowe*, may, *Mou*, s. mouth  
*Muchels boast*, *Mickle boast*, great  
boast  
*Mude*, s. mood  
*Mulne*, mill  
*Mun*, *Maun*, s. must  
*Mure*, *Muras*, s. wild downs,  
heaths, &c.  
*Murne*, *Murnt*, *Murning*, s. mourn,  
mourned, mourning  
*Musis*, muses  
*Myllan*, Milan steel  
*Myne-ye-ple*, p. 3, col. 2, perhaps,  
many plies, or folds. *Monypole*  
is still used in this sense in the  
North. (Mr. Lambe)  
*Myrry*, merry  
*Myuryd*, p. 25, col. 2, misused,  
applied to a bad purpose  
*Myst*, *Mysty*, might, mighty

## N

*Naithing*, s. nothing  
*Nams*, names  
*Na*, *Nae*, s. no, none  
*Nane*, s. none  
*Nar*, p. 2, col. 2, *Nare*, nor. Item,  
than  
*Nathelass*, nevertheless  
*Nat*, not  
*Near*, s. *Ner*, *Nere*, ne'er, never  
*Neat*, oxen, cows, large cattle  
*Neatherd*, a keeper of cattle  
*Neatresse*, a female keeper of cattle  
*Neigh him neare*, approach him  
near  
*Nee*, *Ne*, nigh  
*Neir*, s. *Nere*, ne'er, never  
*Nere na ware*, were it not for  
*Neist*, *Nyest*, next, nearest  
*Newfangle*, *Newfangled*, fond of  
novelty, of new fashions, &c.  
*Nicked him of naye*, p. 17, col. 1,  
nicked him with a refusal  
*Nicht*, s. night  
*Nipt*, pinched  
*Noble*, a gold coin, in value 20  
groats, or 6s. 8d.  
*Nobles*, p. 25, col. 1, *Noblesse*, no-  
bleness  
*Nollys*, noddles, heads  
*Nom*, took, *Nome*, name  
*Nonce*, purpose, *For the nonce*, for  
the occasion  
*Non*, none, *None*, noon  
*Norland*, s. northern  
*Norse*, s. Norway  
*North-gales*, North Wales  
*Non*, now  
*Nourice*, s. nurse  
*Nout*, *Nocht*, s. nought, also not,  
seems for 'ne mought'  
*Nought*, nought



*Nowls*, noddles, heads  
*Noye*, v. 175, annoy, query  
*Nout*, nought, not  
*Nurtured*, educated, bred up  
*Nye*, Ny, nigh  
*Nyzt*, night

## O

*Obraid*, s. upbraid  
*Ocht*, s. ought  
*Ojferlyng*, superior, paramount, opposed to underling  
*O gin*, s. *O if*, a phrase  
*Onfoughten*, *Unfoughten*, unfought  
*On-lajt*, aloft  
*On*, one, an  
*On*, one, *On man*, p. 3, col. 1, one man  
*One*, on  
*Ony*, s. any  
*Onys*, once  
*Or*, *Ere*, before; or seems to have the force of the Latin *vel* and to signify *EVEN*  
*Or-ere* pp. 6, col. 1, 7, col. 1, before  
*Or-eir*, before ever  
*Orisons*, s. prayers, f. *ORAISONS*  
*Ost*, *Oste*, *Ost*, host.  
*Ou*, *Ours*, you, your. *Ibid.*, our  
*Out alas!* exclamation of grief  
*Out-brayde*, drew out, unsheathed  
*Out-horn*, the summoning to arms by the sound of a horn  
*Out ower*, s. quite over, over  
*Outrake*, p. 75, col. 2, an out-ride or expedition. To *raik*, s. is to go fast. *Outrake* is a common term among shepherds. When their sheep have a free passage from inclosed pastures into open and airy grounds they call it a good *outrake*. (Mr. Lambe).  
*Owars of none*, hour of noon  
*Owches*, bosses or buttons of gold  
*Owene*, *Aren*, *Ain*, s. own  
*Oure*, *Owr*, s. o'er  
*Oure*, s. over  
*Owre word*, s. the last word, the burthen of a song  
*Owt*, out

## P

*Pall*, a cloak or mantle of state  
*Palle*, a robe of state. *Purple and pall*, i. e. a purple robe or cloak, a phrase  
*Palmer*, a pilgrim, who, having been at the Holy Land, carried a palm branch in his hand.  
*Paramour*, lover. Item, a mistress  
*Pard2*, *Perdie*, verily, f. *par dieu*  
*Paregull*, equal  
*Partake*, participate, assign to  
*Parti*, party, p. 3, col. 1, a part  
*Pattering*, murmuring, mumbling, from the manner in which the *Paternoster* was anciently hur-

ried over, in a low, inarticulate voice  
*Pa*, s. the river Po  
*Pauky*, s. shrewd, cunning, sly, or saucy, insolent  
*Paves*, p. 25, col. 1, a pavise, a large shield that covered the whole body, f. *pauvois*  
*Pavilliane*, pavillion, tent  
*Pay*, liking, satisfaction, hence well apaid, i. e. pleased, highly satisfied  
*Paynim*, pagan  
*Peukish*, p. 77, col. 1  
*Pearlins*, a coarse sort of bone-lace  
*Pece*, *Piece*, sc. of cannon  
*Pele*, a baker's peel  
*Penon*, a banner or streamer, borne at the top of a lance  
*Pentarchye of tenses*, five tenses  
*Perchmine*, f. parchment  
*Perelous*, *parlous*, perilous, dangerous  
*Per fay*, verily, f. *par foy*  
*Peere*, *Pere*, *Peer*, equal  
*Peer*, *Peerless*, equal, without equal  
*Perfight*, perfect  
*Peering*, peeping, looking narrowly  
*Perill*, danger  
*Perkin*, diminutive of Peter  
*Perlese*, p. 26, col. 2, peerless  
*Pees*, *Pese*, peace  
*Persit*, *Pearced*, pierced  
*Perte*, part  
*Pertyd*, parted  
*Petye*, pity  
*Peyn*, pain  
*Philomene*, Philomel, the nightingale  
*Pibrochs*, s. Highland war-tunes  
*Piece*, s. a little  
*Pight*, *Pyght*, pitched  
*Pil'd* p. 76, col. 1, peeled, bald  
*Pine*, famish, starve  
*Pious chanson*, p. 48, col. 1, a godly song, or ballad

Mr. Rowe's Edit. has "The first row of the Rubrick," which has been supposed by Dr. Warburton to refer to the red-lettered titles of old Ballads. In the large collection made by Mr. Pepys, I do not remember to have seen one single ballad with its title printed in red letters,

*Pite*, *Pittye*, *Pyte*, pity  
*Plaine*, complaint  
*Plaining*, complaining  
*Playand*, s. playing  
*Play-feres*, playfellows  
*Pleasance*, pleasure  
*Plein*, complain  
*Plett*, s. platted  
*Ploumell*, a small wooden hammer occasionally fixed to the plow, still used in the North; in the Midland counties in its stead is used a plow-hatchet

*Pltzt*, plight  
*Ploll-cat*, a cant word for a whore  
*Pollys*, *Powells*, *Polls*, head  
*Pompal*, p. 61, col. 2, pompous  
*Pondered*, a term in Heraldry, for sprinkled over  
*Popingay*, a parrot  
*Porcupig*, porcupine, f. *porcepig*  
*Porterner*, perhaps pocket or pouch.  
*Pantoniere* in fr. is a shepherd's scrip (vide Colgrave)  
*Portres*, p. 27, col. 1, porterees  
*Powells*, polls, head  
*Powones*, p. 77, col. 1, pounds, (rhythmi gratia)  
*Pow*, *Fou*, *Powed*, s. pull, pulled  
*Preas*, *Prese*, press  
*Preced*, p. 45, col. 1, pressed, *Presed*  
*Prest*, f. ready  
*Prestly*, p. 45, col. 1, *Prestlye*, p. 14, col. 1, readily, quickly  
*Pricked*, spurred forward, travelled a good round pace  
*Pricks-wand*, p. 23, col. 1, a wand set up for a mark  
*Prickes*, p. 22, col. 2, the mark to shoot at  
*Priefe*, prove  
*Priving*, s. proving, tasting  
*Prove*, proof  
*Prowess*, bravery, valor, military gallantry  
*Prowes*, p. 25, col. 1, *proweas*  
*Prude*, pride. Item, proud  
*Pryke*, p. 46, col. 1, the mark, commonly a hazle wand  
*Pryme*, daybreak  
*Puing*, s. pulling  
*Puissant*, strong, powerful  
*Pulde*, pulled  
*Purchased*, procured  
*Purfel*, an ornament of embroidery  
*Purfelled*, embroidered  
*Purwayed*, provided

## Q

*Quadrant*, p. 27, col. 1, four-square  
*Quail*, shrink, sinch, yield  
*Quaint*, cunning, nice, fantastical  
*Quarry*, p. 67, col. 1, in hunting or hawking is the slaughtered game, &c.  
*Quat*, s. quitted  
*Quay*, *Quhey*, s. a young heifer, called a *Whiz* in Yorkshire  
*Quean*, sorry, base woman  
*Quell*, subdue, also kill  
*Quel*, cruel, murderous  
*Quelch*, a blow or bang  
*Quere*, quire, choir  
*Quest*, p. 43, col. 1, inquest  
*Quha*, s. who  
*Quhair*, s. where  
*Quhar*, s. where  
*Quhan*, *When*, s. when  
*Quhaneer*, s. whence  
*Quhatten*, s. what  
*Qupat*, s. what

*Quhen*, s. when  
*Quhy*, s. why  
*Quick*, alive, living  
*Quillats*, quibbles, l. quidlibet  
*Quitt*, requite  
*Quo*, quoth  
*Quyle*, s. while  
*Quarry*, p. 2, col. 2, See *Quarry*  
 above  
*Quyte*, p. 4, col. 2, requited  
*Quyt*, s. quite  
*Quyknyt*, s. quickened, restored to  
 life

## R

*Rade*, s. roie  
*Rae*, s. roe  
*Raik*, s. to go a-pace, *Raik* on  
*raw*, go fast in a row  
*Rame*, reign  
*Raise*, s. rose  
*Ranted*, s. were merry. Vide  
 Gloss. to Gentle Shepherd  
*Rashing*, seems to be the old  
 hunting term for the stroke  
 made by a wild boar with his  
 fangs. See p. 54, col. 2  
*Raught*, reached, gained, obtained  
*Rayne*, reane, rain  
*Rayse*, race  
*Rast*, *Raught*, or self-bereft  
*Reachles*, careless  
*Reade*, p. 6, col. 2, *Rede*, advise,  
 hit off  
*Read*, advice  
*Rea'me*, *Reaume*, realm  
*Reas*, p. 2, col. 2, raise  
*Reave*, bereave  
*Recht*, regarded  
*Rede*, *Read*, advise, advice  
*Rede*, *Redde*, read  
*Redresse*, care, labour  
*Refe*, bereave, or perhaps *Rive*,  
 split  
*Refe*, *Reve*, *Reeve*, bailiff  
*Reft*, bereft  
*Register*, the officer who keeps the  
 public register  
*Reid*, s. advise  
*Reid*, s. reed, *Rede*, red  
*Reidroan*, s. red-roan, p. 15, col. 1  
*Reek*, s. smoke  
*Rekelas*, *Recklesse*, regardless, void  
 of care, rash  
*Remeid*, s. remedy  
*Renneth*, *Renning*, *ranneth*, run-  
 ning  
*Renn*, run, p. 51, col. 2  
*Renish*, p. 16, col. 2, *Renisat*, p.  
 18, col. 1, perhaps a derivation  
 from *Reniteo*, to shine  
*Renyed*, p. 25, col. 2, refused  
*Rescous*, rescues  
*Reve*, bailiff  
*Reve*, bereave, deprive  
*Revers*, s. robbers, pirates, rovers  
*Reneth*, regrets, has reason to re-  
 pent  
*Raw*, s. take pity  
*Renth*, ruth, *Rawe*, pity

*Ryall*, *Ryal*, royal  
*Right*, s. right  
*Riddle*, seems to be a vulgar idiom  
 for unriddle; or is perhaps  
 a corruption of *reade*, i. e. ad-  
 vise  
*Ride*, make an inroad  
*Rin*, s. run. *Rin my errand*, a con-  
 tracted way of speaking for  
 "run on my errand." The  
 pronoun is omitted. So the  
 French say *faire message*  
*Rise*, shoot, bush, shrub  
*Rise*, rife, abounding  
*Rocha*, rock  
*Roods-cross*, crucifix  
*Rood-loft*, the place in the church  
 where the images were set  
 up  
*Rood*, *Roods*, cross, crucifix  
*Ronne*, ran, *Roone*, p. 7, col. 1, run  
*Roufe*, roof  
*Route*, go about, travel  
*Routhe*, ruth, pity  
*Rowned*, *Rownyd*, whispered  
*Row*, *Roud*, s. roll, rolled  
*Rownyed*, round  
*Rought*, rout  
*Rudd*, ruddiness, complexion  
*Rude*, s. *Rood*, cross  
*Ruell-bones*, perhaps bones divers-  
 ly colored, f. *Riote*, or perhaps  
 small bone rings from the f.  
*rouelle*, a small ring or hoop.—  
 Cotgrave's Dict.  
*Rues*, *Rueth*, pitieth  
*Rugged*, pulled with violence  
*Rushy*, should be *Rashy gair*,  
 rushy stuff, ground covered with  
 rushes  
*Ruthful*, rueful, woful  
*Ruth*, pity  
*Ruthe*, pity, woe  
*Rydere*, p. 46, col. 2, ranger  
*Ryde*, p. 72, col. 1, i. e. make an  
 inroad, *Ryde*, in p. 17, col. 2,  
 (ver. 136), should probably be  
 rise  
*Rynde*, p. 8, col. 1, rent  
*Ryschys*, rushes  
*Rywe*, rue  
*Ryst*, right

## S

*Safer*, sapphire  
*Saft*, s. soft  
*Saif*, s. safe  
*Sair*, s. sore  
*Saim*, s. same  
*Sall*, s. shall  
*Saif*, s. save, *Savely*, safely  
*Saiseds*, seized  
*Sark*, shirt, shift  
*Sarr*, *Sair*, s. sore  
*Sa*, *Sae*, s. so  
*Sat*, *Sets*, set  
*Saut*, s. salt  
*Savyde*, saved  
*Saw*, *Say*, speech, discourse  
*Say*, *Away*, attempt

*Say*, saw  
*Say us no harm*, say no ill of us  
*Sayne*, say  
*Scant*, scarce. Item scantiness  
*Schall*, shall  
*Schapped*, p. 8, col. 1, perhaps  
 swapped. Vid. loc.  
*Schattered*, shattered  
*Schaw*, s. show  
*Schene*, s. *Sheen*, shining, also  
 brightness  
*Schip*, s. ship  
*Schiples*, s. shipless  
*Scho*, p. 10, col. 2, *Sche*, p. 7, col.  
 1, s. she  
*Schone*, shone  
*Schoote*, shot, let go  
*Schoute*, *Schawtte*, about  
*Schrill*, s. shrill  
*Schuke*, s. shook  
*Sclat*, slats, little table-book of  
 slates to write upon  
*Scomfit*, discomfit  
*Scot*, tax, revenue, a year's tax of  
 the kingdom, also shot, reckon-  
 ing  
*Scathe*, hurt, injury  
*Sed*, said  
*Seik*, s. *Seks*, s. seek  
*Sek*, sack  
*Sel*, *Sell*, self  
*Selour*, *Siller*, silver  
*Seneschall*, steward  
*Sene*, seen  
*Sen*, s. since  
*Senny*, mustard seed, f. *senvie*  
*Sertayne*, *Sertenlye*, certain, cer-  
 tainly  
*See*, *Sees*, s. sea, seas  
*Se*, *Sene*, *Seying*, see, seen, seeing  
*Seething*, boiling  
*Seetywall*, see *Cetywall*  
*Seve*, seven  
*Sey you*, say to, tell you  
*Sey*, s. say, a kind of woollen  
 stuff  
*Seyd*, s. saw  
*Shave*, *Be shave*, be shaven  
*Shaws*, little woods  
*Shear*, p. 2, col. 2, entirely, (peni-  
 tus)  
*Sheele*, *She'll*, she will  
*Sheene*, *Shene*, shining  
*Sheits*, *Shetes*, s. sheets  
*Shee's*, she shall  
*Sheene*, shining  
*Shent*, shamed, disgraced, abused  
*Shepenes*, *Shipens*, cow-houses,  
 sheep-pens, a. s. *Scypen*  
*Shoene*, *Shive*, a great alic or lun-  
 cheon of bread  
*Shield-bone*, the blade bone, a com-  
 mon phrase in the north  
*Shimmered*, s. glittered  
*Shimmering*, shining by glances  
*Shirt of male or mail*, was a garment  
 for defence, made all of rings of  
 iron, worn under the coat. Ac-  
 cording to some the hauberk  
 was so formed

*Shoen*, s. *Shoone*, p. 64, col. 1, shoes  
*Shoke*, p. 25, col. 2, shookest  
*Shold*, *Sholde*, should  
*Shope*, shaped  
*Shope*, betook me  
*Shorte*, s. shorten  
*Sho*, *Scho*, s. she  
*Shote*, shot  
*Shradds*, p. 21, col. 2. Vid. locum  
*Shread*, cut into small pieces  
*Shreeven* *Shrioven*, confessed her sins  
*Shrew*, a bad, an ill-tempered person  
*Shreward*, a male shrew  
*Shrift*, confession  
*Shrine*, confess. Item, hear confession  
*Shroge*, shrubs, thorns, briars. G. Doug. *Scroggis*  
*Shullen*, shall  
*Shulde*, should  
*Shuned*, shunned  
*Shurting*, recreation, diversion, pastime. Vid. Gawin Douglas's *Gloss*.  
*Shyers*, shires  
*Shynand*, s. shining  
*Sib*, kin, akin, related  
*Sich*, *Sic*, s. such, *Sich*, s. sigh  
*Sick-like*, s. such like  
*Side*, s. long  
*Sied*, s. saw  
*Sigh-clout*, p. 52, col. 1, (*Sythe-clout*), a clout to strain milk through, a straining clout  
*Sighan*, *Sighand*, s. sighing  
*Sik*, *Sike*, such  
*Siker*, surely, certainly  
*Siller*, s. silver  
*Sindle*, s. seldom  
*Siteth*, sit ye  
*Sith*, p. 2, col. 2, since  
*Skaith*, *Scath*, harm, mischief  
*Skalk*, perhaps from the Germ. *Schalck*, malicious, perverse (Sic Dan. *Skalek* nequitia, malicia, &c. *Sheringham* de Ang. Orig. p. 318); or perhaps from the Germ. *Schalchen*, to squint. Hence our northern wood *Skelly*, to squint  
*Skinker*, one that serves drink  
*Skinkled*, s. glittered  
*Skomfit*, discomfit  
*Skott*, shot, reckoning  
*Slade*, a breadth of greensward between plow-lands or woods, &c.  
*Slaited*, s. whetted, or perhaps wiped  
*Slattered*, slit, broke into splinters  
*Slaw*, slew, p. 80, col. 1, (Sc. Abel)  
*Slean*, *Slone*, slain  
*Sleath*, slayeth  
*Slee*, s. slay, also slay  
*Sle*, *Slee*, *Sley*, *Slo*, slay, *Sleest*, slayest

*Sleip*, s. *Slepe*, sleep  
*Stode*, p. 12, col. 2, alit, split  
*Slone*, p. 13, col. 1, slain  
*Slo*, p. 25, col. 1, *Sloe*, slay  
*Sloughe*, p. 3, col. 1, slew  
*Smithers*, s. smothers  
*Sna'*, *Snurw*, s. snow  
*Soll*, *Sauille*, *Sowle*, soul  
*Soldain*, *Soldan*, *Sowdan*, sultan  
*Sonn*, s. *Son*, sun  
*Sond*, a present, a sending  
*Sone*, soon  
*Sort*, company  
*Soothly*, truly  
*Sooth*, truth, true  
*Soth*, *Sothe*, *South*, *Southe*, *Soath*, truth  
*Soth-Ynglande*, South England  
*Soudan*, *Soudain*, sultan  
*Souldan*, *Soldan*, *Sowdan*, sultan  
*Sould*, s. *Suld*, should  
*Souling*, victualling. *Sowls* is still used in the north for any thing eaten with bread; a. s. *suple*, *suple*, Joh. xxi. 5, (or to *sowle*, may be from the French word *saouler*, "to stuff and cram, to glut." Vid. Cotgrave)  
*Sowden*, *Sowdain*, sultan  
*Sowns*, sound (rhyt. gr.)  
*Soure*, sour  
*Soure*, *Soare*, sore  
*Sovter*, p. 19, col. 2, shoemaker  
*Soy*, f. silk  
*Spak*, *Spaik*, s. spake  
*Speere*. Vide locum  
*Spec*, *Spak*, *Spack*, s. spake  
*Spred*, speeded, succeeded  
*Speik*, s. speak  
*Speir*, s. *Speere*, *Speere*, *Spire*, ask, enquire

So Chaucer, in his *Rhyme of Sir Thopas*,  
 "—— He soughte north and south,  
 And oft he spir.d with his mouth."  
 i. e. enquired,—not spied, as in the new edition of *Canterbury Tales*, vol. ii. p. 234.

*Spence*, *Spens*, expense  
*Spendyd*, p. 4, col. 1, probably the same as *spanned*, grasped  
*Speered*, *Sparred*, i. e. fastened, shut

So in an old "*Treatyse agaynst Pestilence*, &c. 4to. Emprynted by Wynkyn de Worde," we are exhorted to "*spere* (i. e. shut or bar) the wyndowes agens the south." fol. 5.

*Spillan*, *Spilland*, s. spilling  
*Spill*, p. 51, col. 1, *Spille*, p. 15, col. 1, spoil, come to harm  
*Spill*, spoil, destroy, kill  
*Spindles* and *whorles*, the instruments used for spinning in Scotland, instead of spinning wheels

The rock, spindles, and whorles are very much used in Scotland and the northern parts of Northumberland, at this time. The thread for shoe-makers,

and even linen webs, and all the twine of which the Tweed salmon nets are made, are spun upon spindles. They are said to make a more even and smooth thread than spinning wheels. Mr. Lambe.

*Spozeles*, spurless, without spurs  
*Spole*, shoulder; f. *espaule*. It seems to mean "arm-pit"

*Sprente*, p. 3, col. 2, spurted, sprung out

*Spurging*, froth that purges out  
*Spurn*, *Spurne*, a kick, p. 5, col. 1.

See *Tear*

*Spyde*, spied

*Spylt*, spoiled, destroyed

*Spyt*, p. 2, col. 2, *Spyte*, spite

*Squelah*, a blow, or bang

*Stabile*, p. 26, col. 1, perhaps 'stablish

*Stalwart*, *Stalworth*, stout

*Stalworthlye*, stoutly

*Stane*, s. *Stean*, p. 21, col. 1, stone

*Stark*, p. 14, col. 1, stiff, p. 25, col. 2, entirely

*Startopes*, buskins, or half boots worn by rustics, laced down before

*Stead*, *Stede*, place

*Stean*, s. stone

*Steedye*, steady

*Stel*, steel, *Steilly*, s. steely

*Stele*, steel

*Steid*, s. *Stede*, steed

*Steir*, s. stir

*Sterris*, stars

*Sterne*, stern, or perhaps, stars

*Stert*, start, p. 82, col. 2, started

*Sterte*, *Stierted*, started

*Steven*, p. 22, col. 2, time

*Steven*, p. 23, col. 2, voice

*Still*, quiet, silent

*Stint*, stop, stopped

*Stirande* stage, p. 6, col. 2, a friend interpreted this, "many a stirring travelling journey"

*Stonderes*, standers by

*Stoup of weir*, pillar of war

*Stound*, *Stonde*, (introd.) space, moment, hour, time

*Stoand*, time, *A-stound*, a-while

*Stour*, p. 4, col. 1, 19, col. 1, *Stower*, 12, col. 2, *Stoure*, 8, col. 2, 14, col. 2, fight, disturbance, &c.

This word is applied in the north to signify dust agitated and put into motion, as by the sweeping of a room.

*Stower*, *Stoure*, stir, disturbance, fight

*Stoun*, stolen

*Stoure*, strong, robust, fierce

*Stras*, *Stras*, s. straw

*Streight*, straight

*Strekene*, *Stricken*, struck

*Stret*, street

*Strick*, strict

*Strike*, stricken

*Stroke*, p. 3, col. 2, struck

*Stude*, *Stuid*, s. stood

*Styntye*, stinted, stayed, stopped  
*Styrt*, start  
*Suar*, sure  
*Summere*, a sumpter horse  
*Sum*, s. some  
*Sumpters*, p. 78, col. 2, horses that carry clothes, furniture, &c.  
*Sune*, s. soon  
*Suore by ys chin*, sworn by his chin  
*Surceass*, cease  
*Suthe*, *Switth*, soon, quickly  
*Swopte*, p. 3, col. 2, *Swapped*, p. 8, col. 2, *Swope*, struck violently, Scot. *Sweap*, to scourge, (vid. Gl. Gaw. Dougl.) or perhaps exchanged; sc. blows, so "*Swop or Swopp*" signifies  
*Swaird*, the grassy surface of the ground  
*Swairde*, *Swarved*, climbed, or, as it is now expressed in the midland counties, *Swarm*, To *swarm*, is to draw oneself up a tree, or any other thing, clinging to it with the legs and arms, as hath been suggested by an ingenious correspondent  
*Swa*, *Se*, so  
*Sweat*, *Swatte*, *Swotte*, did sweat  
*Swear*, p. 2, col. 2, *sware*  
*Swearde*, *Sweerd*, sword  
*Sweare*, swearing, oath  
*Sweasen*, a dream  
*Sweit*, s. *Swete*, sweet  
*Sweere*, *Swire*, neck  
*Sweyppyls*. A *Sweyppyl* is that staff of the flail, with which corn is beaten out, vulg. a *Supple*, called, in the midland counties, a *Swindgell*, where the other part is termed the *hand-staff*  
*Swinkers*, labourers  
*Switth*, quickly, instantly  
*Swoyke*, sigh  
*Swoyng*, whoring  
*Swoypyng*, striking fast, (Cimb. *Sutpan*, cito agere, or rather "scourging" from *volvere*, *rap-tare*).—Scot. *Sweap*, to scourge.  
*Vide*. Glossary to Gawin Douglas  
*Sych*, such  
*Syde-sheer*, p. 2, col. 2, *Sydis-shear*, p. 2, col. 2, on all sides  
*Syd*, side  
*Syne*, s. then, afterwards  
*Syshemell*, Ishmael  
*Syth*, since  
*Syzt*, sight

## T.

*Taiken*, s. token, sign  
*Taine*, s. *Tane*, token  
*Take*, taken  
*Talents*, p. 17, col. 1, perhaps golden ornaments, hung from her head to the value of talents of gold  
*Targe*, target, shield

*Tear*, p. 5, col. 1, this seems to be a proverb, "That tearing, or pulling, occasioned his spurn or kick"  
*Tene*, *Tene*, sorrow, indignation, wrath, properly injury, affront  
*Teenefu*, s. full of indignation, wrathful, furious  
*Te ha!* interjection of laughing  
*Teir*, s. *Tere*, tear  
*Tent*, s. heed  
*Termagaunt*, the god of the Saracens. See a memoir on this subject in page 19

The old French romancers, who had corrupted *termagant* into *tervagent*, couple it with the name of Mahomet, as constantly as ours: thus, in the old Roman de Blanchardin,  
 "Cy guer pison tuit Apollin,  
 Et Mahomet et Tervagent."  
 Hence Fontaine, with great humour, in his tale entitled "*La Fiancée du Roy de Garbe*," says,  
 "Et reviant Mahom. Japin, et Tervagent,  
 Avec malat autre dieu non moins ex-  
 travagant."  
*Mem. de l'Acad. des Inscript*, tom. 20, 4to, p. 332.  
 As *termagant* is evidently of Anglo-Saxon derivation, and can only be explained from the elements of that language: its being corrupted by the old French romancers proves that they borrowed some things from ours.

*Terry*, diminutive of Thierry  
*Theodoricus*, *Didericus*. Lat.  
 also of Terence

*Te to*, *Te make*, to make  
*Tha*, them, *Thah*, though  
*Thair*, their, *Thair*, *Thare*, there  
*Thame*, s. them  
*Than*, s. then  
*Thare*, *Theire*, *Ther*, *Thore*, there  
*Thear*, *Ther*, p. 2, col. 2, there  
*Thee*, thrive, *Mote he thee*, may he thrive  
*The God*, seems contracted for  
*The ha*, i. e. high God.  
*The*, *Thee*, thrive. *So mote I thee*, so may I thrive

So in Chaucer, *passim*, *Canterbury Tales*, vol. 1. p. 308.  
 "God let him never the."

*The*, they, *The wear*, p. 2, col. 1, they were  
*The*, thee, *Thend*, the end.  
*Ther-for*, p. 3, col. 1, therefore  
*Therto*, thereto, *Thes*, these  
*Ther*, p. 2, col. 2, their  
*Thii*, they  
*Thie*, thy, *Thow*, thou  
*Thi sone*, thy son  
*Thilke*, this  
*Thir towmonds*, s. these twelve months  
*Thir*, s. this, these  
*Thirti thousand*, thirty thousand  
*Thocht*, thought  
*Thole*, *Tholed*, suffer, suffered  
*Tho*, then, those, the  
*Thouse*, s. thou art

*Thoust*, thou shalt, or shouldest  
*Thrall*, p. 76, col. 2, captive, p. 29, col. 1, *Thraldom*, captivity  
*Thrang*, s. throng, close  
*Thrawis*, s. throes  
*Threape*, to argue, to affirm or assert, in a positive overbearing manner  
*Thre*, *Thrie*, s. three  
*Thrie*, *Thre*, three  
*Thrif*, thrive  
*Thrilled*, twirled, turned round  
*Thritte*, thirty  
*Throng*, p. 42, col. 2, hastened  
*Thropes*, villages  
*Throw*, s. through  
*Thruich*, *Throuch*, s. through  
*Thud*, noise of a fall  
*Theves*, manners. In p. 51, it signifies limbs  
*Theyther-ward*, thither-ward, towards that place  
*Tibbe*. In Scotland, *Tibbe* is the diminutive of Isabel  
*Tift*, s. puff of wind  
*Till*, s. to, when, query  
*Till*, p. 4, col. 2, unto, p. 18, col. 2, entice  
*Tild down*, pitched, qt.  
*Timkin*, diminutive of Timothy  
*Tine*, p. 11, col. 2, lose  
*Tint*, s. lost  
*Tirled*, twirled, turned round  
*Too-fall*, s. twilight

*Too-fall* of the night, "seems to be an image drawn from a suspended canopy, so let fall as to cover what is below."—Mr. Lambe.

*To*, too, *Item*, two  
*Tone*, *T'one*, the one  
*Ton*, p. 3, col. 1, *Tone*, the one  
*Tor*, a tower; also a high pointed rock, or hill  
*Tow*, *Towe*, two, *Tws*, s. two  
*Tow*, s. p. 31, col. 1, to let down with a rope, &c.  
*Towyn*, p. 6, col. 2, town  
*Traiterye*, treason  
*Trenchant*, f. cutting  
*Tres-hardie*, f. thrice hardy  
*Treytory*, *Traitory*, treachery  
*Trichard*, treacherous, fr. *tricheur*  
*Trichen*, trick, deceive  
*Tride*, tried  
*Trie*, s. *Tre*, tree  
*Triest furth*, s. draw forth to an assignation  
*Trifurcate*, three forked, three pointed  
*Trim*, exact  
*Troth*, truth, faith, fidelity  
*Trough*, *Trouth*, troth  
*Trowthe*, *Troth*, *Tru*, true  
*Truw*, believe, trust, also verity  
*Trumped*, p. 1, boasted, told bragging lies, lying stories. So in the north they say, "that's a trump," i. e. a lie; "she goes about trumping," i. e. telling lies.

*Trump*, made of a tree, perhaps, "wooden trumpets," musical instruments fit enough for a mock tournament

*Tuik*, s. took

*Tuks gude keip*, s. kept a close eye upon her

*Tul*, s. till, to

*Turn*, p. 78, col. 2, such turn, such an occasion

*Turnes a crab*, sc. at the fire roasts a crab

*Tush*, an interjection of contempt, or impatience

*Twa*, s. two

*Twayne*, two

*Twin'd*, s. p. 10, col. 2, parted, separated. Vid. G. Douglas

*Twirle*, *twist*, s. thoroughly twisted, "twisted," "twirled twist," f. tortille

## U

*Uch*, each

*Ugsome*, s. shocking, horrible

*Unbethought*, for bethought. So

*Unloss*, for loose

*Unctuous*, fat, clammy, oily

*Undermerles*, afternoons

*Undight*, undecked, undressed

*Unkempt*, uncombed

*Unmacklye*, mis-shapen

*Unmuftit*, s. undisturbed, unfounded, perhaps *Unmuvit*

*Unseeled*, opened; a term in falcn.

*Unsett stenen*, p. 22, col. 2, unappointed time, unexpectedly

*Unsonie*, s. unlucky, unfortunate

*Untyll*, unto, p. 42, col. 2, against

*Ure*, use

*Uthers*, s. others

## V

*Vair*, (Somersetsh. Dialect,) fair

*Valient*, s. valiant

*Vasen*, (Som.) probably for *Fai-then*, i. e. faiths; as *Housen*, *Closen*, &c.

*Venu*, (Intro.) approach, coming

*Vices*, (probably contracted for devices) p. 27, col. 1, screws, or perhaps, turning pins, swivels. An ingenious friend thinks a vice is rather "a spindle of a press," that goeth by a vice, that seemeth to move of itself.

*Vilane*, p. 25, col. 1, rascally

*Vise*, (Somerset.) five

*Voyded*, p. 43, col. 2, quitted, left the place

*Vriers*, (Som.) friars

## W

*Wa*, s. way, wall

*Wadded*, perhaps from *Wood*, i. e. of a light blue colour.

Taylor, in his History of Gavel-kind, p. 40, says, "*Bright*, from the British word *brith*, which signifies their *wadde-color*; this was a light blue."—*Minshew's Dictionary*.

*Wad*, s. *Wold*, *Wolde*, would

*Wae*, *Waefo'*, woe, woful

*Waeworth*, s. woe betide

*Waine*, waggon

*Wallowit*, s. faded, withered

*Walker*, a fuller of cloth

*Waltered*, *Weltered*, rolled along, also wallowed

*Waltering*, waltering

*Waly*, an interjection of grief

*Wame*, s. womb

*Wame*, *Wem*, s. belly

*Wane*, p. 3, col. 2, the same as *Ane*, one So *Wone*, p. 4, col. 1, is one

In fol 253 of Bannatyne's MS. is a short fragment in which *Wane* is used for *Ane*; or, one: viz.

"Amongst the monsters that we find,  
There's wane beloved of womankind,  
Renowned for antiquity,  
From Adame drives his pedigree."

*Wan neir*, s. draw near

*Wanrufe*, s. uneasy

*War*, p. 2, col. 2, aware

*Wards*, s. advise, forewarn

*Ward*, s. watch, sentinel

*Warke*, s. work

*World*, s. world

*Worldis*, s. p. 15, col. 2, worlds

*Waryson*, p. 8, col. 1, reward

*Waryd*, s. accused

*Wassel*, drinking, good cheer

*Wate*, s. *Weete*, *Wete*, *Witte*, *Wot*, *Wote*, *Wotte*, know

*Wate*, s. blamed, Præt. of *Wyte*, to blame

*Wat*, p. 3, col. 1, *Wot*, know, am aware

*Wat*, s. wet, also knew

*Wax*, to grow, become

*Wayward*, froward, peevish

*Wayde*, waved

*Weal*, p. 4, col. 2, wail

*Weale*, p. 28, col. 2, happiness, prosperity, &c.

*Weave in*, s. drive in gently

*Wearifu'*, wearisome, tiresome, disturbing

*Weede*, clothing, dress

*Weedes*, clothes

*Wee*, s. little

*Weel*, well, also we'll

*Ween*, *Ween'd*, think, thought

*West*, s. wet

*Wedous*, p. 4, col. 2, widows

*Weil*, s. *Weepe*, weep

*Weinde*, s. *Wende*, *Went*, *Weende*,

*Weened*, thought

*Weid*, s. *Wele*, *Weed*, clothes, clothing

*Weird*, wizard, witch, properly fate, destiny

*Well away*, exclamation of pity

*Weldynge*, ruling

*Wel of pite*, source of pity

*Walkin*, the sky

*Weme*, womb, belly, hollow

*Wem*, (Intro.) hurt

*Wende*, went, *Wendeth*, goeth

*Wende*, p. 44, col. 2, *Weene* thought

*Wend*, *Wends*, go, goes

*Wens*, *Weenst*, ween, weenest

*Werre*, *Weir*, s. war. *Warrie*, s. wars

*Werryed*, worried

*Wereth*, defendeth

*Werke*, work

*Wer*, were

*Wes*, was

*Westlin*, s. western

*Westlings*, western, or whistling

*Wha*, s. who

*Whair*, s. where

*Whan*, s. when

*Whang*, s. a large slice

*Wheeling*, wheeling

*Wheder*, whither

*Whig*, sour whey, or butter-milk

*While*, p. 76, col. 1, until

*Whilk*, s. which

*Whittles*, knives

*Whit*, jot

*Whoard*, hoard

*Whorles*. Vide *Spindles*

*Whos*, p. 25, col. 2, whose

*Whyllis*, whilst

*Wi'*, s. with

*Wight*, p. 50, col. 2, person, p. 76, col. 1, strong, lusty

*Wight*, human creature, man or woman

*Wighty*, p. 22, col. 1, strong, lusty, active, nimble

*Wightlye*, p. 12, col. 1, vigorously

*Will*, s. p. 20, col. 1, shall

*Wild*, worm, serpent

*Wildings*, wild apples

*Wifull*, p. 22, col. 2, wandering, perverse, erring

*Winnae*, p. 10, col. 2, will not

*Windar*, perhaps the contraction of *Windhover*, a kind of hawk

*Windling*, s. winding

*Win*, s. get, gain

*Winsome*, p. 83, col. 1, agreeable, engaging

*Wirke wislier*, work more wisely

*Wisse*, direct, govern, take care of, s. a. *Pirrian*

*Wiss*, p. 73, col. 2, know, wist, knew

*Wit*, *Weet*, know, understand

*Withouten*, *Withoughten*, without

*Wobster*, s. *Webster*, weaver

*Wood-wroth*, s. furiously enraged

*Woodweele*, p. 21, col. 2, or *Wode-wale*, the golden ourle, a bird of the thrush kind. *Glosa*.

*Chauc*. The original MS. has *Woodweete*

*Wode*, *Wot*, wood, also mad

*Wode-ward*, towards the wood

*Woe-begone*, p. 14, col. 1, lost in woe, overwhelmed with grief

*Woe-man*, a sorrowful man

*Woe-worth*, woe be to [you] s. a. northern (*feri*) to be, to become

*Woe*, woful, sorrowful  
*Wolde*, would  
*Wonne*, dwell  
*Wonders*, wondrous  
*Wonde*, (Introd.) wound, winded  
*Won'd*, p. 79, col. 2, *Wonn'd*, dwelt  
*Wonderly*, *Wonderly*, wondrously  
*Won*, wont, usage  
*Wone*, p. 4, col. 1, one  
*Worshipfully friended*, of worshipful friends  
*Worthè*, worthy  
*Wot*, know, think  
*Wote*, *Wat*, know, *I wote*, verily  
*Wouche*, p. 3, col. 2, mischief, evil, a. a. pohg, i. e. Wohg.  
*Malum*  
*Wo*, *Woo*, woe  
*Wow*, an exclamation of wonder, also *Vow*, London dialect  
*Wracks*, ruin, destruction  
*Wrang*, s. wrung  
*Wrauke*, pursue revengefully  
*Wrench*, wretchedness  
*Wright*, p. 26, col. 1, write  
*Wringe*, p. 25, col. 1, contended with violence  
*Wrihte*, p. 75, col. 2, writhed, twisted  
*Wronge*, wrong  
*Wrougt*, wrought  
*Wroken*, revenged  
*Wull*, s. will  
*Wyght*, p. 79, col. 1, strong, lusty  
*Wyghtye*, p. 46, col. 1, the same  
*Wyld*, p. 2, col. 2, wild deer  
*Wynne*, *Win*, joy  
*Wynnen*, win, gain  
*Wynde*, *Wende*, go  
*Wyste*, knew  
*Wys*, blame  
*Wyt*, *Wit*, *Weet*, know

Y  
*Y*, *I*, *Y synge*, *I sing*  
*Yae*, s. each  
*Yalping*, s. yelping  
*Yaned*, yawned  
*Yave*, p. 73, col. 1, gave  
*Yate*, gate  
*Y-beare*, *Y-boren*, bear, borne.  
 So *Y-founde*, found, *Y-mad*, made, *Y-wonne*, won  
*Y-built*, built  
*Ych*, *Yche*, each  
*Ychelde yef*, I should if  
*Ychone*, p. 8, col. 2, each one  
*Ychon*, each one  
*Ychulle* (Introd.) I shall  
*Ychysled*, cut with the chisel  
*Y-claped*, named, called  
*Y-con'd*, taught, instructed  
*Y-core*, chosen  
*Ydle*, idle  
*Yee*, p. 8, col. 1, eye  
*Yearded*, buried  
*Ye bent*, *Y-bent*, bent  
*Yede*, *Yode*, went  
*Ye seth*, *Y-seth*, in faith  
*Ycha*, *Ilka*, each, every  
*Yeldyde*, yielded  
*Yenoughs*, *ynaughts*, enough  
*Yerrarchy*, hierarchy  
*Yere*, *Yeere*, year, years  
*Yerle*, p. 3, col. 1, *Yerlle*, earl  
*Yerly*, p. 2, col. 2, early  
*Yess*, s. ye shall  
*Yestreen*, s. yester evening  
*Yf*, if  
*Yfere*, together  
*Y-founde*, found  
*Ygnoraunce*, ignorance  
*Yll*, ill  
*Ylke*, *Ilk*, same, *That ylk*, that same  
*Ylythe* (Introd.) listen  
*Yn*, in

*Yn house*, home  
*Ynglonde*, England  
*Ynggtishe*, *Ynglysshe*, English  
*Yode*, went  
*Youe*, you  
*Y-picking*, picking, culling, gathering  
*Ys*, is, his, in his  
*Y-slaw*, slain  
*Ystonge*, (Introd.) stung  
*Yt*, it  
*Yth*, p. 2, col. 2, in the  
*Y-were*, were  
*Y-wis*, p. 28, col. 1, *I wis*, verily  
*Y-wrought*, wrought  
*Y-wys*, truly, verily  
*Y-yote*, molten, melted

## Z

*Zacring-bell*, Som. *Sacring bell*, a little bell rung to give notice of the elevation of the host  
*Zee*, *Zeens*, Som. see, seen  
*Zee*, ye shall  
*Ze*, s. ye, *Zee're*, ye are  
*Zede*, *Yede*, went  
*Zef*, *Yef*, if  
*Zairs*, s. years  
*Zellow*, s. yellow  
*Zeme*, take care of, a. s. *seman*  
*Zent*, through, a. s. *zeon'd*  
*Zestrene*, s. yester e'en  
*Zit*, s. *Zet*, yet  
*Zonder*, s. yonder  
*Zong*, s. young  
*Zou*, s. you, *Zour*, s. your  
*Zoud*, s. you'd, you would  
*Zour-lane*, *Yourslane*, alone, by yourself  
*Zouth*, s. youth  
*Zule*, s. *Yule*, christmas  
*Zung*, s. young

\* \* The printer has usually substituted the letter z, to express the character g, which occurs in old MSS.; but we are not to suppose that this g was ever pronounced as our modern z; it had rather the force of y, (and, perhaps, of gh), being no other than the Saxon letter g, which the Scots and English have, in many instances, changed in y, as *geap*, yard, *geap*, year, *geonz*, young, &c.



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